

# PHOTOPLAY

comes with  
THE

# MIRROR

DECEMBER

M-M 2/47  
MRS C GLOSBERG  
7 CLEVELAND RD  
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ARSON  
HESSE

## HARTBREAK FOR MICKEY ROONEY—

### The Strange Story Behind His Marriage Breakup





# Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS  
NEW YORK



Purse flacon of Perfume,  
Talcum, and Eau de Cologne . . . \$1.65



Perfume with separate  
atomizer. Delightful  
holiday gift . . . \$2.00



Perfume in bright  
Holiday package . . . \$1.25  
(Large size \$2.25)



Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder,  
Rouge, Lipstick, Talcum . . . \$5.50



Perfume and atomizer, Rouge,  
Lipstick, Eau de Cologne, and  
Talcum in beautiful . . . \$4.25  
gift package



Evening in Paris Perfume, Rouge,  
Lipstick, Eau de Cologne, \$2.95  
and fragrant Talcum . . .



Evening in Paris Perfume, Face  
Powder and sparkling \$2.35  
Eau de Cologne . . .



Evening in Paris Talcum and Toilet  
Water in gift package . . . \$1.95



Purse flacon Evening in Paris  
Perfume, Face Powder, \$1.00  
in gift package . . .



Hand Soap, Eau de \$1.35  
Cologne and Talcum





## She blamed it on BAD LUCK... *but others weren't so kind!*

LUCY looked at the morning paper with disgust—another one of her “possibilities” married to somebody else! It was the same old story: every man she met took her out once or twice, then did the disappearing act: A phone call saying “he was working nights now”, or “going to be out-of-town for several weeks”, or “away on a vacation”.

Superstitious soul that she was, Lucy put this down to bad luck and took her diminishing dates “catch as catch can”. Anyone who knew her, however, could have told her that luck had nothing to do with their indifference.

\* \* \*

A woman may be pretty and charming

but if she has halitosis (bad breath) she may end up as a neglected Nellie—without even suspecting why. Bad breath doesn't always announce its presence to the victim. And once guilty of this offense you may be under suspicion always. The news gets around quickly, and there's the risk that people will avoid you.

### *How's Your Breath?*

Isn't it just common sense to let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath—to make it sweeter, purer, less likely to offend? This delightful mouth wash is the standby of so many really fastidious, attractive people.

Before every date simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. How cooling, how refreshing it is! How delightfully clean

it makes your mouth feel! What a sense of assurance it gives you as its antiseptic action begins!

You undoubtedly know that some authorities consider bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces to be a major cause of bad breath although the trouble may sometimes be of systemic origin. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors that it causes. When you want to be at your best, never, *never* omit Listerine Antiseptic. Use it before every date.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

*For Oral Hygiene*





A lion like an elephant never forgets—

She was twelve, she came from Grand Rapids and had rhythm. She sang like a lark on the beat. While her mother accompanied her on the pianoforte. M-G-M cheered.

What an electric little spark was Judy. She was destined for stardom.

Today is destiny day. See "For Me and My Gal."

Judy Garland is a great star. As a matter of fact, she is the second most popular actress in the nation by actual poll. And no wonder.

How she sings and dances and acts! But above all, she has feeling—that's what makes her so good.

It's what distinguishes "For Me and My Gal" from all other musical movies you've seen. Feeling.



The plot is as warm and friendly as your fireside. Convincing dialogue. Infectious song rendering.

Gene Kelly play with Judy. Murphy is at his best. Gene Kelly is a "find." Broadway saw him first in "Pal Joey," but you'll never forget him in "For Me and My Gal."

It's not necessary to predict a future for Gene Kelly. His future is here. What a performance he gives as a heel with a heart.



The dramatic and humorous screenplay has been provided by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers from Howard Emmett Rodgers' original yarn.

Busby Berkeley, the screen's greatest director of musical pictures, directed it and Arthur Freed produced it. The two work well together.

"The bells are ringing For Me and My Gal."

—Lea



P. S. We recommend "Random Harvest" as the greatest dramatic film since "Mrs. Miniver." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, of course.

# PHOTOPLAY

combined with

**MOVIE MIRROR**

DECEMBER, 1942

VOL. 22, NO. 1

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Fred R. Sammis

Editorial Director

Helen Gilmore

Editor

Edmund Davenport, Art Director

Marian H. Quinn, Asst. Editor

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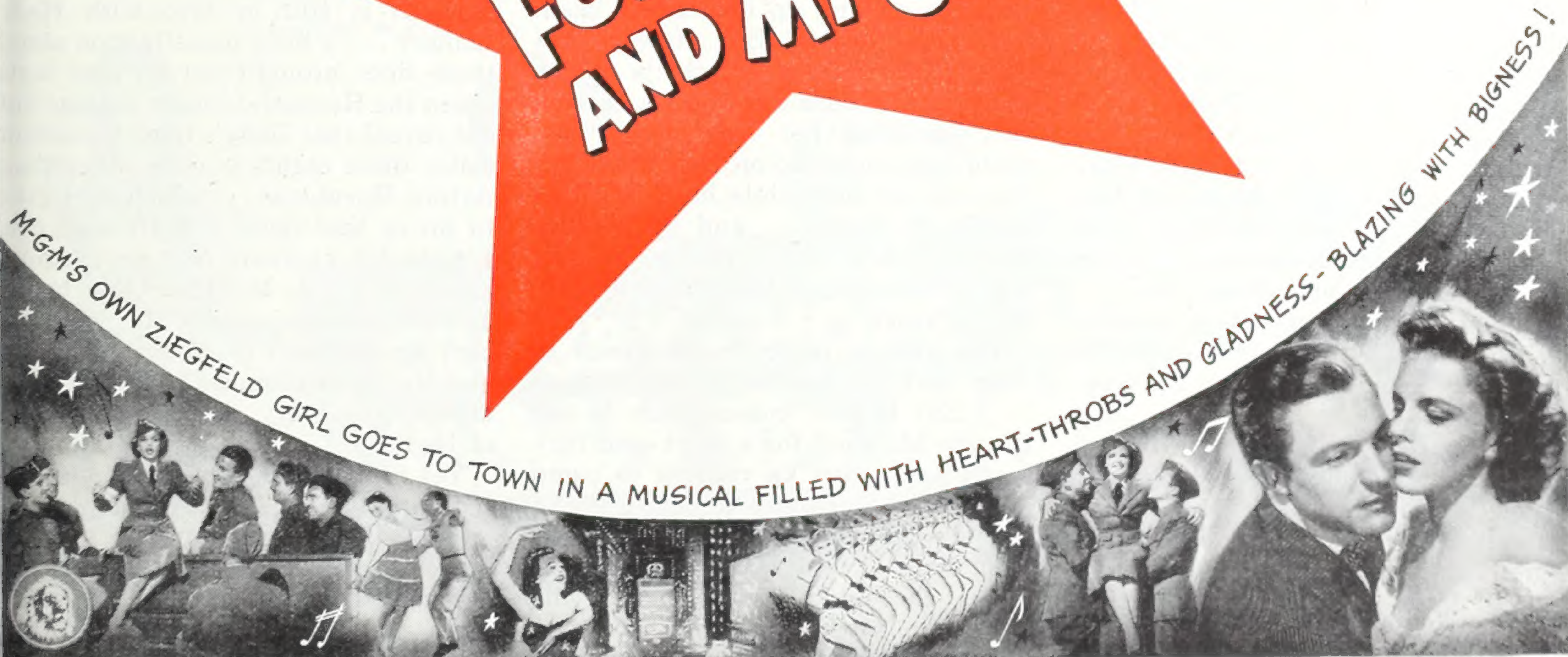
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GRAB YOUR GIRL - HUG YOUR BEAU - HERE'S A DARLING MUSIC-SHOW!



**JUDY GARLAND**  
**FOR ME AND MY GAL**



**GEORGE MURPHY • GENE KELLY • Marta Eggerth • Ben Blue •** Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY  
Produced by ARTHUR FREED  
Screen Play by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers • Original Story by Howard Emmett Rogers • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



# CLOSE UPS

# AND LONG SHOTS

BY  
RUTH  
WATERBURY



What Monty Woolley does in this scene for "Life Begins At 8:30" would make any Santa Claus's cheeks — and nose rosier

IN ITS entire history, Hollywood has never been so busy . . . and so serious . . . so unpredictable and so beautiful . . . so inspired and inspiring . . . so laughable as it is in this early winter of 1942.

The toupee business is booming and the current film heroes are furiously holding their breaths in the close ups, thereby flattening their midriffs.

The prima-donna business is topsyturvy . . . Jeanette MacDonald is off the M-G-M pay roll (and if you love Jeanette, run and do not walk away from seeing her final picture on that lot, "Cairo") . . . Judy Garland's first major starring picture, without Mickey Rooney, is a dull and dreary flop . . . but "Seven Sweethearts" is so delightful that Kathryn Grayson, who is starred in it, moves right up the front of the high C's.

The prediction business is out of gear . . . Columbia previews "My Sister Eileen," which stars Rosalind Russell but which is supposed to be a most de luxe vehicle in which to launch Janet Blair toward stardom . . . Janet is plenty okay in it, too . . . but it is Miss Jeff Donnell, in a tiny role, who makes the boys in the galleries whistle longingly.

Everybody knows that the more

. . . shall I say adult . . . actors are returning to the screen but Hollywood is just becoming aware that the girls the boys left behind them are coming back, too . . . Mrs. Tyrone Power . . . Annabella to the theater marquees . . . is taking up where Ty left off when he entered the Marine Corps . . . Andrea Leeds is picking up her career again now that husband Bob Howard has entered the service . . . Sonja Henie, that superb business woman, is not only handling her own career superbly but carrying on Dan Topping's business for him while he is working for Uncle Sam . . . and even Mary Pickford talks of a return to acting in the role of Mrs. Day in "Life With Father."

The boys in uniform come back to town and the goofiest things happen . . . Bill Holden comes back to see Brenda Marshall for a week-end furlough and when he returns to camp gets called down by a petty official because he was photographed in uniform with a pretty girl . . . he explains that said pretty girl is his wife, who is also in pictures, and then he gets orders to stay out of camera range anyhow.

You see Warner Baxter back before the cameras again . . . and Ronnie

Colman . . . and Victor McLaglen . . . and Jack Holt . . . and Lee Tracy . . . and you think how pretty soon screen love scenes may demand of you the same ability not to observe them too closely as opera love scenes . . . and then you realize that even off-screen boy friends are not the lightsome lads that they once were but that, in fact, the most sought-after escort of glamour girls today is wickedly witty, white-bearded Monty Woolley.

THEN at the same time you hear the amusing story of how the high-powered press agent of a certain high-powered star besought Mr. John Howard to be her publicity escort hither and thither . . . the idea being that Mr. Howard was unattached and that if he absolutely insisted the datings could be kept on a basis of publicity only . . . whereupon Mr. Howard flatly and coldly refused to so much as call the lady on the telephone . . . which started the buzz going that this must mean that Mr. Howard is still in love with Hedy Lamarr . . . a little investigation along these lines brought out no new facts about the Howard-Lamarr datings but did reveal that Hedy's most persistent caller these nights is none other than Arthur Hornblow . . . which only goes to prove that once a gentleman gets a taste for glamour he's never quite cured of it . . . Mr. Hornblow being, as you doubtless recall, the very recent ex-husband of Myrna Loy and also the most intimate friend of Gene Markey, the very recent ex-husband of Hedy.

Yet even if this report . . . and the separation of the Mickey Rooneys . . . and of the Victor Matures . . . all make it sound as though love in Hollywood were its usual giddy merry-go-round, nothing could be less true this early winter of 1942 . . . on the Mickey Rooney situation you can read more details on page 28 of this issue . . . Ava (Continued on page 21)



# WE'RE OFF ON THE ROAD TO MOROCCO

My name's  
Mable



*We're off on the road to Morocco*  
This taxi is tough on the spine  
Where we goin'? Why we're goin'—  
How can we be sure?  
I'll lay you eight to five that we meet  
Dorothy Lamour.

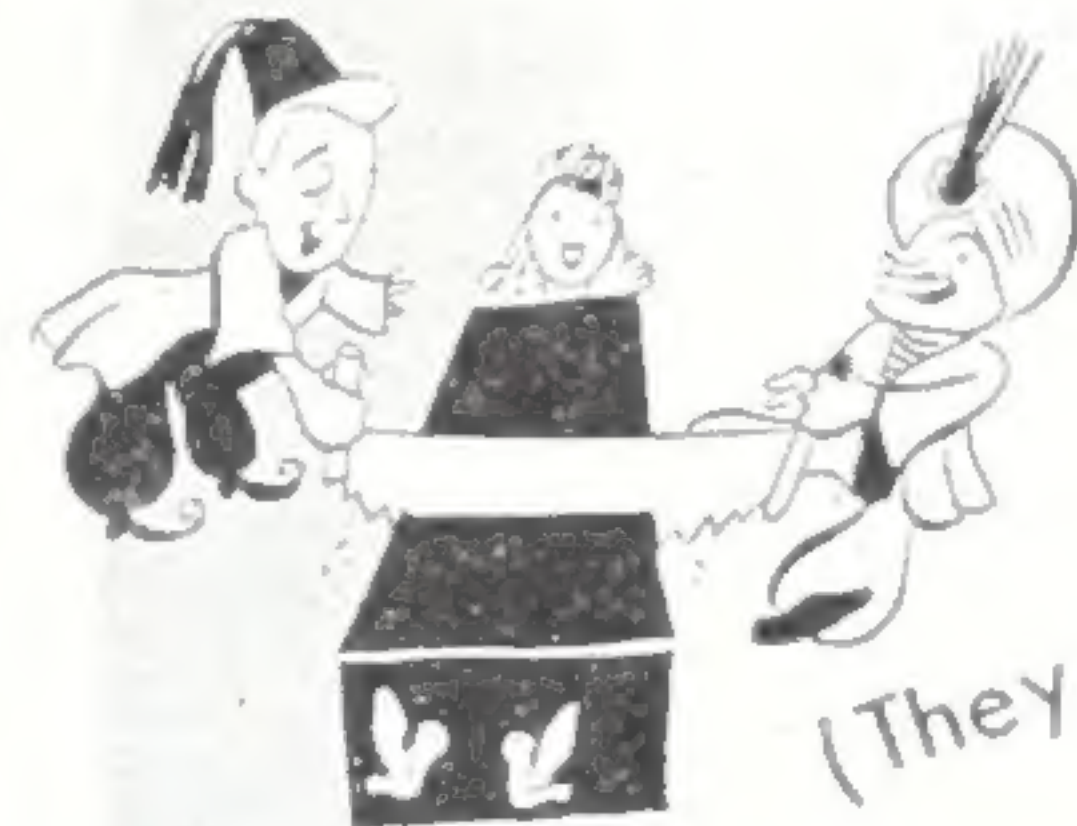


*We're off on the road to Morocco,*  
Hang on till the end of the line.  
I hear this country's where they do the  
Dance of the seven veils . . .  
We'd tell you more but we would have  
The censor on our tails.

*We're off on the road to Morocco*  
Look out! Well, clear the way!  
Cause here we come.  
The men eat fire, and live on nails,  
And saw their wives in half.  
It seems to me that there should be  
Easier ways to get a laugh!



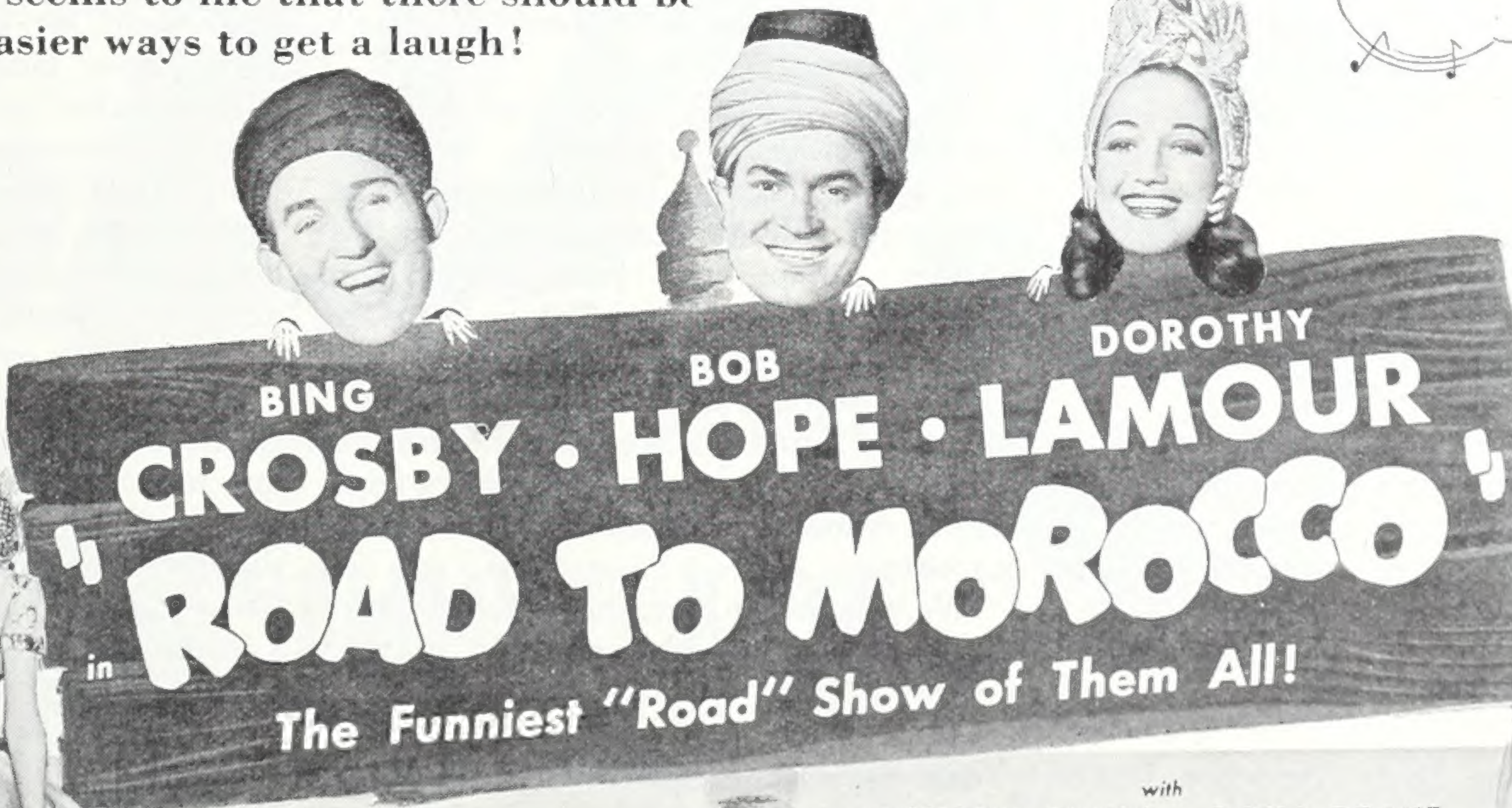
(Dance of  
the seven veils)



(They saw their  
wives in half)

## FOUR BIG SONGS

"Moonlight Becomes You"  
"Constantly"  
"Ain't Got A Dime To  
My Name"  
"Road To Morocco"



with  
ANTHONY QUINN • DONA DRAKE

Directed by David Butler

A Paramount Picture

Original Screen Play by Frank Butler and Don Hartman

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



# THE Shadow Stage

## REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



High-standard story: Bette Davis, Paul Henreid in "Now, Voyager"

✓✓ Now, Voyager  
(Warners)

**It's About:** *The transformation of an ugly, suppressed woman.*

**A** GEM of character drawing, beautifully cut and mounted like a precious jewel, is this story of a frustrated woman who finds release through the aid of a kindly psychiatrist, Claude Rains. That woman is Bette Davis, almost unbelievable in her "before and after" portrayal. The mother who crushes her spirit and soul is so skillfully played by Gladys Cooper. Paul Henreid, the man who brings her love that can never be realized in marriage, will create a stir among feminine fans. Ilka Chase as the kindly older sister and Bonita Granville, her thoughtlessly cruel child, are up to the very high standard of the story and cast.

There is one fault. The story is too long. And like a precious jewel it sometimes requires too much of one's attention. An imitation stone is often more comfortable to wear. But we wouldn't advise you to miss it. It's a collector's item, really.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Another Davis masterpiece.



A "don't miss" movie: Roz Russell, Janet Blair in "My Sister Eileen"

✓✓ My Sister Eileen  
(Columbia)

**It's About:** *Sisters who come to New York to seek a career.*

**A** HOWL from start to finish. Dialogue that leaps in the air like popcorn over a fire. Situations that not only rock the screen characters but the audience as well. Such is "My Sister Eileen," a faithful adaptation from the hit Broadway play that was so skillfully written from Ruth McKenney's "New Yorker" stories.

Rosalind Russell, who plays the role of the older sister, Ruth, is past master at tossing around panicking dialogue. Janet Blair, as the pretty sister Eileen, is just right for the part. George Tobias, Brian Aherne and Allyn Joslyn join the happy throng that wanders in and out of the famous Greenwich Village basement apartment of the sisters who have come to New York to seek careers.

We guarantee you the time of your life. Don't miss this comedy of the movie month.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Funnier than a cageful of monkeys.



A "best" action film: John Wayne, John Carroll in "Flying Tigers"

✓✓ Flying Tigers  
(Republic)

**It's About:** *A tribute to the volunteer American flyers in China.*

**I**F EVER there was a thrilling, heart-stirring film that ranges from tears of sympathy to cheers for courage, it is this one, based on the adventures of the Flying Tigers, those volunteer American flyers who fought and died for China's cause.

Assembled for various reasons of their own on the first front of the war, these lads, who include John Wayne, the squadron leader, John Carroll, the braggadocio, Edmund MacDonald, the contrite, Paul Kelly, the steady and stolid, and Gordon Jones, the slow but good-natured, give us a page of American history of which we can be proud.

Scenes of the patient, suffering Chinese and of the thrilling air battles are unforgettable. The foreword by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek lends dignity and authenticity to this, a "best" action picture.

Anna Lee and Mae Clark are good in the two feminine roles.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A flying hit.  
(Continued on page 97)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 100

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 101

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 18



*It's Bigger* AND BETTER THAN "SUN VALLEY SERENADE" BECAUSE  
IT'S GOT UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING NEPHEWS...THE U.S. MARINES!

*Sonja*  
**HENIE**  
*John*  
**PAYNE**

*in*

# ICELAND

with **JACK OAKIE**

FELIX BRESSART • OSA MASSEN • JOAN MERRILL • FRITZ FELD • STERLING HOLLOWAY

**SAMMY** SWING and **KAYE** SWAY

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE  
Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON

Original Screen Play by ROBERT ELLIS  
and HELEN LOGAN



*Songs by*

MAC K GORDON  
HARRY WARREN

"You Can't Say No To A Soldier"  
"Lovers Knot" • "Let's Bring  
New Glory To Old Glory"  
"There'll Never Be Another  
You" • "I Like A Military Tune"

**20th**  
CENTURY-FOX  
PICTURE

**WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!**



Stared-at couple: Joan Crawford and new husband Phil Terry at the Mocambo, their first p.m. public appearance since their marriage



Quick-witted couple: Ida Lupino and Monty Woolley match their preview views

## Inside Stuff

### CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

**HOLLYWOOD Items:** Since Olivia de Havilland and sister Joan Fontaine have fallen in love, after all those feuds, it's impossible to get to the phone on the "Princess O'Rourke" set, what with Olivia chatting to Joan between every scene . . .

We walked on the "Tarzan" set the other day and guess what Johnny Weissmuller was doing? Reading *Tarzan* cartoons! . . .

Glimpsed Joan Crawford and bridegroom Phil Terry at the "My Sister Eileen" preview. It's our opinion Joan is handsomer than she's ever been—and she looks plenty happy, too.

**That Rumor Again:** The Deanna Durbin-Vaughn Paul rumor continues to leap out like a boogie man at Hollywood reporters these days. That the two are quietly planning a divorce is given credence by one or two very close friends. On the other hand, Deanna herself laughs it off.

"Nonsense. Vaughn was up from camp over the week end!" she says. Lt. Paul is stationed for the time being at San Diego.

So there it is. We only try to keep up with things. Heaven knows we could be wrong one minute and right the next in this crazy man's town.

**Good-Bys:** Alexis Smith telephoned good-bye to her fiancé Craig Stevens at his temporary headquarters just before he entered boot camp. Once in the good old "bootery" there's little time for social visits.

Heartsick, but still smiling, Brenda Marshall drove her husband Bill Holden to the train when he was unexpectedly recalled to his camp. Bill had been sent to Hollywood to make a Government short but was called back before the film was started.

And, news of the month, Ann Sheridan said good-bye to George Brent. (See page 66.)





Starred couple: Hollywood's Bette Young and her husband, the Army's Tom Lewis, took over the *Ciro's* scene



Smile-the-while couple: Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton at "Talk Of The Town"

**Cal's Inside Gossip:** Takes an awful lot of courage to go around without a vestige of make-up the way Laraine Day does. Ever wonder what a girl looks like without lip-pick, fellows? Well, if you could take a look at little Day you'd understand why the girls insist on the red paint. It took Uncle Sam, by gosh, to dislodge Veronica Lake from the town of Seattle where her husband is stationed. The studio tried, executives tried, everybody tried, to no avail. The little Lake dropped into town for a mere day to receive instructions for her Bond-selling tour.

**Seen Around Town:** Guess what the Hollywood girls are doing these evenings with so many eligible men at the wars? They are banding in little groups and doing the night spots together. T'other eve, Phyllis Brooks, Carole Landis and Arline Judge made the rounds as a threesome and had a grand time.

Why not get together in your town, gals, for a once-a-week spree?

Randy Scott sure cuts a nice figure on any dance floor, but when his arm's decorated by blonde Claire Trevor, Cal puts on his glasses and Hymie Fink gets out his camera (see p. 17).

**The Question of Lana:** Is she happy? Is she miserable? Will she ruin her career? Is she tossing it away?

These are the questions that buzz around Hollywood concerning the beautiful Miss Turner. Some claim success came too fast to the little Hollywood high-school kid who had Mickey Rooney for a swain before pictures discovered her. One thing of which Cal is certain—the everlasting routine of the studio bores Lana silly, the glory within its gates has grown stale. And it's funny, too, in a way, when we look back several years ago to an interview we had with Wayne



## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Four stars go for a ride: Greer Garson, Ronald Colman, Irene Dunne, Hedy Lamarr leave Hollywood to sell Bonds all over America on the Victory Tour



Morris out at Warners and the little Turner kid, who was sweet on Wayne, had tagged along, refusing to be shaken off.

"Hey," Wayne had said, in the middle of our sodas, "how about your taking me over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to visit sometime?"

At that time Wayne was interested in Eleanor Powell.

"Oh, and take me, too, please," Lana had begged. "I'd love to see that studio."

That, methinks, should be news to that studio, for today Lana makes rare appearances at M-G-M where she is under contract. Recently, after begging for days, the studio finally succeeded in getting Lana in for a photographic sitting. To their horror she refused either a hairdresser, maid or wardrobe mistress. She brought her own clothes from home and between photographs rearranged her own hair and donned and fitted her own clothes. Of the 100 sittings made, ninety-seven were okayed by the studio.

Those who used to see a lot of Lana within the studio see her no more. Her closest girl friends of the publicity department grow vague at the mention of her name.

"I don't know. I never see Lana any more," they say and hurry on to another subject. But there is a something, a sort of sadness in their eyes that doesn't escape us.

"Lana and her husband are happy in night clubs only when others are looking at them," some say. "Left alone they looked bored and miserable."

Still others say Steve Crane is a



Star-spangled quartette Number Two: Joan Leslie, Virginia Gilmore, Lynn Bari and Ann Rutherford shoulder Victory Tour arms—pretty faces, prettier smiles

grand boy and just right for Lana.

It's a mystery to most of Hollywood, however. The lonely, almost friendless beauty, so young, so talented, who walks the path of a strange fate.

Let's hope some great joy, some happiness will make up for all that's been lost to her.

**Tidbits:** The Eddie Brackens have a baby girl. Daddy is hysterical . . .

Dorothy Lamour dropped in on Cal and Louella Parsons who were having lunch one day recently and brought with her the handsomest Navy captain you ever saw.

Something tells me Dottie's heart belongs to the Navy . . .

Since Gene Autry's enlistment, the legion of Smiley Burnette fans have been asking for future plans. We have the information you seek. Smiley will go into the Roy Rogers A-one specials as the funny man.

**Thrilled Stars:** From all over the world, officers young and old, high and low rank, congregate each Saturday night at the Officers Club of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel to dance with the Hollywood starlets. A poll among the men, Naval, Air, Army and Marine officers, resulted in the following tabulation of the stars:

Bonita Granville—the cutest blonde.

Martha O'Driscoll—the most alluring blonde.

Kay Francis—the most democratic star.

Sheila Ryan—the most natural starlet.

Fay McKenzie—the best sport.

Jane Withers—the most enthusiastic.

Glenda Farrell—the most understanding.

Evelyn Ankers—the one they're sorry is married.

If you think the stars aren't just as thrilled to meet the officers you



Jack Benny, the great Lover!



**ABSOLUTELY THE FUNNIEST  
THING ON FILM!**

# "George Washington Slept Here"

With **CHARLES COBURN**

**PERCY KILBRIDE • HATTIE McDANIEL • WILLIAM TRACY**

*Directed by* **WILLIAM KEIGHLEY**

*Screen play by* Everett Freeman • *From the stage play by*  
Moss Hart and Geo. S. Kaufman • *Produced by* Sam Harris

**A WARNER BROS. RIOT!**



# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Ann Miller walked out of *Ciro's*, Hyman Fink stepped up to take a picture, the Army bystanders started to shout, "What's wrong with the Army?" "Nothing," grinned Ann—so they had their pictures taken too



Cigarette time at *Ciro's*: Private Bill Holden lights a torch for wife Brenda Marshall. For up-to-the-minute data on the Holden setup, see Cal's news on p. 8

Seen in a *Ciro's* corner: Tuxedoed George Murphy arm-in-arming it with Lieutenant Ronald Reagan, also all dressed up in best bib and tucker, Army version



should hear the telephone calls that pour into the club from young players asking to be invited back.

P.S.: The Colonels and Naval Commanders have the best time.

**Romance Notes:** Now it's pretty Sheila Ryan who is the target of millionaire Howard Hughes's affection. When Lana Turner turned from Hughes to marry Steve Crane, there was a strange lull in Mr. Hughes's love life, one that is now properly disturbed by the beauteous Sheila . . .

And speaking of Miss Ryan, her ex-swain, John Payne, is still smitten with pretty Jane Russell.

The two are seen everywhere together . . .

Although she admitted to receiving a sixteen-page letter a day from Jackie Cooper who was on a personal-appearance tour, Bonita Granville was seen everywhere with David May,

Ann Rutherford's ex-beau. Bonita and her mater have gone East now to join Jackie on his tour . . .

Since her broken romance with Alfred Vanderbilt, K. T. Stevens is a pretty unhappy girl. But it's not all the result of love. K. T. is moody over the fact she's under contract to David O. Selznick who seems to be in no hurry to make another picture; in fact, is reported to be selling out his interests to Paramount . . .

'Tis only rumor, perhaps, but you know Hollywood rumors! Anyway, they say Columbia has warned Rita Hayworth her big raise in salary will come when she is no longer a part of the Vic Mature publicity campaign. Meaning no longer Vic's girl friend, we suppose . . .

Take our word for it. Linda Darnell will not wed cameraman Pev Marley as predicted. Mr. Marley, aged forty-three, supervised Linda's first screen

test and has only a friendly interest in the little Texas beauty. "And I look on him as a friend, too," Linda says.

So that's that, we hope.

**Raft and Grable:** George Raft met Betty Grable at the depot when she arrived from her last Bond tour and vehemently denied reports he'd been dining with Simone Simon.

Well, maybe it was two other people. Who are we to argue with George when he's trying to get an Air Corps job?

**We Dine with the Bride-to-be:** "It's steak and kidney pie and trifle pudding for dessert," the amazing mother of Miss Evelyn Ankers informed us by phone. Like a shot Cal was on his way. But, alas, the directions were mixed up or else we were or something, for after an hour's wan-



**HAYWORTH'S** *Glowing* **BEAUTY!**  
**ASTAIRE'S** *Glorious* **RHYTHM!**  
**KERN'S** *Greatest* **SCORE!**

**YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER**

A big tuneful dance film  
to blow your blues away!  
Kern's best songs since  
memorable "Show Boat"!



Hits already being  
hummed everywhere:

"I'M OLD  
FASHIONED"  
"YOU WERE  
NEVER LOVELIER"  
"DEARLY BELOVED"  
"WEDDING IN  
THE SPRING"

*Fred*  
**ASTAIRE · HAYWORTH**  
*Rita*  
in

**You Were Never Lovelier**

with

**ADOLPHE MENJOU**

Music by **JEROME KERN**

Screen play by Michael Fessier & Ernest Pagano  
and Delmer Daves

Directed by William A. SEITER • Produced by Louis F. EDELMAN

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Gay... Grand  
music-making by

**XAVIER CUGAT**

and His Orchestra

Hear their hit tune...

"CHIU, CHIU!"





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**Pour**  
yourself a  
lovelier complexion

Be guided by the experience of over 2,000,000 girls who found MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the hosiery shades "tops" for sleek, bare legs. Now these same girls are fast learning the priceless beauty secret wiser glamour girls have known for years . . . that MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the flattering facial tones gives them that soft, glowing "knock 'em dead" look all men go for.

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Choose from six beau-catching complexion shades . . . Peach — Rachelle — Brunette — Suntan — Hawaiian — Nut Brown.

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50¢ . . . 25¢ Everywhere



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*Liquid* MAKE-UP

If you prefer a Cream Base . . . try

**MINER'S**  
*Foundation Cream*

with LANOLIN

A tinted cream make-up base. Softens, glamorizes and protects the skin . . .

39¢ & 10¢

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Tie-up for the tennis tournament: Shirley Temple came to the annual matches with Don Gallery, son of Zasu Pitts

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Also keeping their eye on the Hollywood ball were Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, who foursomed the event with the MacMurrays

dering among the Beverly Hills in the dark we had to admit defeat and turn back home.

Like good English neighbors, the Ankerses, after our frantic phone call, came to our rescue and sent us a guide. Dinner was two hours late due to our wanderings, but such food—such food!

After dinner we listened, fascinated, to Mrs. Ankers's experiences as the first white woman to penetrate certain jungles of South America with her geologist husband. Evelyn, in fact, was born in Chile and speaks several languages, including Spanish and Portuguese.

"How's about it, miss?" we said to the blonde English actress as we sat together on the davenport. "You going to marry Richard Denning for sure?"

She nodded emphatically.

Three days later her mother tele-

phoned us, a bit dazed, a bit broken-hearted. Evelyn had gone off to Las Vegas and married Dick without even mentioning it to her. Mrs. Ankers had so wanted to see them married in a church, with Evelyn in white.

But all is well again; Evelyn and Dick are forgiven; and the three of them are having their steak and kidney dinners together.

Cal hopes they'll ask him back soon.

**Lunch with Jane:** We met at Eaton's, across the street from Republic Studios, out the Valley, Jane Withers, her mother and Cal, for lunch and a chat.

Jane, grown up to five-foot-six and weighing 115 to 118 pounds (depending on the number of sweets), was wearing her hair in a soft pompadour topped by a hairbow. The gold earrings gave her a most sophisticated look. But don't let them fool you.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Jane is still the enthusiastic in-love-with-life young miss she's always been.

That morning she'd had her first screen kiss from young Pat Brooks, her beau in the picture "Johnny Doughboy."

"Well . . ." we prompted Jane.

"Oh, it was all right," she blushed. "But coming on top of two real proposals it was kind of an anti-climax."

The proposals were from boy friends in the Army, if you please.

She still gets crushes on movie stars. The latest is George Montgomery, who telephones Janie at least once every week. (Be still, fluttering heart, be still.) An evening of dancing at the Palladium or a wienie roast at home with a swim in the pool is Jane's idea of a good time. On her birthday her mother permitted her to go for the first time to a night club. She's sixteen, but gives her age as seventeen, since most of her pals are that age.

**Last-minute Events:** The annual tennis matches brought out the few stars left to Hollywood after one of the greatest Bond-selling pilgrimages in the history of our country. Practically every star in the industry took to the road in a grand tour of the country and, Uncle Sammy, what results!

Interesting to see Mickey Rooney in company with tennis star Phillip Reed at the matches, this being

Mickey's first appearance since his separation from Ava Gardner Rooney.

As usual, Hollywoodites overdressed for the affair, with veils, flowers, big hats, pearls and afternoon frocks dotting the grandstands. Apparently the words "spectator sports" mean little in the wardrobe vocabulary of our best known stars, or wives of same. You see, Cal knows about such things, having been coached by Eastern designers. (Is there no end to that man's ingenuity? Answers mailed by request.)

Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant (Barbara Hutton) made one of their rare appearances. Present also were the Gary Coopers and Fred MacMurrays. Cutest couple present was Shirley Temple and Don Gallery, son of Zasu Pitts. Don has left to join the armed forces now, but carries the memory of Shirley's beauty with him.

Bette Davis's illness failed to interfere with the opening of the famous Hollywood Stage Door Canteen of which she is President. Cal will give you all the details of this important establishment in our next issue.

Jean Parker and her husband Douglas Dawson (now in the Army) decided to cancel their marriage once and for all. Jean will continue with her motion-picture career.

#### Cal's A.B.C.'s of the Month:

A—Alice Faye is back at Twentieth

Century-Fox Studio after a year's long absence. Alice's first picture will be "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

B—Bing Crosby's greatest admirer and golf pal, Bob Hope, has gone to visit Alaska bases for a month.

C—John Carroll is riding high since "Flying Tigers." His take-off was so good in that one that, acting as his own agent, he signed pronto to do another picture with Republic.

D—Diana Barrymore continues to astound the merry villagers with her grand dinners served on drug-store dishes. Hint to brides-to-be: Those dishes on sale at drug-chain stores are mighty effective and so easy on the purse.

E—Eleanor Powell is still riding the romance merry-go-round with Glenn Ford. And incidentally when a gal takes the boy friend's mother out evenings, what does that mean? To Cal, it spelled the McCoy.

F—Fred MacMurray has fixed up a motorcycle trimmed with home-made gadgets. The horn plays "I Can't Walk Without You, Baby," when Fred rounds the studio corner.

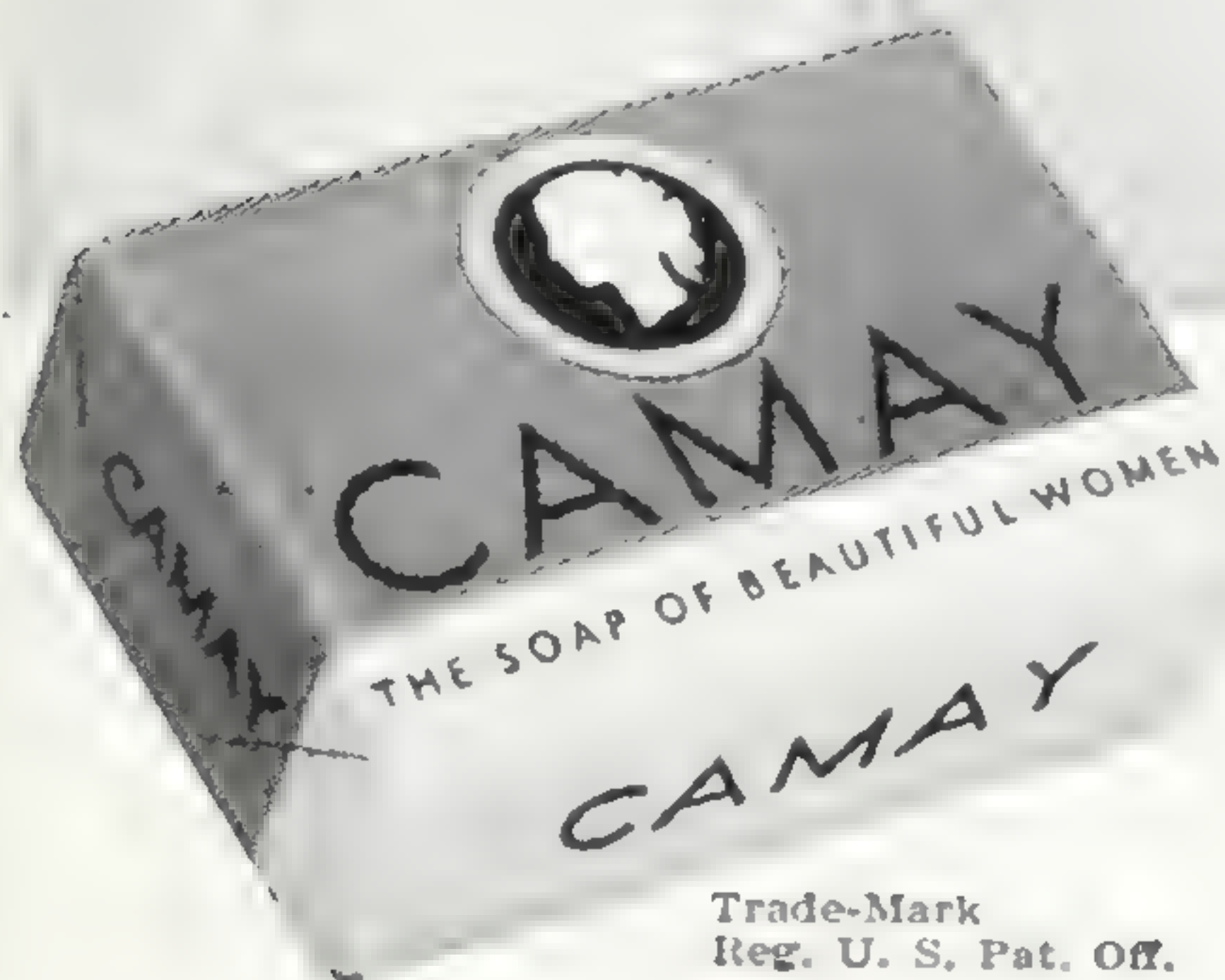
G—Gene Autry, known to Uncle Sam as Sergeant G. Autry, has our vote for the way he'll stop his car for an hour at a time on Sunset Boulevard to sign autographs for

## A Bride's Way to New Loveliness!

### go on the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**

"THE Camay Mild-Soap Diet has done thrilling things for my skin," says lovely Mrs. Remington. "I recommend Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet to my friends."

Without knowing it, improper cleansing may now be dulling your skin—or you may be using a soap not mild enough. Skin specialists, themselves, advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! Change *today* to this Mild-Soap Diet—for 30 days! And radiant new loveliness may soon be yours.



Mrs. H. G. Remington of Chicago, Ill., says: "I can't praise the Camay Mild-Soap Diet enough."

#### *Tonight*—Go on the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**



Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water, then cold.



Then pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with Camay.



# GIRLS! DON'T GIVE UP

## IF YOU'VE GOT A POOR COMPLEXION



**Here's grand way that  
has helped improve complexions  
of thousands of women**



• If you're blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you're doomed to go through life with an unsightly looking skin—this may be the most important message you've ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

### Why it does so much

One important reason for Noxzema's benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It's a soothing, *medicated* cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too. Nurses were among the first to discover how grand it is as a complexion aid.

Try using this snow-white, greaseless cream for just 10 days. See if it doesn't help make your skin softer, smoother, lovelier!

**SPECIAL OFFER!** For a limited time you can get the big 75¢ jar of Noxzema for only 49¢ (plus tax). Take advantage of this Special Anniversary Offer and give Noxzema a chance to help *your* complexion. Get a jar at any drug or department store *today!*



## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

What's cooking: At Joan Bennett's charity affair, Irene Hervey sells a cookbook to a dubious customer—husband Allan Jones

Movie hero goes to the movies: Don Ameche takes his sequined wife, Honore, to a plush-seat preview, gives off with an A-I grin



kids, soldiers, sailors or whoever asks him.

H—Henry Fonda has one ambition—to finish his chicken coop before he's inducted into the Navy. The actor wants to be sure his wife and children have plenty of eggs for the duration.

I—Ingrid Bergman is so cute with her short haircut for *Maria* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls" the boys are really whistling as she passes by.

J—Jimmy Stewart (poddon, Lt. James Stewart) hasn't been so serious over a gal since his Olivia de Havilland romance as he is over singer Dinah Shore. Jimmy, a flying instructor in Albuquerque, keeps in telephone touch with his lady fair when duty permits.

K—Kathryn Grayson who didn't go through with her divorce from John Shelton (see details on page 65) will have her little niece live with her during the duration Shelton is in the Army.

L—Leif Erickson, who went through with that second Reno divorce, this time from Margaret Hayes, is concentrating on a motorcycle defense brigade before leaving for the Signal Corps.

M—Mel Milland, wife of Ray Milland,

is considered one of the best Red Cross teachers in the country and is in constant demand by organizations to teach classes.

N—Norma Shearer refers to her new groom, Marty Arrouge, as "cute." The way Norma says it is even cuter.

O—Olivia de Havilland spent the first week in her new apartment alone, the furniture all awry and her beautiful face a mass of poison oak.

P—Paulette Goddard has attached a new swain, Moccoco, the South American millionaire who followed her to her farm back east.

Q—Quentin Reynolds, the famous correspondent, writes friends in Hollywood that Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is a member of the famous Commandos abroad.

R—Rita Hayworth writes her best beau, Vic Mature, every day from her Bond-selling tour. Even in a sailor's uniform, Vic is still a hunk of man.

S—Sue Carol, wife of Alan Ladd, is rumored as having a stork visit due in several months.

T—Tyrone Power, looking so handsome in his officer's uniform for "Crash Dive," upon being complimented by a friend, said, "The one



# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Dance date: Randy Scott, circling the Ciro's floor with Claire Trevor, clicks with the Fink camera

I'll exchange this for won't have any stripes. But I'm proud to wear it and hope I can earn the decorations." Ty goes into the Marines, as you know, as a private.

U—United States is so proud of Hollywood citizens who, despite illness or fatigue, are carrying on the greatest Bond-selling campaign yet! Salute to Greer Garson and Ronald Colman who actually collapsed but insisted upon carrying on.

V—Van Johnson, the tall blond dynamo of "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," is the target for every girl's glance in movietown. The eligible Van simply bowls them over with his towheaded charm.

W—Will Rogers Jr., who looks so much like his famous dad, is running for representative in Congress from California and has most of the movie colony behind him.

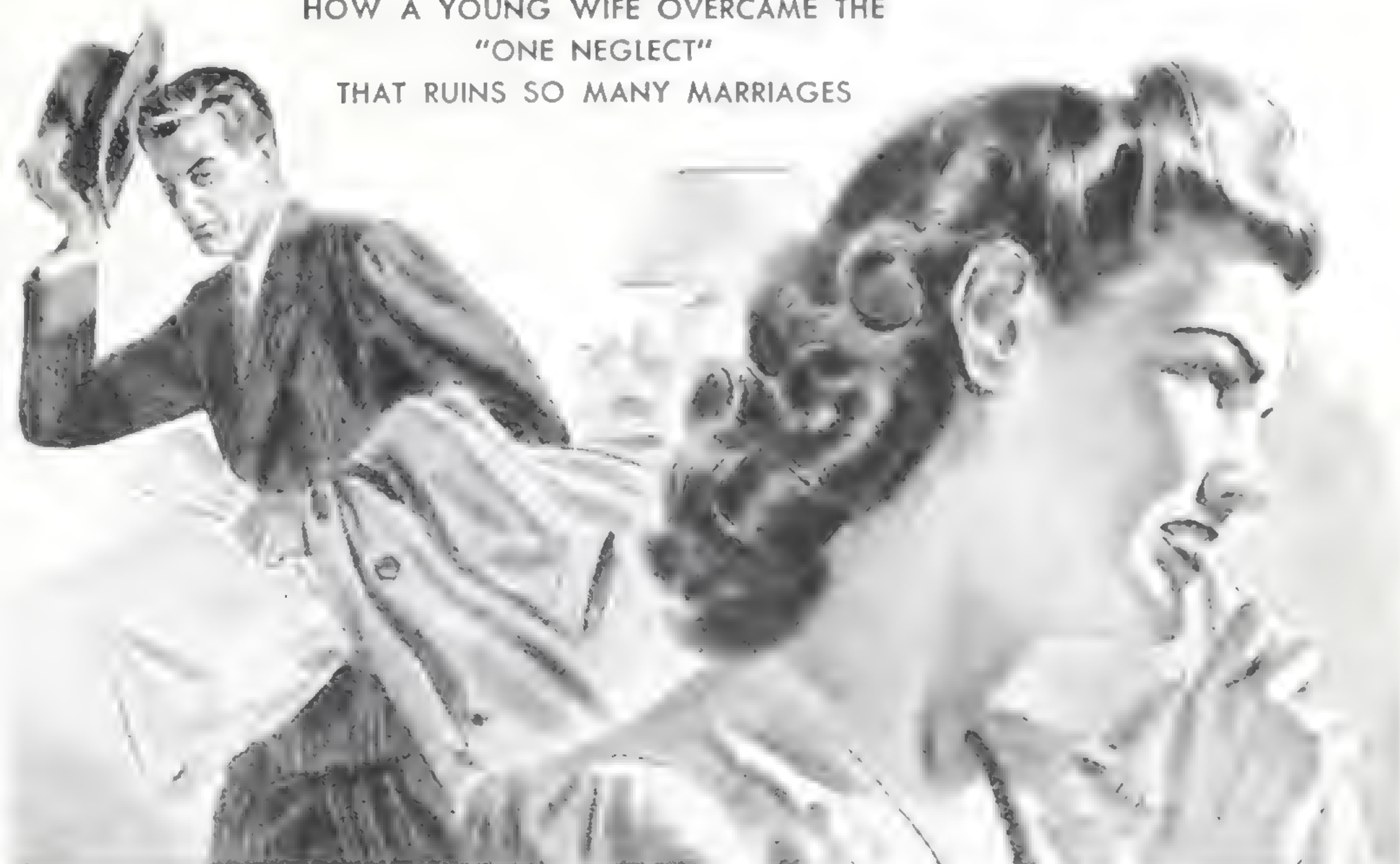
X—Marks the spot Cal fell upon when he heard Myrna Loy had gained twenty-odd pounds since her marriage to John Hertz Jr. Hurry quick and tell us it isn't so. Personally, we don't believe it.

Y—Yells went up when Hedy Lamarr announced there should be a priority on kisses; and those kisses should go to service boys who buy Bonds from movie stars.

Z—Zorina, whose hair was shorn for the ill-fated role of *Maria*, will wear a long beautiful wig for her dance numbers in "The Black Swan."

# "Man and Wife—no longer!"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE  
"ONE NEGLECT"  
THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. Did he hate me . . . the husband I loved so much? I couldn't guess what had changed our happiness to . . . this. Harsh words . . . frozen silences . . . loneliness . . .



2. One day, I spied my doctor's car next door and hailed him . . . to ask for a sleeping powder. But, wise doctor! He went straight to the cause of my troubles. Then he explained. "Often a man can't forgive one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



3. He recommended a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene . . . Lysol disinfectant. "You see, Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions on the bottle," he explained. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes, as well!"



4. I took my doctor's advice and found Lysol disinfectant so easy to use, so inexpensive. And now my husband and I are happier than ever before in all our days!

## Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

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# "Follow Me"

(SUIVEZ MOI)



If you're the girl who leads the way, who starts the trends that others follow—you'll take to Varva's "Follow Me" as your very own fragrance!

Parfum, \$1 to 15. Eau de Toilette, \$1 to 4.50

Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1

Bath Powder, \$1

Bubble Foam, \$1



"Follow Me" by

# VARVA

THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

## BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Walter Pidgeon (right) tells Richard Carlson to watch out for Hedy Lamarr in "White Cargo." We tell you to do the same

✓ **ACROSS THE PACIFIC**—Warners: Exciting, well-done melodrama about the roundup of Jap spies and saboteurs by an American agent, with Humphrey Bogart as the agent, Sidney Greenstreet as a Jap agent and Mary Astor as a mysterious damsel. The three principals cook up a lot of excitement and thrills. (Nov.)

✓ **APACHE TRAIL**—M-G-M: A whoop-la Western, with Indians and uprisings and maraudings. William Lundigan is a fearless stagecoach driver of the old West, who guards his cargo against his evil brother, Lloyd Nolan. Donna Reed, Spanish girl at the post, and Ann Ayars, charming widow, are rivals for Lundigan's love. (Oct.)

✓ **ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY**—Paramount: The marital woes of an average young couple, played by Betty Field and Ray Milland, add up to chuckle entertainment, what with the little jealousies, the fibbing of the wife and her interference with her husband's work. Charles Dingle, Patricia Morison, Eugene Pallette and Leif Erickson contribute to a pleasant evening. (Oct.)

**BABY FACE MORGAN**—Producers Releasing Corp.: Richard Cromwell unknowingly heads a gang of racketeers, although how he could have been so stupid is beyond us. Mary Carlisle is the sweet young thing who finally beats some sense into his head; Robert Armstrong is the bad man. (Oct.)

✓✓ **BAMBI**—Walt Disney-RKO: Disney's art at its greatest and best is attained in this stirring poem of beauty and its message will touch both children and adults alike. Bambi is a little deer born in the forest, living unafraid amidst his friends and the elements until man, the villain, strikes terror into his heart and ruthlessly destroys his home. (Sept.)

✓ **BERLIN CORRESPONDENT**—20th Century-Fox: A neat little package of melodrama, with Dana Andrews an American news commentator in Berlin who slips information via air to his New York paper. When pro-Nazi Virginia Gilmore sets out to trap him, she discovers her own father to be the informer. (Nov.)

✓✓ **BETWEEN US GIRLS**—Universal: Diana Barrymore scores a knockout as the daughter who hopes to help along her mother's romance with John Boles by posing as a twelve-year-old. Robert Cummings, a friend of Boles, attempts to amuse little Diana and finds himself a victim of riotous conspiracy. Kay Francis is beautiful as the mother, and Andy Devine very good. (Nov.)

**BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON**—Paramount: Here's Dorothy Lamour back in her sarong again, playing the circus girl who's really an heiress. To help her prove her claim, the whole circus crew, including Richard Denning, Walter Abel, the scien-

tist who discovered Dottie in the jungle, and Jack Haley, an unfunny press agent, go back to the jungle to search for the papers. (Oct.)

✓ **BIG STREET, THE**—RKO-Radio: An unexpected delight is this Damon Runyon story. Its aura of unusualness, its charm and appeal are strictly Runyonesque. Lucille Ball is the ruthlessly unfeeling night-club performer, permanently crippled, and Henry Fonda is the bus boy who blindly adores and serves her. Both give superb performances and create living characters. (Nov.)

## SHADOW STAGE

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**BUSSES ROAR**—Warners: Spies and saboteurs commandeer the night bus from Los Angeles to San Francisco, planting a bomb timed to explode as the bus reaches vital oil fields, but, like the story, the bomb fails to explode at the right time. Richard Travis is a passenger Marine; Peter Whitney as a Nazi and Julie Bishop as a stranded passenger are among those present. (Nov.)

**CAIRO**—M-G-M: This isn't very good, but it does have its moments of fun with Bob Young as an American correspondent in Cairo and Jeanette MacDonald as an American singer who's the dupe of Nazi sympathizers. The way the two chase each other around is a caution. Jeanette sings beautifully and Ethel Waters is superb as the maid. (Nov.)

**CALLING DR. GILLESPIE**—M-G-M: Philip Dorn replaces Lew Ayres in the *Dr. Kildare* series and scores a solid hit as the Holland-born doctor who hopes to become a psychoanalyst and does when a homicidal maniac roams the hospital seeking revenge on *Dr. Gillespie*, played as usual by Lionel Barrymore. Phil Brown is the young maniac and Donna Reed his sweetheart. (Oct.)

**CANAL ZONE**—Columbia: It's the same old story of the young upstart in aviation training who finally gets his come-uppance and turns out to be a man and a hero. John Hubbard is the believable smartie, Chester Morris the flying instructor, and Harriet Hilliard the lone female of the cast. (Nov.)

✓ **CROSSROADS**—M-G-M: William Powell plays an amnesia victim in this dramatic story of a French diplomat who brings his blackmailer to trial only to be met with almost convincing proof that he was both criminal and murderer earlier in his life. Hedy Lamarr is Powell's wife, Felix Bressart the family friend, and Basil Rathbone, Claire Trevor, and Margaret Wycherly are also very good. (Sept.)

✓✓ **DESPERATE JOURNEY**—Warners: A thriller in this melodrama, telling of the adventures of a group of R.A.F. flyers whose bomber crashes in Germany. They escape the Germans and then comes their desperate attempt to evade German officer Raymond Massey and make their way back to England. Errol Flynn is the squadron leader and the flyers include Ronald Reagan and Alan Hale. (Nov.)

✓✓ **EAGLE SQUADRON**—Wanger-Universal: A stirring, thrilling tribute to our American boys who joined the R. A. F. Actual action shots of their squadron are incorporated into the story and lend a thrilling effect. Robert Stack does his best work as the American who joins the squadron, and Leif Erickson, Eddie Albert, Diana Barrymore as the English miss in service, and John Loder comprise a good cast. (Sept.)

**FLIGHT LIEUTENANT**—Columbia: The familiar plot of this story concerns Pat O'Brien, an aviator who causes a plane crash in which his co-pilot is killed, so he takes to wildcat flying in Dutch Guiana to support his son. The son, Glenn Ford, grows up to fall in love with Evelyn Keyes, daughter of the dead co-pilot, and heartache and disillusion result until O'Brien makes restitution. (Sept.)

✓ **FOOTLIGHT SERENADE**—20th Century-Fox: Victor Mature is an egotistical prize fighter who goes on the stage, ousts star Cobina Wright Jr. from her role, substitutes his own choice, Betty Grable, and then can't understand why Betty should prefer John Payne to him. Betty does several dance routines, Jane Wyman plays her girl friend and James Gleason is the producer. (Oct.)

**FRIENDLY ENEMIES**—Edward Small-U.A.: Dated as the hobble skirt is this story of two argumentative old German-Americans who talk themselves and the audience half to death. Charlie Ruggles and Charles Winninger are the friendly enemies, James Craig is the son who is thought to be lost at sea, and Nancy Kelly is his girl. (Sept.)

✓✓ **GAY SISTERS, THE**—Warners: Different in theme and idea is this picture, but we think you'll enjoy it despite the underlying current of ugliness. Proud Barbara Stanwyck, covetous Geraldine Fitzgerald and moody Nancy Coleman are sisters whose estate has been in litigation for twenty years, impoverishing but never beating them. George Brent is the man responsible for their legal difficulties. (Sept.)

✓ **HERE WE GO AGAIN**—RKO-Radio: A giggle fest, with Fibber McGee and Molly celebrating twenty years of marriage at a hotel where Edgar Bergen, with Charley McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, is searching for a peculiar moth to aid the production of silk. You can imagine the goings-on, with the great Gildersleeve adding to the laughs and with Ginny Simms singing to Ray Nobel's music. (Nov.)

**HI, NEIGHBOR**—Republic: Radio personalities such as Vera Vague, Don Wilson, Lillian Randolph and others cavort around in this weak little home-grown number, with Janet Beecher as sponsor of a school that becomes a lonely heart retreat in the summer. Jean Parker and John Archer are the inevitable twosome. (Oct.)

**HILLBILLY BLITZKRIEG**—Monogram: The famous cartoon characters, *Snuffy Smith*, played by Bud Duncan, and *Barney Google*, played by Cliff Nazarro, cut all sorts of capers that have the pair embroiled in a rocket invention. Edgar Kennedy

**CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**  
Head of the House of Tangee

**"All you ever longed for in a lipstick—  
and more!" says Constance Luft Huhn**

"Exciting color. Perfectly balanced texture...not too moist, yet not too dry. So smooth it seems to stroke softly on your lips all by itself. So clinging it really stays on for hour after hour. Yes...each of our Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks has these qualities—and something more: The softer, glossier sheen of Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH!

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**New TANGEE MEDIUM-RED**... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

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**TANGEE THEATRICAL RED**... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

**TANGEE NATURAL**... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

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SATIN-FINISH

*Lipsticks*



# 1000 BIG PICTURE

## BIG NEWS

America's Favorite Singing Western Star is coming in the **MIGHTIEST MUSICAL WESTERN YOU EVER SAW!**

LOOK, IT'S



**ROY ROGERS**  
KING OF THE COWBOYS

**RIDING!  
SINGING!  
SHOOTING!  
GALLIVANTING!**

and Smiley **BURNETTE** • George "Gabby" **HAYES**



**HEART OF THE GOLDEN WEST**

with  
**THE GREATEST CAST EVER ASSEMBLED  
IN A WESTERN PICTURE!**

**BOB NOLAN** and the  
**SONS OF THE PIONEERS**

**RUTH TERRY**

**WALTER CATLETT**

**PAUL HARVEY**

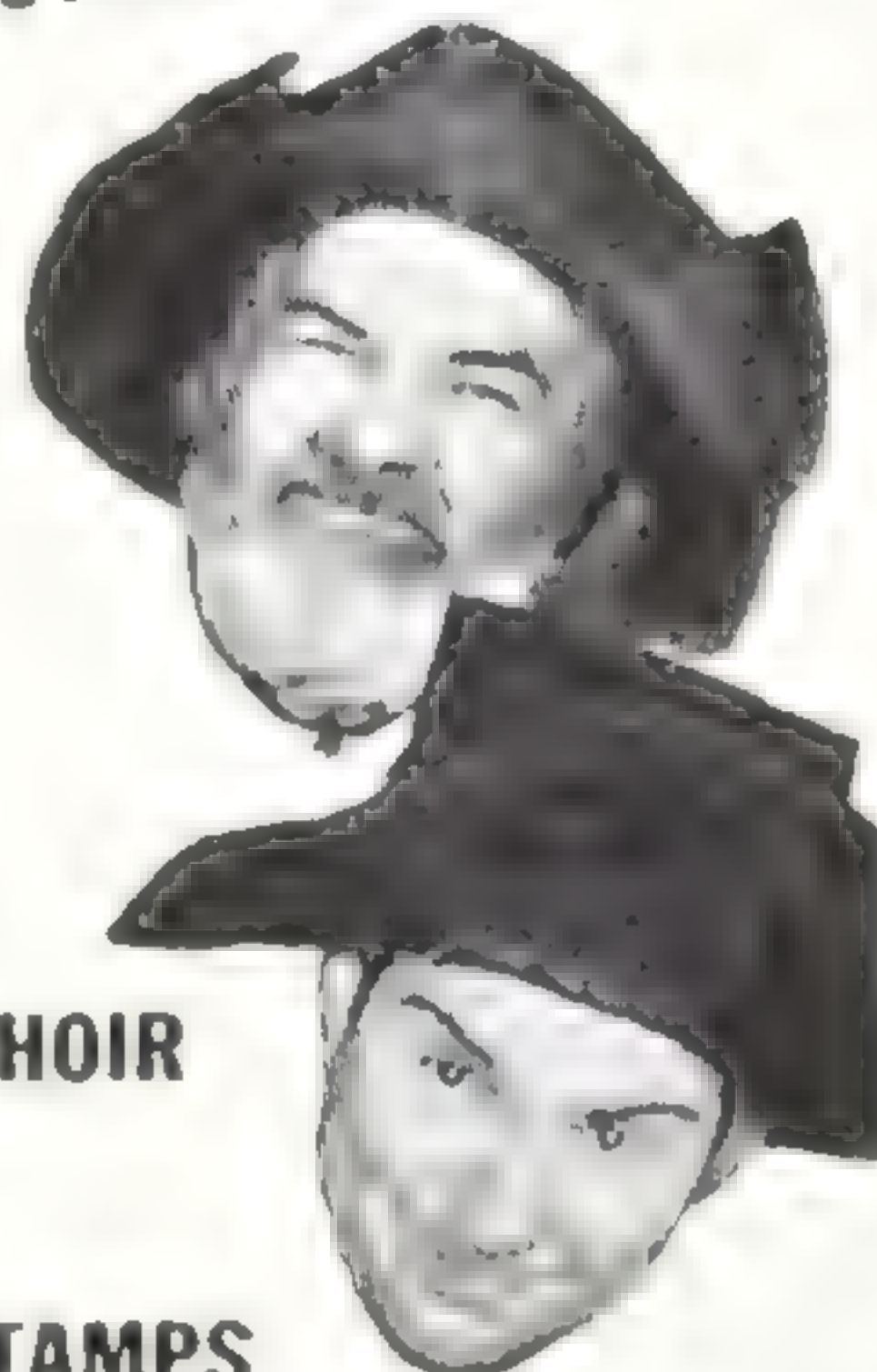
**EDMUND McDONALD**

**LEIGH WHIPPER**

**WILLIAM HAADE**

and **THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR**  
Choral Arrangements  
by Hall Johnson

**BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**



It's a  
**REPUBLIC PICTURE**

as an Army sergeant and Lucien Littlefield as an inventor add to the rather silly maneuvers. (Nov.)

✓ **HOLIDAY INN**—Paramount: The blending of Fred Astaire's dancing and Bing Crosby's singing is all to the good and Irving Berlin's tunes make this a special treat. Bing leaves their act to run an inn open only on holidays. To the inn as a performer comes lovely Marjorie Reynolds and Fred tries to steal her away. Virginia Dale is also involved. (Oct.)

✓ **ICELAND**—20th Century-Fox: Some of the best skating of her career is presented by Sonja Henie; but the story's only fair. It has Sonja, an Iceland maid, grabbing off John Payne, a Marine on the island, before he knows where he is. Osa Massen is Sonja's sister, Jack Oakie clowns on skates very funnily and Sammy Kaye and his orchestra provide some swell music. (Nov.)

**IN OLD CALIFORNIA**—Republic: John Wayne comes out West from Boston to open up a much-needed drugstore, but villainous Albert Dekker, jealous over dance-hall queen Binnie Barnes's interest in Wayne, poisons the drugs and nearly succeeds in having John lynched. The sudden discovery of gold saves him, and the inevitable fight between the two almost wrecks the town. (Sept.)

✓ **INVISIBLE AGENT**—Frank Lloyd-Universal: Jon Hall, who inherits the secret of invisibility, offers his services to his country, flies over Germany, becomes invisible and gets embroiled in some very amusing and intriguing escapades. Ilona Massey is the girl spy; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre and J. Edward Bromberg are the Axis agents. You'll enjoy it. (Oct.)

**ISLE OF MISSING MEN**—Monogram: A rather suspenseful little melodrama with John Howard as the governor of a penal colony. He befriends Helen Gilbert who has come to the island to help her husband, Gilbert Roland, escape and much exciting action transpires before she is successful. (Nov.)

✓ **IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH**—20th Century-Fox: An exciting baseball yarn, with Lloyd Nolan terrific as the manager of the club that once ousted him as a player on trumped-up charges. George Holmes as the rookie befriended by Nolan shows great promise and Carole Landis as the object of young Holmes's heart is very beautiful. (Oct.)

**JACKASS MAIL**—M-G-M: Wally Beery and Marjorie Main in their familiar story of a renegade of the old West who becomes regenerated through the orphaned son of the man Beery himself kills. It takes Darryl Hickman, the boy, and Marjorie Main, fearless owner of the transport mail line, to civilize Wally. J. Carroll Naish is good as ever. (Nov.)

✓ **JOAN OF OZARK**—Republic: Corn, but good, is this teaming of Judy Canova and Joe E. Brown, with all their ludicrous antics in store for you. Judy lands in Joe E.'s night club, where she's been brought from the Ozarks on a deal hatched by Nazi spies. Jerome Cowan is the spy and Eddie Foy Jr. is swell. The airplane sequence is a howl and it's all a lot of fun. (Oct.)

**LADY IN A JAM**—Universal: Irene Dunne is an heiress badly in need of a psychoanalyst. She lands in bankruptcy, heads West and becomes embroiled in a phony gold mine. Ralph Bellamy is a cowboy out-of-this-world and Patric Knowles the doctor. It's all pretty silly, so just laugh it off as one of those things. (Oct.)

**LITTLE TOKIO, U. S. A.**—20th Century-Fox: The West Coast's Japanese colony comes into the spotlight with this lively little epic of a police officer, Preston Foster, who suspects shenanigans in the Jap settlement. Comes Pearl Harbor, and he scoops up spies like fury. Brenda Joyce is his girl friend, and June Duprez, Harold Huber and George E. Stone are spies. (Nov.)

✓ **MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, THE**—RKO-Radio: Orson Welles has made a magnificent picture from the Booth Tarkington novel, presenting it with rare originality in photography and story-telling. Tim Holt comes into his own as the spoiled son who ruins his own and his mother's life with his selfishness. Dolores Costello as his mother, Joe Cotten as the man who loves her, Anne Baxter and Agnes Moorehead are superb. (Sept.)

✓ **MAGNIFICENT DOPE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda is the yokel jerk who comes to New York to claim his \$500 prize as the magnificent dope, offered by success school manager Don Ameche and ends up by out-smarting the smooth, fast-talking Ameche. Lynn Bari, as the girl, has ability, looks and charm, and Edward Everett Horton and George Barbier add a lot to the fun. (Sept.)

**MAISIE GETS HER MAN**—M-G-M: Pretty corny is this latest of the series, with Red Skelton a stage-struck yokel who convinces Ann Sothern that he's a panic on the stage—until he gets there. The story, after a detour through a bond swindle, winds up in an Army camp. Allen Jenkins, Leo Gorcey and Donald Meek are a gleesome threesome. (Sept.)

✓ **MAJOR AND THE MINOR, THE**—Paramount: Don't miss this gay comedy, with Ginger Rogers posing as a twelve-year-old child and wreaking havoc with the boys at a military academy and with Major Ray Milland. Rita Johnson as Ray's suspicious fiancée, Diana Lynn, Rita's younger sister

who knows the truth about Ginger but helps her, and Robert Benchley add to the fun. (Oct.)

**MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S ELEPHANT**—RKO-Radio: Leon Errol again plays the dual role of *Lord Epping* and *Uncle Matt*, with Lupe Velez all over the place trying to help out *Uncle Matt* when smuggled jewels are hidden in an onyx elephant and the elephant must be returned pronto. Walter Reed is Lupe's husband, and Lyle Talbot and Marion Martin are the smugglers. (Nov.)

✓ **MOON AND SIXPENCE, THE**—David L. Loew-Albert Lewin, Inc.: George Sanders is the painter of Somerset Maugham's famous story, who leaves his wife and children to live the life of a starving artist, and Herbert Marshall the writer who narrates the story. Their performances, as well as those of Daris Dudley and Steve Geray, are most impressive. It's a strange and fascinating tale, but leads to no climactic crescendo.

**MOONLIGHT MASQUERADE**—Republic: Dennis O'Keefe and Jane Frazee have to marry each other or forfeit a fortune. Since they've never met, Jane has her nutty secretary Betty Kean impersonate her at the arranged meeting, and O'Keefe has Eddie Foy Jr. do the same for him. Need we say more—except that Jane sings delightfully and Betty's dancing is swell? (Sept.)

**NIGHT FOR CRIME, A**—Producers Releasing Corp.: Murder mystery, with the victim a movie star, played by Lina Basquette. Glenda Farrell is the newspaper reporter and Lyle Talbot the studio press agent. Newspaper columnists Jimmy Starr, Edwin Schallert and Erskine Johnson play themselves. (Oct.)

**NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS**—Paramount: Preston Foster is a police lieutenant who's accused of murder by Albert Dekker, another police officer. Patricia Morison is Foster's silly wife and Cecil Kellaway is dragged in to complicate things even more than they are already. (Sept.)

✓ **ONE THRILLING NIGHT**—Monogram: A bedroom riot is this comedy with John Beal as the bridegroom who has twenty-four hours to honeymoon with bride Wanda McKay before his induction into the Army. But into their room parade gangsters, cops and robbers, dumb house detective and hoodlums. Tom Neal and Warren Hymer add to the laughs. (Oct.)

✓ **ORCHESTRA WIVES**—20th Century-Fox: All about the love lives of members of a band, with Glenn Miller's band providing all the music. George Montgomery is a trumpet player, Ann Rutherford his wife. Mary Beth Hughes, Carole Landis and Virginia Gilmore, other orchestra wives, start all the trouble between them. Cesar Romero is the pianist and Lyn Bari the singer. (Nov.)

**PACIFIC RENDEZVOUS**—M-G-M: Both Lee Bowman as a naval officer who craves action but gets a desk job of deciphering code, and Jean Rogers as the girl in his life, deserve better material than this. Spies Mona Maris, Carl Esmond, and Blanche Yurka are so obviously spies it all becomes a bit ridiculous. (Sept.)

**PALM BEACH STORY, THE**—Paramount: This so-called comedy misses a mile, despite the cleverness of Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea who play the separated husband and wife. Claudette, out to garner new laurels, finds them in millionaire Rudy Vallee. Mary Astor is good, but the antics are as antiquated as an antimacassar. (Nov.)

✓ **PANAMA HATTIE**—M-G-M: A pleasant, delightful-in-spots musical that boasts Ann Sothern as star, Dan Dailey Jr., as the rich soldier boy, and a trio of comics, Red Skelton, Rags Ragland and Ben Blue. The singing of Lena Horne, the dancing of the Berry Brothers and the dead-pan warbling of Virginia O'Brien also brighten it up no end. Little Jackie Horner is very good. (Oct.)

✓ **PARDON MY SARONG**—Universal: By far the funniest of the Abbott and Costello riots, this is madcap fun from its beginning where the pair take their crosstown Chicago bus to Los Angeles to its hilarious finish on a South Sea isle. Robert Paige is the romantic lead, Virginia Bruce lovely as the girl, Lionel Atwill a villain, and Abbott and Costello are at their best. (Nov.)

✓ **PIED PIPER, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Monty Woolley is an elderly Englishman in France when the Nazis invade. As a favor, he agrees to take two English children back to England with him, but the pair expand into a group as Mr. Woolley travels back through devastated France, and then the Nazis catch up with him. It's drama with a chuckle, a laugh with a tear; in fact, the picture's a gem. (Sept.)

**PIERRE OF THE PLAINS**—M-G-M: John Carroll is a devil-may-care French Canadian accused of murder but too busy helping a friend escape another murder indictment to care much. We don't care about it either. Ruth Hussey is shamefully miscast and Bruce Cabot, Phil Brown and Henry Travers are poor, weary fellow travelers. (Oct.)

✓ **PRIDE OF THE YANKEES**—Goldwyn: To the role of Lou Gehrig, beloved star of baseball, Gary Cooper brings all the gentleness, simplicity, and sincerity of the first baseman. Teresa Wright as Mrs. Gehrig becomes Hollywood's most important  
(Continued on page 96)



## Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) Gardner is an extraordinarily beautiful girl and I have no doubt an extraordinarily talented one, too, and I have a hunch that it was an awful shock to her when she realized that as long as she remained Mrs. Mickey Rooney she could never reach even leading roles, let alone stardom . . . Diana Lewis faced this same problem when she became Mrs. William Powell but Bill with his wit, wisdom and wealth had the power and the imagination to make marriage for her more exciting than a dozen careers could ever be.

As for Martha Mature, though she has announced that she is going to be merely a receptionist at Columbia studios, Hollywood will not be at all surprised . . . though very amused . . . if she turns out to be as flamboyant a star in her own right as Vic is in his . . . she has the beauty . . . the youth . . . and the flash for it and it only remains to be seen in "Cover Girl" if she has the talent too.

THE only love you are supposed to mention in Hollywood these days, however, is the very established married love, preferably involving male stars of well beyond forty, or fathers of several kiddies . . . it is no accident that you are hearing more of Robert Young these days than you are hearing of Robert Taylor . . . or that it has recently leaked out that both Gary Cooper and Jimmy Cagney are well past forty or that Errol Flynn's health is not remotely all that it should be . . . one of the craziest manifestations of Hollywood's 1942 winter mood is its impulse both to beg its male stars not to enlist and yet to be embarrassed when they do wait for the draft to grab them . . . Gable goes into service and kicks over the age alibi and Henry Fonda destroys the "family-man-dependents" angle . . . and desperate Hollywood looks wildly at Robert Newton's magnificent performance in "Wings And The Woman" and realizes that this is proof that a man can come straight in off a mine sweeper, take only four weeks for a picture and yet turn in such superlative work that you would never know he had been absent from the camera for even a week end . . . so it takes heart, hoping that it can get some of its stars back unharmed once in a while, perhaps . . . either that, or rake in a fortune on reissues of old pictures, as Metro is doing now, trying to supply the demand, newly arisen, for sight of Gable in anything, no matter when filmed.

IN FACT, the whole town makes me think of a scene in "Life Begins At 8:30," which I happened to catch on the set at Twentieth Century-Fox the other day.

In the scene Monty Woolley, playing Santa Claus, is seated on a throne on a platform in a department store. He has been secretly imbibing and gives forth with a hearty hiccough.

One woman in the crowd is shocked.

Monty, observing her, leans forward and says, "And what did you expect, madam—chimes?"

That is more or less what Hollywood is expecting of itself, this first winter of war . . . expecting chimes where it used to have simple hiccoughs, caused by pleasant living . . . and doggone if, by and large, Hollywood isn't producing chimes these days . . . chimes of amusement, chimes of heroism, and chimes that are ringing out the meaning of freedom for the world.

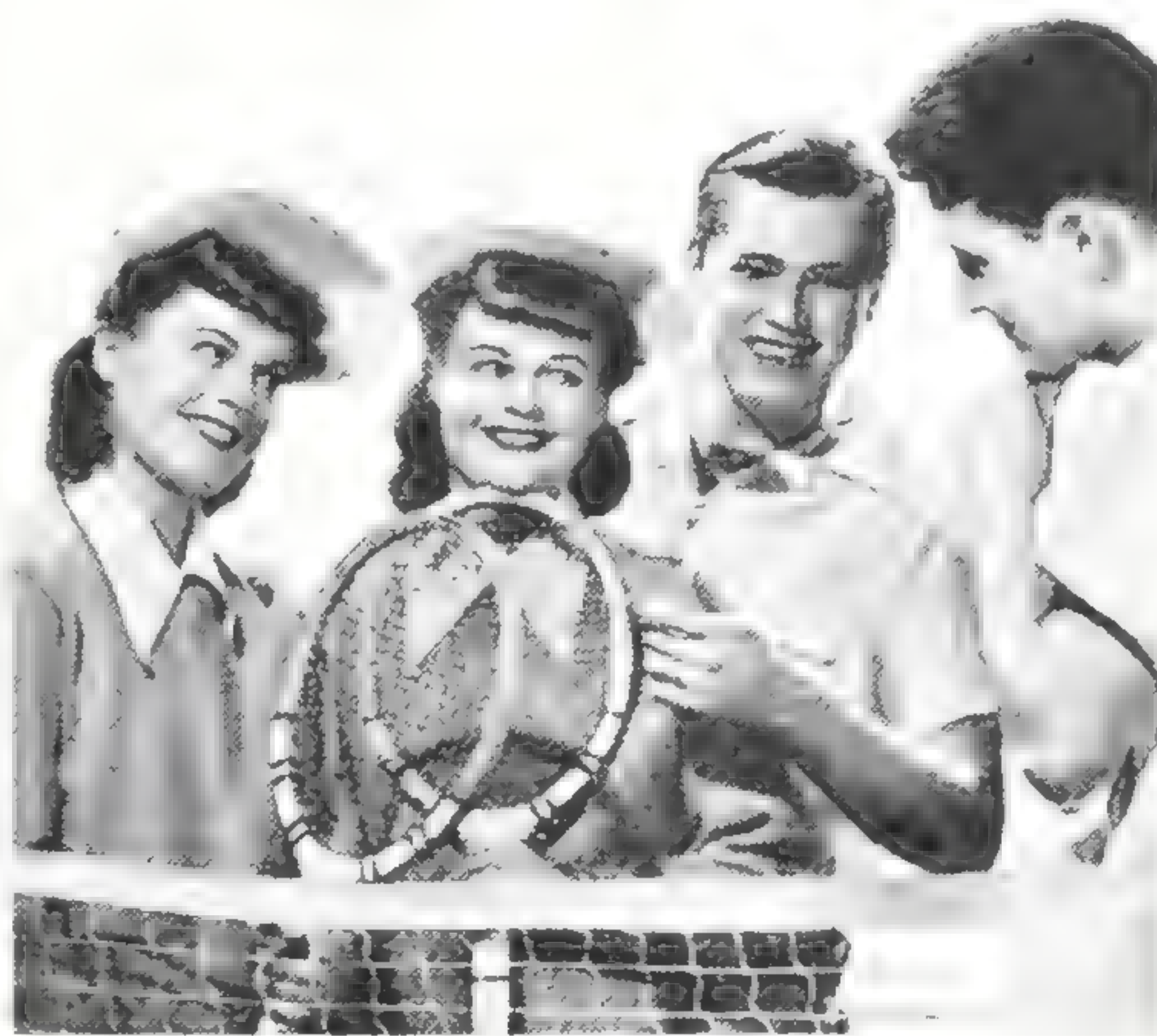
THE END

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick of Palatine, Illinois.



## They captured the gleam of an electric eye

Rick Twins discover Pepsodent Powder can make teeth far brighter to the naked eye, too!



Photoelectric eye proof of Pepsodent's superior polishing ability convinced scientists. But not the Rick Twins. They wanted to see just how good Pepsodent was without scientific gadgets—when it was used in the practical way—the way anyone would brush teeth. So they tossed a coin to see who would use Pepsodent, and Margaret won. Marilyn chose to test another leading tooth powder.

People always had a hard time telling them apart . . . they were that alike. But that was before the test started. Then, admitted Marilyn, "Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first . . . then amazed that Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it. Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"

. . . and the Rick Twins' dentist says:

"Of course, I was skeptical. Pepsodent's claims sounded just too good to be true. However, this Rick Twins' test convinced me that the statement of The Pepsodent Company is accurate and truthful."



Independent laboratory tests found no other dentifrice that could match the lustre produced by Pepsodent.

By actual test, Pepsodent produces a lustre on teeth Twice as Bright as the average of all other leading brands!

Pepsodent Powder can make your teeth far brighter, too!





# Ten-Minute Masterpiece



Rita Hayworth

A two-plus-two lesson in simple  
make-up that adds up to a  
portrait of you as a lovely lady

BY GLORIA MACK

## 2 Minutes

... for the thorough cleansing. Apply the cream richly all over the face and throat. (At twenty a woman's throat is beautiful and she takes it for granted; at thirty-five she's bemoaning the fact she skipped up on throat care because age takes its throat toll then.) Rub in cream thoroughly with an upward and outward movement, remove with tissues. Then go through the whole procedure again. Finish off with a rinsing of face and throat in warm water and a good mild soap.

## + 2 Minutes

... for applying the foundation cream. This is the all-important "in-between" because, without a good foundation, make-up is a minus act. Remember two things: The foundation lays the groundwork for glamour; it also improves the condition of the skin because the patting and molding movements used in applying relax the skin tension, stimulate the circulation and soften the texture. Choose the foundation cream best suited to your skin type; apply it evenly, patting and molding alternately—and carefully—to keep your make-up from being patchy and streaked.

## + 2 Minutes

... for applying your powder. Pat in your powder, never rub it. Don't stint on powder—use more than is necessary and then rub off the surplus

with a powder brush. Be sure your foundation cream is completely covered all over the face and neck.

## + 2 Minutes

... for applying rouge. Take your choice between cream or powder rouge, the only difference is that if you use the former you apply it before powdering.

If your face is oval, put rouge in the center of the cheek, blend it up towards the temple and make it light under the eyes.

If your face is round, use the darkest rouge your complexion will stand. Keep rouge on outside of cheeks, blend upwards towards the temple, lightly towards the jawline.

If your face is square, rouge under the center of your eyes in a circle, carry it back to your ears, then down under your jawline—lightly. If your face is long and thin, use the lightest rouge possible. Blend it carefully on your cheeks in a circular form.

## + 2 Minutes

... for applying lipstick. A few don'ts on this: Don't be a white ghost with dark purple lipstick. Don't use the same color lipstick under artificial lights as you do in sun-time—experiment until you find your most becoming shades. Don't ever forget to apply tissues to remove excess lipstick. And don't forget the teeth inspection process after your lip make-up is on.

## P.S. Please remember

And for those spare-time two-minute periods in your day when you sit twiddling your thumbs, just use your head instead and think over what Rita Hayworth, who's appropriately starring in "You Were Never Lovelier," suggests for war-time beauty.

She knows that foundation cream is a protection to the skin as well as being a beautifier. But she changes her cream with the change of season. "I use a good many different shades during the course of the year," she says, "because I think it's necessary the powder foundation should blend with the skin tone, and one's skin does change in tone with the seasons."

She also knows some tricks about applying foundation. Since she was gifted with the greatest gift of all—perfect beauty—she doesn't use the tricks herself, but she herewith donates them to the cause of perfect beauty that is the just reward of every soldier, sailor and Marine.

You can minimize bad points in your face by remembering that a lighter tone of cream emphasizes and a darker tone detracts. For instance, a double chin practically fades out if the foundation cream used there is a bit darker than that used on the face. The sides of a too heavy nose can be softened in the same way. If you have those fascinating high cheek bones like Claudette Colbert's, emphasize them with light cream and use a foundation a trifle darker in the hollow of the cheeks.



# First on your list of glamour aids!

## SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!



*Dress up and vary a simple, basic dress with smart new, hair-dos and change of accessories! The gorgeous, beaded collar shown here ties at back. Makes an office dress look like a "date" dress. The lovely new hair-do is suitable for any evening occasion.*

**New Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added gives thrilling new beauty results! Leaves hair far more manageable, more alluring, too!**

Every beauty expert knows that lovely hair, beautifully arranged, is any girl's first step to glamour! So don't put off trying our new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! Because Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it, to leave hair silkier, smoother, and far easier to arrange—right after shampooing! If you haven't tried Drene lately you'll be amazed at the difference!

### **Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!**

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene. For Special

Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

Be sure to ask for this wonderful improved shampoo by its new name . . . Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or get a professional shampoo with

Special Drene at your favorite beauty shop!

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.  
Procter & Gamble



**Special DRENE Shampoo**  
**with HAIR CONDITIONER added**

This film illustrates how all soaps and soap shampoos dull lustre of hair!



All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bath-tub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Special Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Special Drene does *not* combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!





# Speak FOR YOURSELF



Virginia Gilmore, who deserves something she's just beginning to get from studio front offices

## \$10.00 PRIZE

### Open Letter to M-G-M

**T**HE unpleasant rumor is circulating that you have committed an unpardonable sin—that of letting down your grandest star, Jeanette MacDonald.

It was hardly credible, but after seeing "I Married An Angel," I can well believe it! How any producer, manager, or whatnot, knowing her wonderful work in "Naughty Marietta," "Maytime," "Sweetheart," "Bittersweet,"—etc., could put her in that inferior farce is more than even the Quiz Kids could answer. Not that *she* let *you* down even then—oh, no, she gave of her best to a fantastic affair that was wholly beneath her from start to finish.

And now we understand she refuses to renew her contract with you, because you promise her no better stories in the future and we, her fans, cry shame upon you!

Let me tell you, Messrs. M-G-M, we, her thousands of loyal supporters, are solidly behind Jeanette MacDonald, now and always.

We don't care whether she appears under the insignia of Leo the Lion or Peter Rabbit or Sammy Squirrel, but we shall demand more and better roles for our favorite from some producer in Hollywood.

And to us in the gallery, knowing how Jeanette has helped line your pockets with gold, you look pretty small right now, Messrs. M-G-M.

Martha O. Farrington,  
Lyndonville, Vt.

## \$5.00 PRIZE

### "Buy-and-Buy"

**B**ETTE DAVIS just gave a grand performance as an A-1 American in a Bond Rally at our Auditorium last night. She was charming!

Not the high-hat, sharp-tongued, selfish little beast of that excellent movie portrayal of *Stanley* in "In This Our Life" at a local theater. Which proves what a grand little actress she is.

I did go to see a glamorous movie star, to bask in her scintillation, but I met a levelheaded little business woman who had sacrificed a much-earned vacation to help me, and mil-

lions like me, realize our immediate need for Stamp, and Bond-buying.

Maybe Bette's head touches clouds of well-deserved happiness, but her feet are firmly planted on good American soil.

She may be an "Oscar" winner, a movie celebrity with millions in dollars, but she likes beef as we do, drinks milk as we do and says hell is what our boys are going through for us, just as we do. . . .

Seeing and hearing Bette gives people like me a grand and glorious urge to buy and buy until by and by the danger of dictatorship passes.

If I was asleep, I'm certainly awake now.

Thanks, Bette!  
Sybil Bruce Leach,  
St. Joseph, Mo.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

### Something To Remember

**W**HEN I walked out of the theater where I saw "Pride Of The Yankees," I couldn't utter a word. I felt deeply in awe of the scenes that had unfolded before my eyes. In fact, I felt as if I had been to church!

Yes, Gary Cooper has triumphed again! He is an actor so intensely human that words cannot adequately describe him. But—his acting alone did not make this picture one that will forever hold a cherished corner in our hearts. Teresa Wright held a big candle in the light of that success. She is so fresh-looking, so gay and lovely! The tender moments of love and happiness they shared together were (Continued on page 104)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.





SONJA HENIE, starring in "ICELAND"—A 20th Century-Fox Production

## THE PET OF HOLLYWOOD STARS IS

# the Only Pet that Sings!

Are you longing for a bit of extra sunshine these dark and troubled days? Then buy a Canary—the pet Hollywood adores—and let his happy song “light up” your home!

There is no finer pet than a Canary... the pet everyone loves. It is a pet you can keep without great cost or care... and the *only pet that sings!*

Get a Canary *today!* Learn to talk to him, and have him answer you in song. You'll thrill to his cheery refrains that help drive care away and make you feel like singing, too.

**FREE!** Every lover of pets will want French's superbly-illustrated book about Canaries—just off the press.

Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings... Guides for the proper selection of a Canary... Instruction in the breeding of Canaries as gifts or for profit.

Send for your **FREE** copy—**TODAY!** Simply mail name and address—on a penny postcard, to The R. T. French Company, 2522 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

LARGEST-SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.



## In Hollywood

**4 out of 5 Canary Owners demand FRENCH'S BIRD SEED**

Keep your Canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed your Canary FRENCH'S—today and every day!



*Dorothy Lamour*







## Dorothy Lamour, American



**M**ADISON SQUARE GARDEN was packed to the guards. It was the final night of the thirty-day stretch of Bond-selling for Stars Over America. An A.W.V.S. escort carried Dorothy Lamour and her party safely through to the section where the stars were lining up for their stint on the great platform. I, as your reporter, was there with Dorothy to tell you firsthand what happens to a star selling Bonds.

Out of the galaxy of great names—Paulette Goddard, Myrna Loy, Joan Blondell, Veronica Lake, Jinx Falkenburg, William Gargan, Burgess Meredith, Pat O'Brien and a host of others—Edward Arnold, master of ceremonies, called, "Dottie Lamour!" And as Dorothy stepped across the giant stage the crowd gave a long and appreciative whistle. The selling began and wound up with Dottie minus one more sarong to the tune of \$10,000.

As she stepped down from the platform into the teeming crowd, I said to her, "After this you'll have to rest up in a hospital."

"Oh, no I won't," she answered quickly. "My job has only just begun."

Just begun! After twelve days of whirlwind Bond-storming in which she made a hundred and five speeches and sold in excess of \$35,000,000 in Bonds! After having been the one herself to start this whole gigantic campaign of stars as Bond salesmen to America! For it was Dorothy who, just three days after the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and the Honolulu she loved, pointed the way single-handed. She couldn't carry a gun, but she did have a

name. She'd make that name help Uncle Sam sell his all-important Bonds.

The evolution of this new person who was once Dorothy Lamour, the sarong queen, is one of the most impressive I have ever known. She is an object lesson to every one of us. Why? She has no great oratory to offer the crowd. She doesn't use a prepared speech whipped up by some brilliant publicist. She doesn't dance, tell jokes or sing. ("Heavens," laughs Dottie, "if I did, maybe they wouldn't buy Bonds!") She hasn't even evolved any trick, sure-fire selling slogans.

She just talks—talks straight from the shoulder with a ringing sincerity that reaches down into the hearts of her audience and pulls out Bonds.

"I'm asking you to give your money—at a good profit—for the eyesight, the legs, the arms, the very lives of the men who are fighting for you. That's a pretty easy exchange. Come on, now. Who'll buy a Bond?"

And so it goes across the country. A man in Massachusetts says, "I will! I just lost my boy." Dottie hurries him to the microphone and asks him to tell the crowd just that. A hundred other volunteers follow.

A blacksmith in Maine takes a \$1,000 Bond. An office girl in Illinois takes another \$1,000 Bond. A little old lady in Indiana takes two dollars worth of stamps, a most precious offering. She's living on relief because her two sons are in the service and she's too old to work.

In Portsmouth, Maine, sixty solemn boys are sworn into the Navy on the stage where Dottie is appearing. When she calls for Bond buyers three of them are the first to raise their hands. Afterward, they pass the hat among themselves to buy her a present.

These are the things that make America. These are the things the Japs didn't bargain for at Pearl Harbor where they made a great American of Dorothy Lamour.

*Fred Sammis*



# HEARTBREAK FOR MICKEY ROONEY

For the first time in his life Mickey, with his marriage to Ava a failure, faces defeat. Was he to blame? Was she to blame?



**T**HE Mickey Rooneys are divorcing. Barely eight limelighted months after the simple wedding ceremony at the little Santa Ynez Valley Presbyterian church, Hollywood's most talented boy and the beautiful girl from North Carolina are calling it quits in the court of domestic relations. So say the little ink words on Case Number —; charges, extreme cruelty; signature, Ava Gardner Rooney.

Behind those words lies more than the usual disillusionment story of a man whose home has failed and a woman who bleakly faces emotional bankruptcy. Acute as may be the sense of personal disaster to these two, there is a farther reaching drama involved. For in his marriage failure





Mickey's mother, before the wedding, gave his marriage to Ava Gardner three weeks. She knew then what everyone is just finding out

BY SARA HAMILTON

Mickey Rooney is facing his first major defeat. And make no mistake—it is major, just as everything else about Mickey has been, since *Andy Hardy* made a star out of him. He can put on the best performance of his life to fool his friends; but this time it won't get him an Oscar. He can write a symphony, play the drums, jive with the jitteriest; but it still hurts.

Mickey isn't the only one. There's Ava, young, beautiful, asking a lot of her marriage—too much, perhaps. For there came a day when the little Southern girl could stand no more bewilderment and unhappiness. Two of the few friends whom she came to know in her brief stay in Hollywood

were Jimmie Fidler and his wife. To this reporter she gave the news of her decision to file suit for divorce and that very night listened with her heart pounding as he made the announcement over his broadcast. . . .

That was the first authentic word the public had of the marital differences of the Rooneys. But it was by no means Hollywood's introduction to the possibilities of a split-up—not in this town where grapevines are more prolific than the city water mains. Rumors had come seeping through from neighbors in the beautiful Wilshire Palms apartment where Mickey ensconced his bride that she could be heard nagging him. Other reports had it that Ava was desperately attempting

to make a home for Mickey, cooking and tending the house, but he would have none of it. Then when Ava went home for a visit to her mother in Wilson, North Carolina, the grapevine started up afresh with word that she was leaving him, a report which was quashed not so much by Mickey's hot denials as by Ava's early return to Hollywood.

But the peak of the rumors was reached on the anniversary of their first six months of marriage. On that occasion the reports said there had been a downright battle in which Ava came out the loser.

As in all such affairs, the truth lies somewhere in between. But on one point—why they are divorcing—there can be no doubt.

The true reasons are obvious and simple. They were too young, and completely unsuited. The girl from Wilson, North Carolina, might as well have been an immigrant from the steppes of Russia, so far was she removed from Mickey Rooney's world.

Remember she had been in Hollywood only a few short days before she met Mickey. She had come West with her older sister Beatrice, who gave up a New York job and gambled her savings to make sure that Ava was properly cared for until they saw if her stock contract at Metro came to anything. (Continued on page 91)



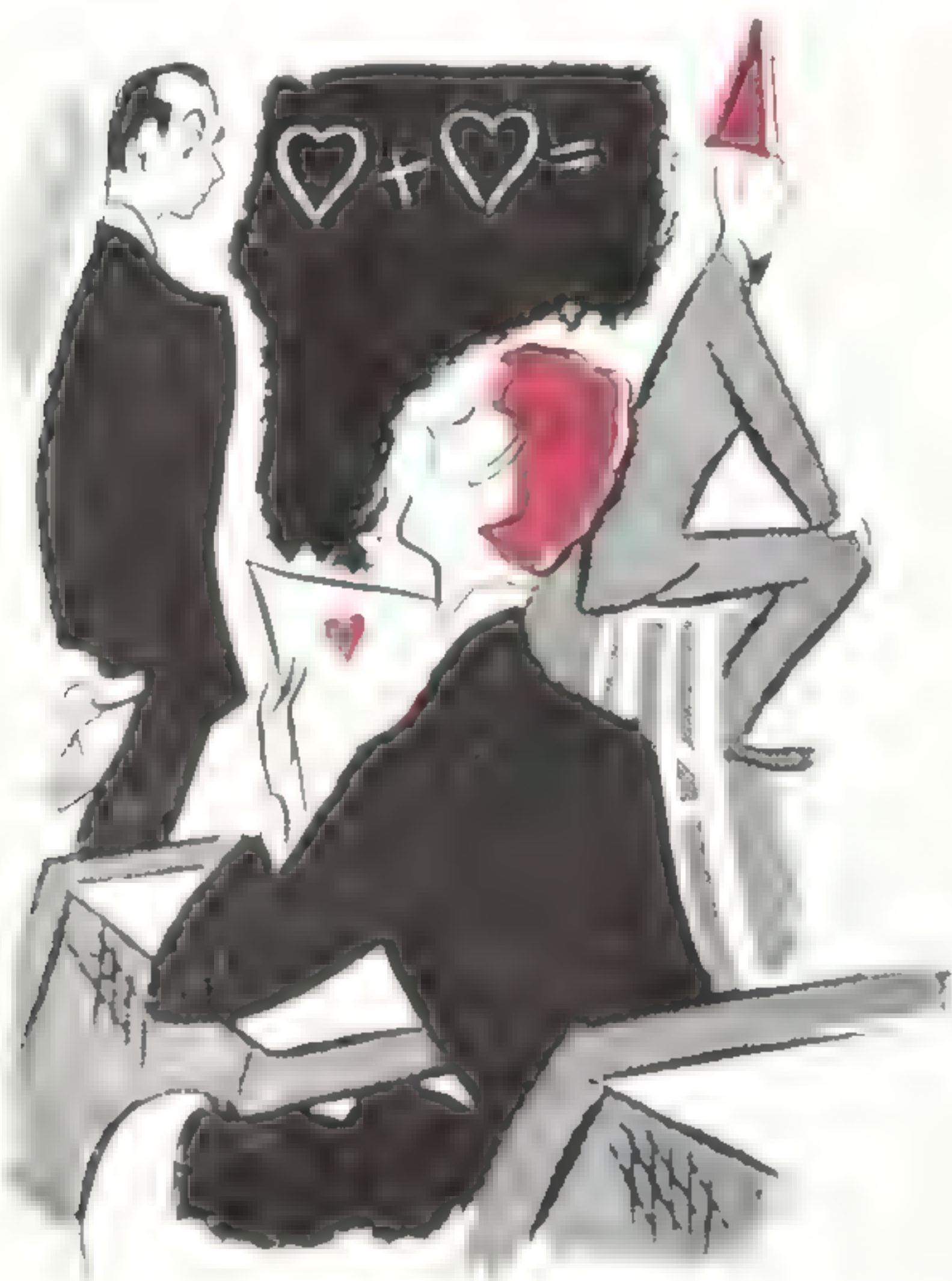
# My Christmas

The Christmas bells—with a few gongs thrown in—ring out, with  
the famous Hopper handing out some pungent Hollywood spice

IN this year of grace 1942, we're going to forget about our own presents and the things we counted on so much in the past—like cars, jewels, sables, homes, antiques, parties, who will give the best, who will have the cream of the crop, who will outdo each other as far as glamour and show-off is concerned—and we'll remember only one thing: That it's our men and women in service who are to be considered. And the greatest Christmas all peace-loving people throughout the world could have would be winning the war. Hollywood's put aside selfishness for a great ideal, so that we can once again try to live up to the Master's teaching, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

But that doesn't prevent our giving tips to Santa Claus on what could make our folks a little bit happier, and maybe, along with them, us too! And we'll do it early enough this year

Present for Charles Boyer: A little red-hot schoolhouse



"From Santa to Hedda"—but what would Charlie McCarthy say!

to please even Uncle Sam, who says all boys and girls should get their Christmas orders in way ahead.

So let's begin with Abbott and Costello. Please, Santa, give them an original story, instead of the same old bilge. But, on the other hand, who am I to gripe, when millions of our citizens rush to see them, no matter what they're in? Why, Lou could play *Little Eva* and Bud *Uncle Tom*, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with or without music, and still keep the wolf from the door.

Santa, take the stuffing out of Brian Aherne's shirts and give it to the war effort.

How about a great big boat for Eddie Albert in his Coast Guard duty?

For Fred Astaire—another picture, dear Santa, with Ginger Rogers, and another with Marjorie Reynolds.

For Connie Bennett—this coming year without a lawsuit.

And please, Santa, if Uncle Sam gets Edgar Bergen, won't you have him hang Charlie McCarthy on the

Christmas tree at my house?

And to Jimmy Cagney, another "Yankee Doodle Dandy"; and might I humbly suggest the life of Irving Berlin, which might get Irving a Congressional medal like the one given to George M. Cohan? He's doing an awful lot to earn it.

To Bette Davis, another picture with Director Willie Wyler, so she'll have another worthy sparring partner, which she loves above all else. And we've just got to give Bette another Oscar, if for nothing else than to raise the blood pressure of other Hollywood stars.



For Gene Autry—just give him the rope and a chance, Santa

Why should I bother, dear Santa Claus, about Marlene Dietrich? She'll help herself to anything that's handy. She always does. And might I add, we'd miss her most frightfully if she ever left us, 'cause she still adds glamour to a town that's doing everything it can to forget glamour.



# Tips to Santa

BY

*Hedda Hopper*



**For Ginger Rogers:** Something she's been without a long time

To Paulette Goddard, a miniature White House as a consolation prize. Not that she'll ever need any consolation.

To Ilka Chase—"How To Make Friends And Influence People," Dale Carnegie's best seller.

To Claudette Colbert—please, Santa, make her head of the Victory Committee, so they'll adopt some of her ideas. Then they'd learn what she knows about organization, which is plenty. In fact, she might help you with your campaign of good will, Santa.

I'd suggest for Judy Garland a blessed event. She'd look so cute as a mother—and you couldn't tell which was the baby.

For Ginger Rogers—I'm really asking for something for Ginger. Though you'll scarcely believe that one gal would ask you to give another gal a husband, I think that's what Ginger needs. Not that she hasn't done pretty

well on her own, but I think she's been without one long enough; and no girl her age is complete without a mate. Or am I just too sentimental?

For Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, the legal adoption of the little boy who's been living with Mary for more than six months.

Madeleine Carroll—give her sense enough to hang onto the good thing she's got, meaning Stirling Hayden.

Dolores Del Rio—great happiness in Mexico.

Mary Astor—another "Dodsworth," with Walter Huston playing opposite her. Nor would that be bad for him, either.

Gene Autry—give him a chance to go get Hitler. Look how he polishes off all his villains in those Westerns!

To Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable, Henry Fonda, Jeffrey Lynn, Ty Power—all our stars who might have wan-

**Note to Santa:** Costello could be Little Eva, Abbott, Uncle Tom



Illustration by Gene Miller



**Hedy Lamarr:** This Christmas she won't get, she gives for Hedda

gled commissions for themselves but who didn't—a medal for their vision and honesty.

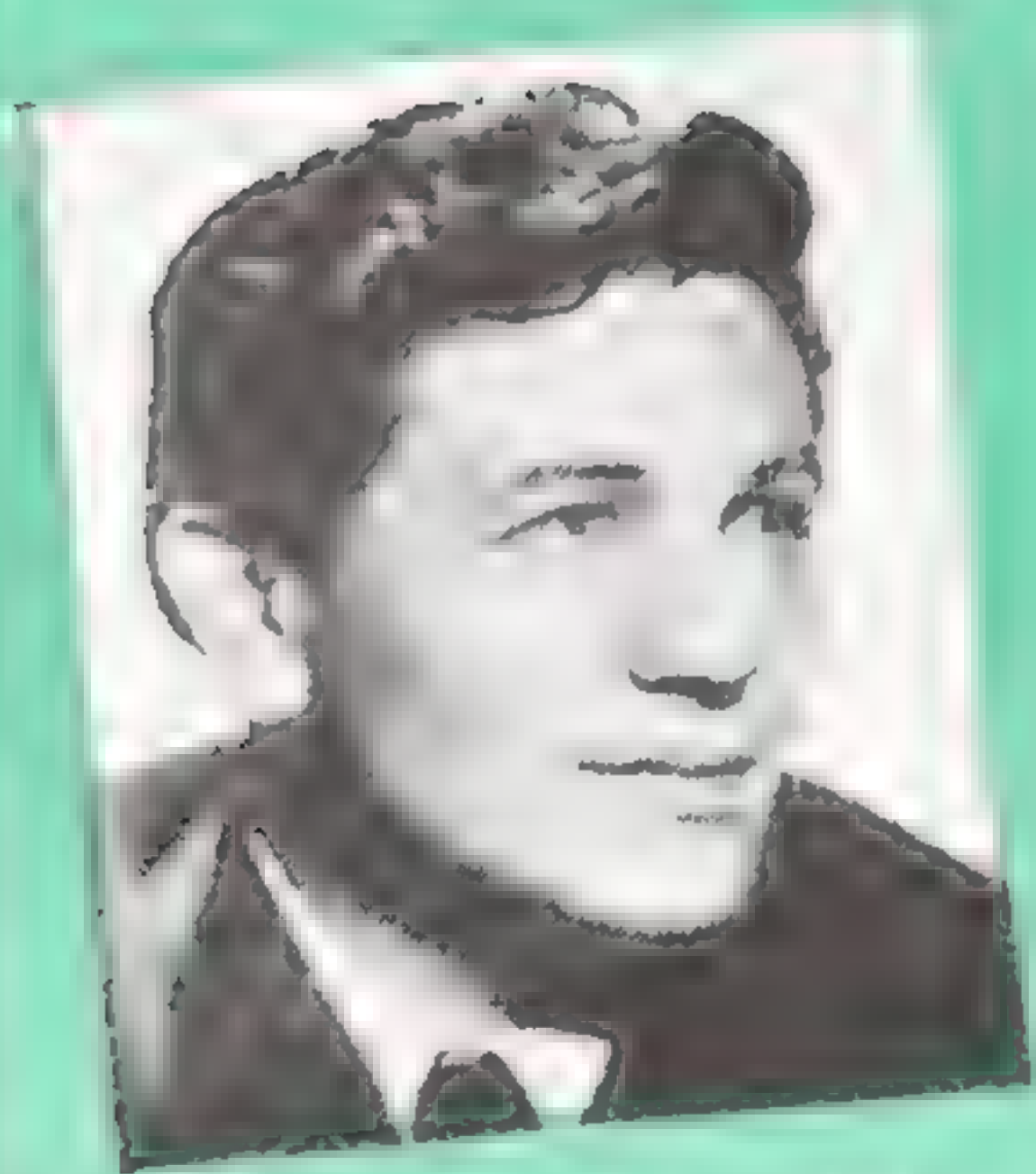
Jack Oakie—unless he behaves, give him back to the Indians.

For Shirley Temple, make the producers realize that she's grown-up and is no longer a child actress but an adult, and write stories accordingly. She could step right into the shoes vacated by Mary Pickford.

Roz Russell—let's make her a producer. She has more sense, intelligence, charm, femininity and acting ability than half a dozen of our top people rolled into one. Everybody recognizes what she's done for Hollywood, so let's do something for her in recognition of it. Then, too, think of the fun we'd have if Roz were made a producer.

Myrna Loy—I think we can skip Myrna, 'cause I believe Nature has already started (Cont'd on page 72)





JOHN CARROLL



CARY GRANT



JOHN HALL



TOM JUREK



JOHN HOWARD



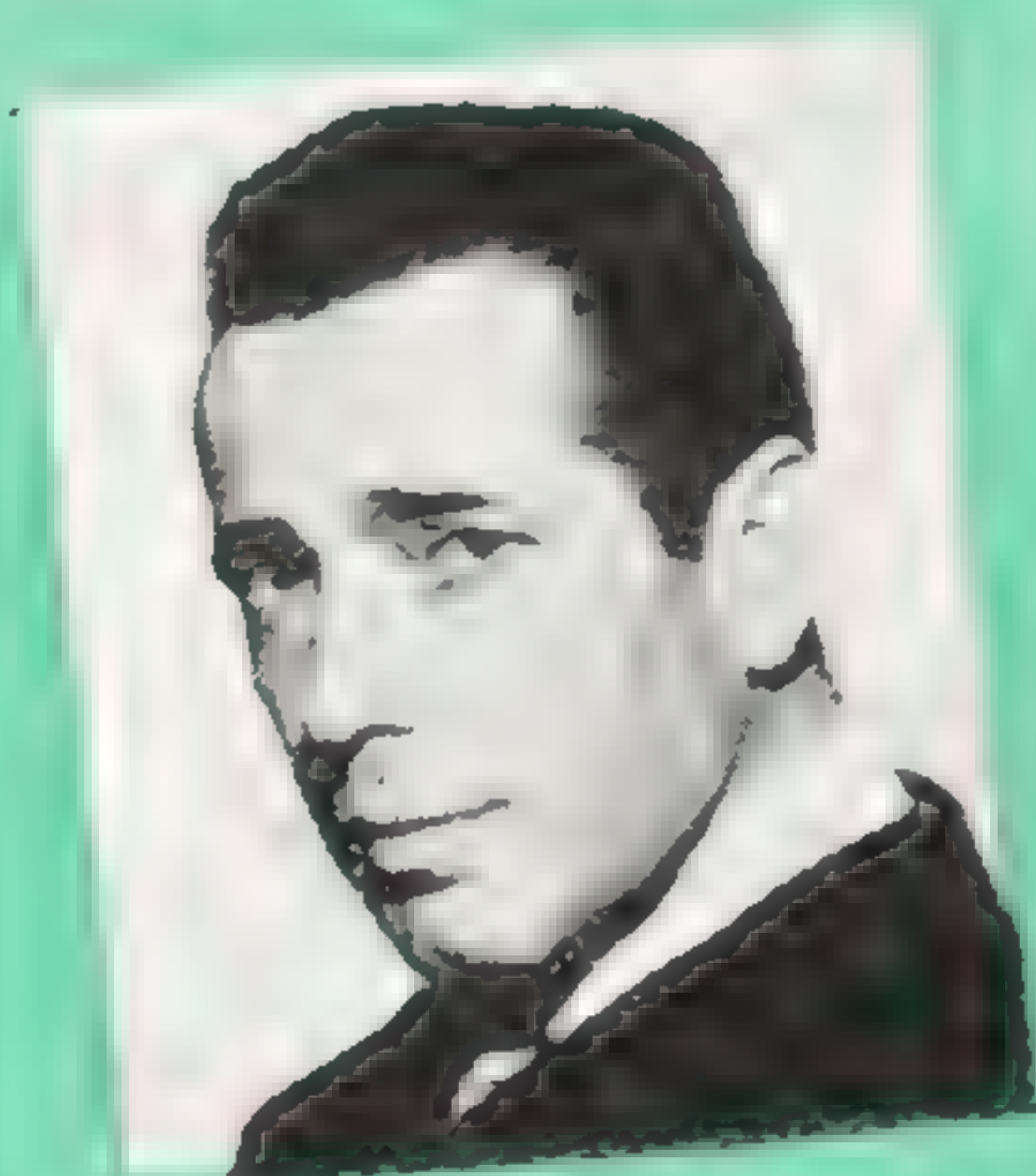
FRED MACMURRAY



RAY MILLAND



TOM MURCHISON



HUMPHREY BOGART



GEORGE BRENT



HUMPHREY BOGART



JOHN CARROLL



GARY COOPER



JOHN COBBY



ROBERT CUMMINGS



BRIAN DONLEVY



FRANK ELTON



GEORGE E. STONE



JIMMY HOGAN



JOHN PAYNE



MIKEY ROONEY



BOB TAYLOR



ROBERT STERLING



ROBERT TRACY



CESAR ROMERO



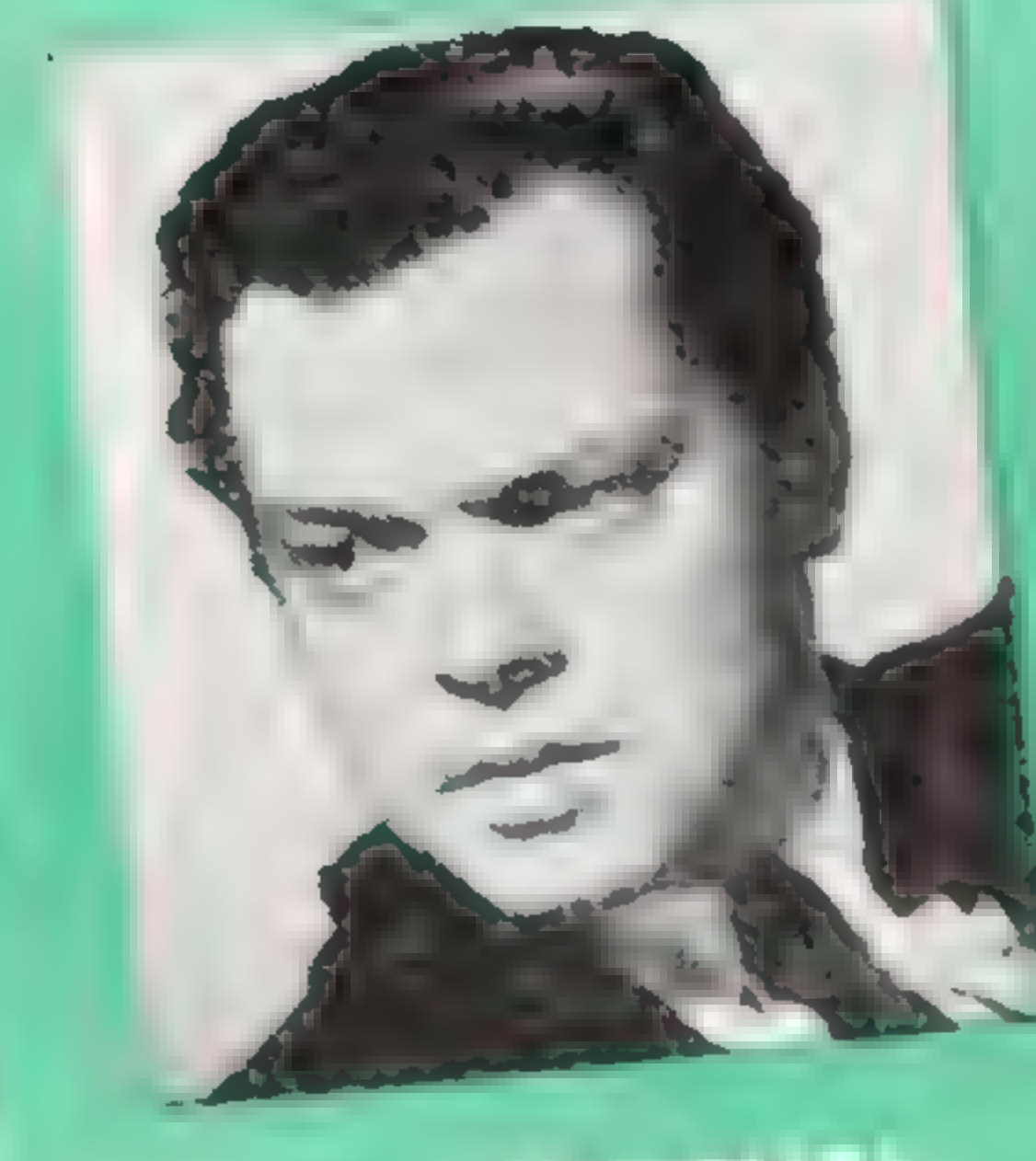
SPENCER TRACY



JOHN WAYNE



JIMMY WESTMIRE



JASON WELLS



ROBERT TAYLOR



# The Truth About Hollywood Deferments

*By "Fearless"*

Yes, a lot of the stars have been deferred—and they haven't been able to tell the public why! Here's the inside information

**W**HILE it is true that publicity often overemphasizes Hollywood happenings and that the smallest mistakes of stars are exaggerated, draft deferments in the film industry will take explaining.

The personalities of the fabulous films are on the spot in the matter of serving their country. It is useless to deny that motion-picture stars have been getting the best of it (as to immunity from draft.) Some have been given special deferments and choice assignments and, even when taken, often have been allowed extra months to finish pictures before having to report for active duty.

Husky film heroes without dependents or physical disabilities have frequented sporting events, night clubs and social gatherings, apparently without fear of the draft board—while their country cousins and city pals were being called from their jobs and their homes by the Army, or were cleaning up their affairs to enlist in the Marines or the Navy.

Nor were other members of the film industry so immune. Pictures were held up because technical men, crew hands and laboratory workers were drafted or had volunteered for service—while the ranks of the stars seemingly thinned not at all.

As late as August of this year few important players were to be seen in uniform. Jimmy Stewart, Robert Montgomery, Doug Fairbanks, Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Bill Holden, Jeffrey Lynn, Gene Raymond, Burgess Meredith, Tim Holt and one or two others were notable exceptions—an amazingly low percentage in view

of the statements regarding those supposed to be on the verge of going.

Months passed with the stars still among those present and the public began to ask why. Wives, sisters, parents and sweethearts of drafted men who had little worldly goods to fight for wondered why their loved ones should face danger and death while the men to whom America had given so very much remained behind.

The stars have sensed this growing resentment, rubbed to a rawer edge by the actions of those few who pulled strings to get commissions in behind-the-lines jobs as Army, Navy and Marine press agents, intelligence officers and "specialists," this latter covering a multitude of assignments such as Tony Martin's job of running a theater.

Yet, when a star would have responded to this spur of public opinion and joined the fighting forces, he ran head on into an unyielding wall of pressure. For that is the paradox of Hollywood deferments. The stars are, in the main, deferred—not by request, but because of circumstances. No more than in Milwaukee or Spokane have Hollywood's draft boards put into 1-A men who are married, who have children, or who live under other special circumstances allowed for by the Selective Service Act.

There is, of course, no law against a man with a family volunteering. But there has been, in a surprising number of cases, the ceaseless, urgent plea of the studios, of fellow workers, of friends and well-meaning advisers to "stay on the job."

Then Clark Gable kicked the flood

gates open by joining up as a private in the officers training school for the Air Corps. Tyrone Power, who had been none too happy over the failure of his attempt to enlist as a non-commissioned officer in the Navy and the publicity that followed his move, threw off the shackles and enlisted in the Marines. At the same time Henry Fonda signed up as a seaman with the Navy and the movement of star enlistments began in earnest.

But not all stars who would willingly have followed the example of the Three Musketeers were free to do so. Yet in no case has a star been able to speak and say why.

Even those whose physical disabilities placed them out of the draft have had to keep their mouths shut. Some who might better have gone into service but who took advantage of technicalities to stay out have welcomed the cloak of censorship Hollywood slung over itself.

So "Fearless," who feels it is only fair to tell the whole truth about Hollywood deferments, has compiled as complete, as authentic and honest a list of Hollywood men who have not yet gone into service, together with their draft status, as it has been possible to make. Not every Hollywood personality is covered, due to lack of space, but you'll find most of the significant ones represented here. Also, our chief concern is with Americans, not those of other nationalities.

"Fearless" now asks, in return for this information, obtained from a hundred different confidential sources, that with the evidence before you, you bring in an unprejudiced verdict.

See chart of stars' war statuses on next page



NAME OF STAR	DEPENDENTS	STATUS, WAR ACTIVITIES, ETC.
Bud Abbott	Wife, one child	Active in Bond drives, Government shorts, camp tours.
Don Ameche	Wife, four children	Radio programs for different charities and Government. "Command Performance" show and U. S. O. appearances.
Humphrey Bogart	Wife	Radio for patriotic and war programs. Personal appearances. Coast Guard Auxiliary. Has turned his boat over to Coast Guard.
George Brent	Wife (not dependent)	Going on full-time duty as civilian instructor with Army Air Force.
James Cagney	Wife, relatives	Executive member of Hollywood Victory Committee. Was on Caravan—made personal appearances, went on radio.
John Carroll	Wife (divorced), one child	Radio shows and personal appearances for Bond sales.
Gary Cooper	Wife, one child	Radio appearances for charity and war shows.
Lou Costello	Wife, two children	Active in Bond drives, Government shorts, camp tours.
Bing Crosby	Wife, four children	Favorite entertainer for all branches of service. Has appeared at many camps. Also appeared for Red Cross and other causes. Tours with the Crosby-Hope Golf Circus.
Robert Cummings	Wife, mother	Flight Commander with Civil Air Patrol. Also captain in Air Corps Reserve awaiting assignment to active duty.
Brian Donlevy	Wife	Personal appearances on road.
Nelson Eddy	Wife and mother	Air-raid warden.
Errol Flynn	Wife (divorced), one child	Rejected physically after trying to enlist. Radio programs for Government.
Glenn Ford	Mother	In training for Coast Guard. Radio and personal appearances.
John Garfield	Wife, one child	Toured Army camps.
Cary Grant	Wife (not dependent)	Personal appearances; Victory Caravan; "Command Performance" radio shows. Very large contributor—first to British, now to American relief organizations.
Jon Hall	Wife (not dependent)	On radio for Treasury Department. Also personal appearances. Awaiting call.
Van Heflin	Wife	Entering service within sixty days.
Bob Hope	Wife, two children	Probably has done more charity and service shows than anyone else in country. Radio shows and recordings for service use. Tours with Crosby-Hope Golf Circus. Toured camps with own show in Northwest, Alaska and Aleutian Islands.
John Howard	Mother and father	Radio shows.
Alan Ladd	Wife (not dependent), one child	Reported physical disability.
Fred MacMurray	Wife, one child	Radio shows for Government. Very active worker for Hollywood Victory Committee. Active in civilian defense service.
Joel McCrea	Wife (not dependent), two children	Government air programs and show for Mexican Army.
Ray Milland	Wife, one child	Considerable radio work for Government.
George Montgomery	Single, family dependents	Radio and personal appearances for Bond-selling.
Dennis Morgan	Wife, three children	Air-raid warden.
George Murphy	Wife, one child	Camp and Government air shows. Hollywood Victory Committee.

(Continued on page 104)

## COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

<i>Claudette Colbert:</i> Appearing in Paramount's "Palm Beach Story" ..... page 35	<i>Mary Beth Hughes:</i> Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Oxbow Incident" . . . page 38	<i>Janet Blair:</i> Appearing in Columbia's "Something To Shout About" ..... page 42
<i>George Montgomery:</i> Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "China Girl" ..... page 38	<i>Marjorie Reynolds:</i> Appearing in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm" . . . page 39	<i>Alan Ladd:</i> Appearing in Paramount's "The Glass Key" ..... page 44
	<i>Robert Sterling:</i> Appearing in M-G-M's "Somewhere I'll Find You" ..... page 39	



*Fanshett Colbers*







Riverbottom

In answering these letters I am not seeking to set down hard and fast rules of conduct. I am merely giving my own personal opinion as to the course I would follow, were I in the position described by the letter-writer. Of course, since I don't know the actual persons involved, and since I know that circumstances always alter cases, under these conditions my advice must not be considered authoritative in any instance.

Sincerely yours,

Betty Davis



# What should I do?

## YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

Photoplay-Movie Mirror institutes the greatest advice feature of the year

**B**ELIEVING that there is great need for wise counsel in this troubled world, Photoplay-Movie Mirror has persuaded Bette Davis, the woman who is Hollywood's famous advice star, to act as consultant to its readers. So every month Miss Davis will study the letters you send her and give her answers on these pages. Naturally she cannot cover every individual query; she will of necessity have to choose those problems which seem most universal. But you may rest assured your letter will be read personally by her and, as proof, each one of you will receive her acknowledgment. Address your letters to Miss Bette Davis, c/o Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. And have no fear that your identity will be revealed to the world, for no names of towns are given and all names of persons are changed to protect the writers. From her personal mail Bette Davis has selected these letters as the ones to be answered this month through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

The Editors

DEAR Miss Davis:

My husband has been drafted and sent to a training camp nearly 2,000 miles away. A good many girls have had to give up their husbands to the Army, but I wonder how many of them face the same problem that I do. You see, I had only known my husband six months before we were married. And we were married chiefly because he was going to be drafted and he said he couldn't bear to leave me unless he knew that I belonged to him.

He didn't know that for two years before I met him I had been going steady with a nice boy, Tom, in our town. Tom won't be taken into the Army because he was blinded in one eye during a hunting accident.

He has telephoned me several times, asking for dates. I told my mother at first that I didn't want to talk to him but she says I'm foolish.

I'm still in love with my husband and I write to him every day, but I'm only twenty-two and I'll have to admit that I think I'll go crazy sitting at home night after night.

What do you think I should do? Refuse to see Tom? Or go out with him on a strictly friendly basis? If I do that, should I tell my husband about the dates or just keep it quiet?

Eleanor J.

Dear Eleanor J.:

You are probably only one out of the hundreds of girls who married in haste because of the war.

My deduction is that you are more

in love with Tom than you are with your husband, in spite of what you say. However, let us suppose that you don't realize that fact yourself.

In a way, it seems selfish for a boy to want to marry just before he leaves for camp; this is a man's way of putting a girl on the shelf for the duration although he can do nothing for her, not even offer her companionship. It is, in fact, a type of hoarding.

I think you want me to say that it is quite all right for you to go out with Tom. Personally, that is exactly what I would do under the circumstance, being careful to keep our relationship entirely friendly—if you could manage it that way.

Every girl has to look down the road of the future and decide upon one of two paths for herself. She has to foresee the consequences of any given act. In this case there is a chance that townspeople are not going to understand your going out with Tom and that you may suffer from undue criticism. Also, Tom may get out of hand.

If you don't tell your husband you have been seeing Tom, he will learn of it in time, make no mistake about that. Then pray that your husband is an understanding soul.

Finally, beware of propinquity. Being with Tom a great deal may create even greater problems than loneliness and boredom.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

DEAR Miss Davis:

This is not the typical "fan"

letter. I have never before written a stranger a letter, but I suppose there is a first time for everything.

I'm a widow, Miss Davis. I'm only twenty-seven, financially independent, and I have a rather good education. But I can't seem to meet the right sort of man. I try not to be too particular; I've done all the usual little stunts such as going out with a perfect bore of a man just on the chance that I might meet someone interesting. Alas, I meet only more bores.

Worse, practically every man who takes an interest in me eventually works around to the old cliché—"Well, well, are you a merry widow!" In the town in which I am now living only a girl who will try anything once is considered a good sport.

I don't intend to sacrifice my ideals for cheap companionship. Yet I don't want to live my life alone. So my problem is this: How can I meet a "good" man?

How does one attract a man one meets casually? And how does a girl who has been married keep a man interested while refusing to grant him certain taboo favors?

I shall appreciate any advice you care to give me.

Most cordially yours,

Mary-Jo G

Dear Mrs. G.:

In any woman's life, she meets only a few men who really appeal to her, so she must be careful not to drive those away. Life has a way of solving itself, if one doesn't push it too impatiently. (Continued on page 77)





Mary Ann Morgan



George Montgomery





Claude  
Sterling



Margaret  
Reynolds





# Portrait

If you got Greer Garson o

**S**HE has a passion for wearing gloves and boasts a large collection of them.

She never eats garlic.

She sings Russian ballads in Russian and is bored by tennis matches. Her hair is described by painters as Florentine red.

She is always jarred by the snap of a woman's handbag.

She makes the writer think of a cool winter sun.

Her name is Greer Garson.

She is addicted to long telephone conversations, has never argued with a traffic cop, and is overly fond of Chinese shrimps and chicken chow mein. She is five feet, seven inches tall.

She cannot abide birds in cages.

Her eyes are a sea color changing from blue-green to gray according to the color of her gown. She has no sense of time and is seldom punctual. She has never been on an elevated train.

She scrubs her teeth with powder,



Greer—the name's from her mother's maiden name, an Irish contraction of Mac-Gregor—came to Hollywood because Louis B. Mayer convinced her that the California sunshine would add another ten years to her mother's life. Right: With Mrs. Garson in their English-type country house in Bel-air, fashionable suburb of Hollywood



# of a lady with red hair

he phone, she'd talk to you for hours—probably along such intimate lines as these

never wears earrings, and is an accomplished pianist.

She is never prompt in answering letters. She never chews gum and dislikes indoor table games. She is frequently catching cold and modestly attributes her hard-won success to luck.

She never drinks cocktails or hard liquor.

She has terrific sudden periods of depression and never eats before going to bed. She cannot sleep in the daytime.

She never reads popular magazines or novels. She gets very seasick, doesn't like night clubs and hopes never to retire from her profession. She hates wearing hats and rarely buys any.

She has never smoked cigarettes.

Greer Garson's given name is from her mother's maiden name, Greer, an Irish contraction of MacGregor. She has never seen a baseball game.

She sleeps in the raw in summer, wears a sheer nightgown in winter,

## BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

and was the only actress ever to belong to the exclusive Women's University Club of London. She is right-handed and takes vitamins only when working.

She hates posing for portraits.

She is a very good gin rummy player and has a secret ambition to become an expert ski-jorer. Her pet radio aversions are women evangelists and hillbilly troubadours. She was born on September 29, in County Down in North Ireland.

She never drinks beer or ale, is an excellent horsewoman and has no superstitions. She believes this is the happiest period of her life, and is very fond of cucumber-and-cream cheese sandwiches. She is extremely tidy in her habits.

She can't stand the opera "Rigoletto."

She likes sunbaths, avocados and the poetry of John Donne. She has an

unfailing memory for names and places, and nurtures a strong prejudice against women's wearing slacks in the city.

She is terrified by big, lavish affairs.

She never had a press agent until she came to Hollywood. Her favorite colors are sea tones but she admits she looks best in black. She speaks French fluently.

She owns two French poodles, one Siamese cat and a fishbowl housing a rare 150-year-old goldfish. She doesn't like jewelry.

She hates boogie-woogie and noisy jive.

She likes her potatoes whipped or baked and thinks the most desirable asset in a husband is that he love her "madly and irrevocably to the day of my death."

She can ride a bicycle, memorize dialogue quickly, and whistle a good tune. She washes her hair herself, rinsing it with a cup of inexpensive California champagne. She possesses two Steinway (Continued on page 80)

She can't abide birds in cages, but she loves dogs, owns two French poodles



She arrived in Hollywood in 1937 with high hopes and a Bachelor of Arts degree





*Janet Blair*

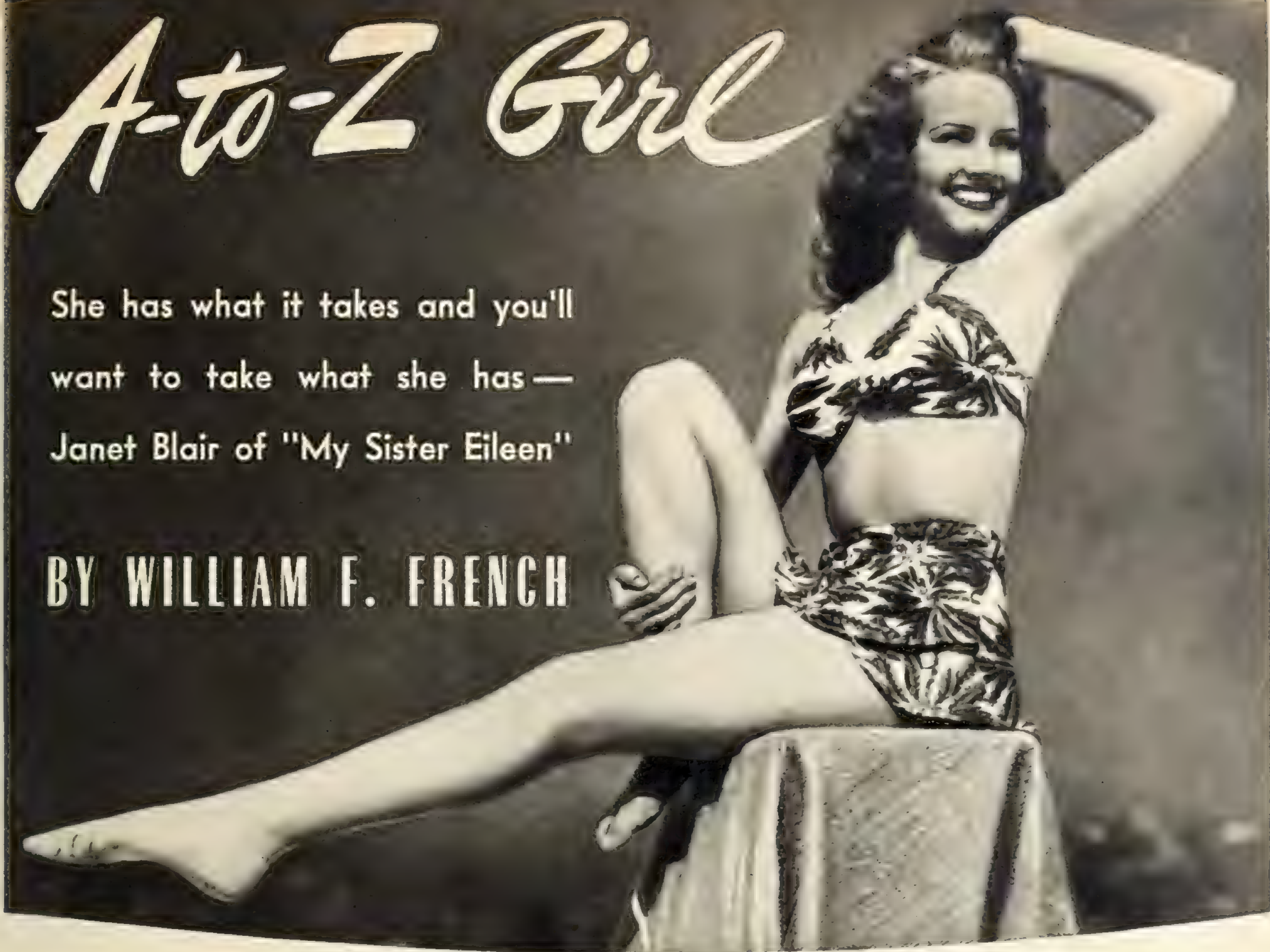




# A-to-Z Girl

She has what it takes and you'll  
want to take what she has —  
Janet Blair of "My Sister Eileen"

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH



**T**HE trick of getting ahead in Hollywood is to be on the spot with what it takes. And sometimes it takes plenty.

Universal Studio was facing quite a problem finding a girl to play opposite George Raft in "Broadway." She had to be a whirlwind of youth and vitality; be a dramatic actress; be able to sing; and have the appeal, figure and grace to glamorize Raft's big dancing sequence.

Neither casting nor anyone else seemed to know a girl who could fill the bill. That is, no one but Pat O'Brien, co-star of the picture.

Pat said he'd give them the phone number of a gal who could do all they wanted done, and play third base as well. O'Brien told producer Manning that if he'd get a print of "Two Yanks In Trinidad" and take a gander at the little number who played with Brian Donlevy and him in that epic he'd discover a nifty cure for his headache.

Universal took the gander, decided the girl had what they—and the public—wanted. Thus, film-goers had a substantial introduction to the new talked-about, Janet Blair.

Meanwhile Columbia, Janet's home studio, had a problem of its own. Having purchased "My Sister Eileen" and signed Rosalind Russell as *Ruth*, it was looking for an *Eileen* to play flint to Roz's steel.

According to the script, *Eileen* was at once beautiful and goofy-looking, naïve and scheming, getting laughs all through the picture. With Roz standing by, twiddling her thumbs, no doubt.

What to do? Should they hire some famous femme zany to compete with Russell, or should they throw an ambitious but unsuspecting youngster to the lions?

Then someone appeared with a report of Janet Blair's showing in the sneak preview of "Broadway." She had wowed them! Pat O'Brien was wearing an "I told you so" ear-to-ear grin.

That afternoon Janet, who was one of those tested for *Eileen*, was told to be on Stage 3 next morning, ready to work.

But, they'll tell you at Columbia, it wasn't Janet Blair's looks or the bag of tricks she showed in "Broadway" and "Trinidad" that made them take a chance on her. It was another quality that has made it possible for a youngster to hold her own with that marvelous performer Rosalind Russell.

As with almost everyone who gets anywhere in pictures, there's a restless urge behind Janet Blair. But the driving force in her case isn't love of fame, or art, or glamour or money. It isn't even our old friend ambition.

It's just eagerness—eagerness to try anything, everything.

All her life this little Irisher (her real name is Martha Janet Laferty and her folks call her Janey) has been eager. Eager to live, eager to learn, eager to please. That's how she happened to play on her brother's ball team, sing in the church choir, study ballet dancing, sketch and paint, go in for drama, enter long-distance swimming contests and take part in almost every form of entertainment her home town of Altoona, Pennsylvania, attempted—all before she was fifteen.

Janet can't bear just to be curious about anything. She has to try it out for herself. At Columbia they say that if you wheeled in a caged lion she'd grab a chair and a whip and have a whirl at animal training. But not, they hastily add, if they saw the cage first. For little Miss Blair now comes under the head of a "property" to be carefully guarded.

Janet is so eager she is usually way ahead of herself. That's why, she explains, she's forever leaving things behind.

"My big fault is forgetting things. Back in Altoona, Louise, my older sister, would follow me around, picking up the things I'd forgotten. After Hal Kemp had heard me in a radio audition and (Continued on page 81)



Alan Ladd





# I MARRIED A "KILLER"

What's it like to be married to Alan Ladd? His wife tells you—and you'll have to pardon her for what she says!

BY SUE CAROL LADD

**M**ONTHS before Alan Ladd and I were married, months before we even knew that we were beginning to fall in love with each other, I was sitting in the office of a prominent casting director talking about Alan's ability.

He listened for a while; then his eyes narrowed with shrewd amusement.

"No woman could be that enthusiastic about a man," he said, "unless she were madly in love with him. You're in love with this Alan Ladd, aren't you, Sue?"

Vehemently I denied it, not only to him, but to myself. In love with Alan! Why, the idea was absurd. My only reason for being so interested in Alan was purely a business one. So I told myself.

Even when Alan told me he was in love with me, I felt that it was just a temporary, passing emotion with him.

"You'll get over it," I promised him. I didn't think it was love he felt for me. I was sure that he was just so grateful for the help I'd given him in his career that he was mistaking gratitude for love. And I was still positive that I was not falling in love with him.

It took many months, even years of knowing Alan, before I was sure that this was no passing emotion on either of our parts; and that neither of us would get over it.

Ever since movie-goers learned that Alan and I were married, many people have wondered what it is like to be married to the menacing killer, the *Raven*, of "This Gun For Hire."

Well, I can tell you, but you'll have to pardon me if much of what I say sounds like a rave. Any wife who

loves her husband probably thinks that he is the best husband in captivity. And I'm no exception. I like and admire Alan so much that even though he has faults, I wouldn't change them if I could. I feel that his very faults are part of his personality. I wouldn't have him without them.

Yet I'll admit that there was one time when I did wish I could change him.

Did you know that he almost lost his life on "This Gun For Hire?" Working for several days in the rain, he caught a severe cold. I begged him to quit working and take a rest, but he wouldn't hold up production because he was so grateful to Paramount for giving him his big break.

One night around dinner time I met him out in front of the studio. I saw that he was shivering and that he might have a chill.

"You need hot soup," I said, and took him to a restaurant across the street. When he couldn't eat it, I

knew he was ill and made him go back to his dressing room.

"I'll call a doctor," I said.

He must have known that the doctor would tell him to lay off work, for he said to me, "If you do call one, I'll never talk to you again, Susie."

But I called the doctor anyway; and it turned out that Alan had 104 degrees fever and pneumonia in both lungs. The physician dosed him with a powerful sulfa drug (sulfathiazole) and told him to take a rest. "If you come back to work too soon, you may be in danger of killing yourself," he warned Alan. Paramount said, "Don't come back till you're completely recovered." I said, "If you go back to work too soon, I'll never speak to you again."

So what did Alan do? He was back at work on the fifth day. Still weak and shaken from his illness, he did some of the most difficult stunts in the picture, running up and down, and jumping off a bridge to the train.

I'll never (Continued on page 85)





# TWO AGAINST LOVE



FLOHERT  
JR





Chris (read there quietly; it was Riley who spoke from the armchair. In a too firm voice he barked at me suddenly: "I don't like nurses!")

She was too young to understand that the faces of love are many—especially in this place no Hollywood tourist ever sees, and with a man like Riley Sloane

**T**HEY say that coming events cast their shadows before them. I don't believe it.

That day I walked into Room 22 of the Justin Sanatorium and faced the two men in it, I had not the slightest premonition of what was to happen to them or to me. I was only normally thrilled at what any girl would have thought the big moment of her life. Strange, isn't it?

But then, it was all strange.

Although no tourist ever sees it, Justin Sanatorium is as much a symbol of Hollywood as the Vine Street Brown Derby or Grauman's Chinese. Hidden away in the hills in expensive isolation, it plays as important a part in making movies as that of the casting office or wardrobe department. I hadn't been on its nursing staff two weeks before I found that out.

Justin's is the place to go to have your nervous breakdowns if you're the upper cut of the film colony. Big-name stars and overworked directors came there for seclusion and rest and some poor souls who found the pressure too great appeared regularly

## BY HELEN DOWDEY

to be sobered up . . . only we called it "boiled out." Swimming pools, tennis courts and a wide, green lawn made it look more like a country club than a hospital. Dr. Justin himself, with his clipped mustache and faultlessly modulated manner, was the Hollywood prototype of the fashionable doctor.

To me, fresh from a little Texas town, it was like suddenly moving down the corridors of a world half real, half imaginary. I'd come there on the recommendation of our family doctor when my father's death left me alone, and it was a little frightening to me. If it hadn't been for Chris, I might not have stayed at all and if I hadn't stayed—

I'd liked and trusted Chris on sight. Tall, lean and hard-muscled, he reminded me of men back home, with his gray eyes and un-handsome but attractive face. There was a compelling honesty about him, too, that set him apart from Dr. Justin

and the others on the staff. "It isn't that Justin isn't a good doctor," he told me once. "He is. But he has to play the Hollywood game as much as if he were in pictures himself; that's how he makes his dough."

Dr. Christopher Ross, who knows more about the dark recesses of the human soul than anyone I know, was on the staff because it offered him security to support himself and his invalid mother while he continued his researches in psychiatry. And sometimes the patients turned out to be interesting case histories. "Occasionally you get hold of a pretty good neurosis out here," he told me, and grinned.

Oddly enough, it was Chris himself who broke the news that was to change my whole life and entangle me in that pattern of grief and ecstasy and terror that began November 15, 1941, at eleven o'clock in the morning . . . I was to have good cause to remember the day and hour

"If you're free for a minute, meet me at our place," he said as we passed in the hall. "I've got some-





I faced Chris desperately. "Don't send me home with that man. Please—I just can't go on with the case!"

thing important to tell you."

"Our place" was an unfrequented bench screened by three majestic deodars that marked a far corner of the grounds. It was there Chris and I had had our first long talks. It was there he'd told me of his dream to cure men's minds as well as their bodies. "Mental ills can make you as sick as bodily ones—or sicker. Your mind can turn you into a misfit if it's been shocked enough; into a criminal if it's diseased enough. Sooner or later we'll get into the war and then this country will need men with my kind of training. Not only to fight with a gun in our hands, but to fight with knowledge the awful chaos that wholesale murder can bring. That's the way I want to be of service," he had said simply.

And it was at our place only last night that Chris had told me by what he didn't say that he loved me. His mood had been restless, jumpy. I had never before seen him off his even, steady keel. Finally he blurted, "Kay, I don't want to seem to be taking advantage of you. I'm not in a position yet to offer marriage—not with the years of struggle still ahead for me." He'd risen abruptly

and begun pacing back and forth. "Sometimes I wonder if a doctor ever has the right to marry."

A warm glow had reached up through me. "Don't worry about any unfairness to me, Chris," I had said softly. "I'll handle that end of it. A bridge is something you can't very well cross until you come to it."

He'd paused and stared hard at me. "I suppose you're right," he'd muttered.

**N**OW as I watched him coming across the lawn, tall and immaculate in his white uniform, he looked what he was—a healer of men. I told myself he was the sort of man I'd always dreamed of.

He gave his slow smile as he saw me, and took my hands, but his eyes were earnest.

"I've got something to tell you. You're being assigned to a new case this afternoon. An important one. Ever hear of Riley Sloane?"

Riley Sloane! There was hardly a man, woman or child in the United States who, in the last five years, hadn't heard of him. He was the biggest thing in pictures. I'd been too busy ever to become a real movie fan, but I had seen two or three of his pictures and had felt the undeniable Irish charm of the man.

"You don't mean Riley Sloane is coming here and he's to be my case!"

"The studio is sending him. I gather he's not crazy about the idea himself. He's to be your patient because—well, frankly, none of the older nurses is free. It isn't that Dr. Justin doesn't think you're capable; he just wants you to realize how

important the case is. Personally, I think you'll do fine—but I must warn you he'll take plenty of handling."

"You mean the iron hand in the velvet glove? What's the matter with him?"

"On the bottle," Chris said briefly. "He's not a chronic drinker, but he's been on a prolonged spree for about a month. The studio wants him boiled out for that part in 'Lost Melody.'"

"Lost Melody" was the gigantic best-seller that for the last year the whole nation had been talking about and trying to cast. Nearly everybody's choice for the part of *Gerald* was Riley Sloane.

"Thrilled?" Chris grinned down at me.

"I suppose I am," I said truthfully. "Not only to see the great Sloane in person but to have him as a patient! The girls I trained with back in Big Springs would swoon with envy if they knew."

"Well, I hope he won't give you too much trouble. He has a pretty bad reputation—he's been in trouble with the studio, trouble with women, trouble with everybody. The tempestuous Celt. He probably has some kind of neurosis. Might be interesting to study, at that."

As we walked back across the grounds, Chris discussed the treatment required for Sloane. Absolute quiet and rest in bed for a few days. Then special baths, gradually increased exercise and therapeutics of various kinds. One of the things I respected most about Chris was the way he never allowed his personal life to overlap his medical one. There was no hint of last night's mood. Now he was just a physician talking with the nurse on the case.

**L**ATE that afternoon I was summoned to Room 22 to meet my new patient.

Chris was standing just inside the door, but my gaze went directly to the big man sprawled in the armchair by the window. The first thing I noticed about him was that he had quite obviously been drunk for some time and was still drunk. He was in complete control of himself, but it was the too tight control of a man who might snap at any moment. His movements were too careful, as if he had had to plan each one before he made it, and his deep-set eyes were overbright and feverish. Brown smudges lay beneath them and lines etched the corners of his mouth. Sober and well, he would look exactly as he did on the screen. The camera hadn't lied about that black, touseled hair or the strong, masculine mouth. But looking at him now, I thought he had the most bitterly (Continued on page 87)



# Awf'ly

# Nice

Roddy McDowall may look like a wistful little angel. But don't be misled. He doesn't act like one!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

**R**ODDY McDOWALL can't understand why people think him shy. If they called him crazy, says Roddy, they'd be nearer the truth. "Because I *am*, you know. I do crazy things and go nuts."

His mother's inclined to agree. It embarrasses her to have Roddy, driving with her and seeing a face he likes, wind down the car window and call out a cheery, "Hello, how are you?" to some charming stranger. It startles her to have him come home with the information that he's rented an office. The office is a drawer in the desk of a publicity department friend. He pays a penny a month for it and it's labelled Roddy McDowall's Office. Sometimes he pays two cents in advance to establish his credit. Sometimes he falls behind, for the pleasure of receiving a dunning letter. He insists on a receipt, so he can deduct the amount from his income tax as business expense.

He thinks this false impression of shyness is a holdover from his youth. "When we were little, people would talk to us and we wouldn't respond for a long time, but I think it's because we were considering. Of course Virginia's rather reserved with strangers, more reserved than me, and awf'ly well-behaved. Virginia's my sister, and a year older. She's awf'ly pretty and awf'ly nice."

Awf'ly nice is his term of high approbation. It may not sound extravagant, but to get the measure of his enthusiasm, the words must be coupled with the way he says them—all light and warmth and eagerness.

He's a normal twelve-year-old. Like others of his age, this gentleman prefers gore. Asked his opinion of "How Green Was My Valley," he said: "It seemed to go very well."

"Yes, but how did *you* like it, Roddy?"

"Well, I don't really care much for that kind of picture. Not enough bloodshed. I'd rather see a whodunit."

The face may be wistful, but the spirit isn't. It's not lonely communion with his soul which gives his eyes their dream-haunted look. Remarkably well-adjusted to this world, he has only one improvement to suggest—extermination of Hitler and gang. (Continued on page 83)



"Virginia's my sister and a year older. She's awf'ly pretty."





*Says Ray Milland:*

"To hold a man's interest I think a girl should do all she can to help him—also let him know she misses him. Most men appreciate good sportsmanship and are bound by it. And if a girl has the hard luck to be mixed up with a heel who takes advantage of such an attitude the sooner the break comes the better—for her."



*Says Maureen O'Sullivan:*

"If you want to keep a man's interest when he's away I think, first of all, you must see he trusts you. If he isn't sure what you're doing he's not going to care either. He must respect you; then he'll never do anything to hurt you. He must believe you are with him one hundred percent; then he'll feel he hasn't lost his ties with home."



*Says Joel McCrea:*

"Men like to be mothered. Men in service especially like to be mothered. A special Easter card, a carton of cigarettes wrapped in a star-spangled paper on the Fourth of July, a box of cookies—strong men break down and weep over things like this. I've seen them."



*Says Betty Field:*

"One way to hold a man—whether he's near or far—is by not perpetually giving him too much attention. Too much attention is boring. An uncertain amount of attention is intriguing."

*Says Eleanor Powell:*

"Clever letter-writing is a help. Not lovey-dovey letters, but gay, amusing letters. These keep a man guessing. Guessing leads to worry. Worry leads to the next train home—as soon as he gets that leave!"

*Says Jack Benny:*

"Well, if I were the girl a boy left behind I'd urge him to have fun. I'd repeat that attitude in letters too. It burns a man up when a girl tells him to have a good time; makes him wonder if she's as nuts about him as he is about her. Keeps him chasing—her!"

*Says Bing Crosby:*

"If you're asking me there's always more chance the boy will lose the girl. Women have the darndest instincts which tell them what to do. This gives them an edge. 'Let your instinct be your guide!'—that's what I'd tell any girl. And if she followed that advice I'll bet she'd be all right."

*Says Barbara Stanwyck:*

"I think the girls they leave behind will, usually, keep their interest without trying. Boys in service have a disciplined existence. They don't get around much. They're sure to hang a lot of romantic dreams on the girl at home."





Flower in her hair: Nancy Coleman, the girl Warners—and everyone else—is talking about, appearing in "The Edge Of Darkness"



Gleam in his eye: Joseph Cotten, adding his skill to that of Teresa Wright, to make a plus picture of Hitchcock's "Shadow Of A Doubt"





# *Pocketful O'Songs*

Listen! You can hear it—a melody sometimes strong and soaring; sometimes sad and faraway. The words make a story, too—the life story of Judy Garland





At three, Judy kept on singing to her first audience till her father stopped her



"Kiddie Revue" acts knew the Gumms—Virginia, and Sue, and Frances (Judy)



The woman who kept the three little Gumms in tune—Judy's mother Ethel

It was only six o'clock but already it seemed dark and chilly in the cheaply furnished room. The two children had been bundled into bed. They were not asleep, however, but stared with big round eyes at an electric sign reflected in the cracked and wavy mirror. "Rooms," the sign spelled out and in smaller letters, "50c & Up."

"Mama," one child said, "what makes the words jiggle so?"

"Hush, dear," the mother whispered, "you'll wake Daddy."

"I'm not asleep," a man's voice said wearily. "Just lyin' here thinking."

"About what?" the woman asked quickly.

There was no response.

"You're worrying again," the woman said. "Worrying about the act. About how we'll never get a break. . . ."

"The act will be all right, Ethel. I could do it in my sleep." The man's voice was muffled. "Tank towns! That's the thing that wears me down. We play our hearts out and what does it get us? A fifth-rate room in Peoria."

The woman moved quickly to his side. "Look, Frank," she whispered earnestly. "You're not losing your nerve, are you? The act will make the Palace yet. Last week we had them in the aisles."

"Yeah," Frank said dryly. "We had 'em in the aisles all right. They kept on walking till they reached the street."

## By JUNE PALMS and CAROLYN DAWSON

The woman sighed. "You're just tired. Tired and blue. Things will look different in the morning."

For a time there was silence in the darkened room. Then two childish voices piped up in a defiant treble.

"Mama," they announced in unison, "we're hungry."

The woman sighed again. "You'd think that gas jet would manage to burn just a minute longer. By then I could have had this oatmeal warm."

"There's a quarter in my pocket," Frank offered.

"You keep that quarter," Ethel advised hurriedly. "We'll need it for the children's milk tomorrow."

SHE struck a match and took the short stub of a candle from somewhere inside a battered make-up kit. Its wavering light revealed a pretty, dark-eyed girl with bangs and locks brought back tightly from the temples in the highly fashionable hairdress of the early nineteen twenties.

"There," she said and set the candle in its broken saucer on the dresser. "This is nicer. Lots, lots nicer."

Virginia spoke with all the dignity of her seven years. "I'm tired of oatmeal."

"Me, too," echoed Mary Jane, aged five.

"Shh!" cautioned Ethel. "Eat your

supper now and go to sleep. Listen, Mama will tell you a story. A beautiful story. Once upon a time there was an agent who liked Daddy's act so much. . . ."

Somehow the agent never came along. That is, an agent who believed enough to make a try for Broadway. Week by week the prospects dwindled.

Finally Frank decided that he and vaudeville were quits. A moving-picture theater in a one-horse town could be bought for little more than just a song. Frank had the song.

Thus it happened that on June 10, 1922, the hottest day of the year, Grand Rapids, Minnesota, was the town where little Miss Frances Ethel, the newest addition to the household of Frank and Ethel Gumm, made her initial debut.

"Another girl," a neighbor said in disappointment.

"And am I glad!" Ethel retorted. "We have a trio now." She looked with pride at the red-faced and yawning infant at her side. "Hear that? You make a trio, Frances Ethel. That's good for top billing any time."

What Frances Ethel thought about it she was too bored to say. But not for long. In an amazingly few years she could discuss top billing of a trio with the fluency of a Barrymore. And with almost the same results.

This later work, however, was pursued in a mild form of disguise. Garland was the (Continued on page 74)



# A guy a girl could

SEVERAL years ago when Van Heflin had his first Hollywood interview, he set out with the notion that one should oblige.

"Like baseball?" he was asked.

"I love it." (He doesn't know right field from his elbow.)

"Other sports?"

"Oh—football—all of 'em—" (As a college student, he'd gone in duty to one of the big games, gotten soaked in a downpour, caught cold and decided the heck with that.)

He was led by his questioner through various categories, liked everything and knew little about anything he liked. It began to sound dull and not wholly convincing. At length he threw in the sponge. "Look," he suggested. "Go make up your own lies."

So now he tells the truth.

The truth is that he was born a moody character of French-Irish extraction and reborn last May sixteenth when he married Frances Neal. Her hair is red, her nose tiptilted, her spirit gay. He's heard her called beautiful. Himself, he wouldn't know. All he knows is he likes to look at her. She gets such a bang out of life and laughter that it gives him a bang to watch her live and laugh. Her atmosphere dispels the causeless fits of depression he used to wrestle with. What they do doesn't matter. What matters is having "the little mick" around.

He's the kind of guy who'd ache in dumb sympathy with a bereaved pal, but forget to send flowers. A week later he'd ship off a quart of whisky, figuring it would do the pal more good. He's the kind of guy in whom saccharine women produce a form of mild mania. His antidote is to leer at them. He can argue some point of abstract philosophy for hours, untroubled by the fact that he may not know what he's talking about. The mental gymnastics refresh him.

Sailing is his only sport. Before the war and his marriage, he'd spend week ends on Errol Flynn's boat. His closest friend is Charlie Bickford and his admiration for Spence Tracy, as both actor and right guy, is one of the few things he can't put into words.

He scorns superstition but finds himself driving to work the long way every morning. When he took the shortcut a couple of times, bad things happened. Naturally, one had nothing

to do with the other, still a man's entitled to his foibles. He used to think he'd enjoy the public attention bestowed on screen actors. Now that he's got it, he finds it embarrassing. Especially since he played the drunk in "Johnny Eager," one wry consequence of which is that every genial soul who's downed a few hails him in brotherhood.

He's no Adonis. Joe Pasternak forestalled his qualms about playing the romantic lead in "Seven Sweethearts."

"Yes, yes, I know you're not handsome. I don't want a glamour boy. I want a human being, a guy a girl could fall in love with. I also want an actor."

His pull is both subtler and deeper-rooted than that of the collar ads. It's in the thrust of his mind behind his drawling speech, in his dry and irreverent humor, in the way his sardonic pan is transfigured by the extraordinary sweetness of his smile. Joe Pasternak must have seen him in the stage version of "The Philadelphia Story," where Katie Hepburn fell more than half in love with him and audiences went the whole hog.

Maybe smart Mr. Pasternak decided that what was good enough for Katharine Hepburn couldn't be bad for Kathryn Grayson.

FRANCES and acting are his sole major interests, his hobbies, his diversions, his life. Before meeting her, his idea of fun was work, his idea of punishment a vacation. Most actors enjoy their work, few give themselves to it with Heflin's singlehearted fervor. He's the lucky guy who can earn a living at what he'd be lost without. "Why don't you relax?" people would ask. He didn't know what they were talking about.

It all happened, he'll tell you, because he was funny-looking. His first love was the sea which met his appreciative stare when, at the age of twelve, he was sent from Oklahoma to

Decision of the

month: Every woman wants

a husband just like Van Heflin

BY IRENE ZARAT



At Ciro's with his wife Frances—and what matters most to Van is having this "little mick" around

stay with his grandmother in California. Summers he'd get jobs on boats. Having reached college age, he went back to attend the University of Oklahoma for three years. There the acting bug bit him. The following summer he shipped from San Pedro and disembarked in New York, a character in search of his cousin who was an actress.

By Oklahoma tradition, if you have a fifth cousin on any point of the globe, you walk in on same and stay a few months. Van's cousin was giving a cocktail party. He walked in, wearing his gob's cap and a pair of cowboy boots he hadn't been able to stuff into his bag. Till (Continued on page 58)



# love





Cousin took him in tow, the guests thought he'd been hired for laughs.

One of them, telling about a part he'd turned down that morning, eyed the greenhorn speculatively and spotted the makings of a gag. "Why don't you try out for it?" It became a collective enterprise. They told him what to say and how to comport himself, they primed him with the names of plays in which he was to say he'd appeared. Only a Methuselah could have appeared in them all. Moreover, to ripen the joke, they slipped in three or four plays produced by the very man they were sending him to see.

Fools rush in, et cetera. Van hied him down and rattled off his list of plays. As it happened, Channing Pollock, producer and author of "Mr. Money Penny," thought this very funny. He tried the fresh kid out, cowboy boots and all, and gave him the part. So, in the perversity of human nature, Van decides a few weeks later that he hates the stage. "It's like Hawaii," he explains. "You dream you can reach up and pick mangos or beautiful babes out of the trees. You find it's just another place." He'd dreamed of the theater as glamour and moonshine. Stripped of illusions, he returned to sea. Urgent parental pleas eventually brought him back to finish his course at the University of Oklahoma, after which he took an M.A. at Yale, in preparation for the dire possibility of a teaching career.

The only good thing to come of his brief affair with the theater was the friendship of Richard Boleslawski. They corresponded. "Deep down you're an actor," Boley told him. "Only you're not ready yet. Get rid of your romantic notions, then come back." He went back after Yale to a series of bad plays, short runs and failures, in the course of which he acquired training, the realistic approach, true love and wedlock with the theater and some excellent notices.

He also ventured into the more conventional type of wedlock with an actress by the name of Esther. The marriage was short-lived, lasting a scant six months. But it came under the head of experience.

Katharine Hepburn saw him in Behrman's "End Of Summer," the first hit he appeared in, and got RKO to sign him for "A Woman Rebels," which was sad for them both. Sadder still for Heflin were the Bs that followed. If he had to do stinkers, he preferred doing them on the stage. So he asked for and was given his release. "What I thought of them," he observes, "is exactly what they thought of me."

He went back to New York at a pretty low ebb. "I felt like a failure and, come to think of it, I was." Stay-

away from the stage a couple of seasons and you're dead. Van was dead to Broadway, but radio took the corpse in. He became a voice on soap opera three times a day. Till Philip Barry wrote "The Philadelphia Story," with Heflin in mind as the reporter. He went through one rehearsal and quit, because he didn't like the way he was treated in the third act. "Which gives you at a glance the measure of my brains." But his guardian angel was watching that day. Barry wooed him back with a couple of concessions.

"Santa Fe Trail" was made the following summer, while the play took a rest. "This is a heavy. You should

around avoiding the picture. He was no dope. He should go looking for inferiority germs? At least he'd wait till the show closed. It closed in Philadelphia on a Saturday night. On Sunday he went to New York, grabbed his sister and steered her to a neighborhood house, where she lent moral support while he saw Jimmy Stewart play the part he'd been playing for two years. He also saw the light. Only a lowlife could sneer at an industry capable of turning out a job like this. What was he sore at then? Not Hollywood obviously, but his own lack of success there. "Which I hope to heaven I'll remember," he says now, "when I suddenly find the snowball's stopped rolling downhill."

Thus chastened and cleansed of error, he betook himself again to Hollywood, resolved to break in like any novice. For the renegade of "Santa Fe Trail," that was hardly necessary. Clutching hands reached, bent on roping and branding him heavy. He thinks heavies are fine—as a first-class stinker, it's always relatively easy to impress an audience. But the menu, he holds, should be varied, so he looked around, picked Metro as the big time, phoned Billy Grady, casting director, and asked for a test. They tested him with Donna Reed.

"It came out remarkable for her and good for me," says Van with appropriate modesty.

"It came out a piperoo for them both," says Billy Grady.

Heflin's no businessman, but figured that his status as an actor would be enhanced if he haggled about terms. That he haggled successfully is apparent in the kind of roles he drew—juicy roles in A pictures, "The Feminine Touch," "H. M. Pulham Esq.," "Johnny Eager." In his unconventional prayers he never fails to bless the name of Mervyn LeRoy for trusting a comparative newcomer with the beautiful, difficult party of *Johnny's* conscience. At the moment he's playing Andrew Johnson, our impeached president, in "Tennessee Johnson." He doesn't look more than one picture ahead. Since college days, he's been a member of the Reserve Corps and is now waiting for a call from the Government. When it comes, he'll go.

Meanwhile, he's learning how to be happy, though idle. He never had many friends. Frances has. People like her. They don't hate him, but he always worked too hard to take time out for friendships. Now her friends brighten the corner where he is.

If she wants to go swimming, they go swimming. If she wants a week end at Arrowhead, he makes reservations. Not that he sinks his personality in hers. (Try and make it sink.) To Van it's (Continued on page 93)

## FEEL THAT *Christmas Headache* COMING ON?

**Just reach for the January Photoplay-Movie Mirror and you'll have all the great open spaces on your Christmas list filled in no time!**

**Our shopping expert spent weeks snooping around the shops and has new and smart suggestions to make which will delight the hearts of Aunt Grace, little Emy Lou, mother and dad, and the Boy Friend, whether he's waiting to hear from the Draft Board or in training somewhere in America.**

**Let's make this a never-to-be-forgotten Christmas.**

**Remember—Christmas is one of the things we're fighting for!**

never play anything but heavies," they told him at Warners, oblivious of the fact that for months he'd been mowing 'em down as a sex-appeal boy.

"Okay," he said wearily, "I shouldn't play anything but heavies." He enjoyed the picture thoroughly. It was like playing cowboys and Indians, with a horse instead of a broom to ride on. Still he was glad to get back on the road with the play. Hollywood was a shell and a mockery. Hollywood took actors and sliced them into little bits. Nuts to Hollywood.

Then Hollywood released "The Philadelphia Story" and even the carpers hung it with bays. Van slunk



# Winter

DAY

# Winners

AND NIGHT



Question: What would any girl like for Christmas? Answer: A hostess outfit like this one designed by Earl Luick, worn by Joan Bennett of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Girl Trouble." An all-over quilted coat of brown and white checked rayon silk and white buttons trimly over white crepe pajamas that have a bias check stripe running down the sides and matching bands on the blouse. The coat flares out in a clever little line, the pajamas follow suit; the whole outfit's perfect for all-around-the-clock.





Question: What makes an effective afternoon dress? Answer, by Joan Bennett: A bright color plus simple lines. This dress, designed by Edna Vilm, is of red rayon faille. The drape is ingenious; the bodice the type that flatters any figure. For partying, Joan wears a little hat of bright red velvet roses; for her war work meetings she goes smartly serious in big-brimmed hat of black velvet



Question: How does a girl make a first date come back for more?  
Answer: She wears a black faille silk and rayon dress with sheer yoke and sleeves like Joan's choice from Demoiselle. It does triple duty—it looks pretty, is just as practical and it's a male compliment-catcher. Turn the page and you'll see a reader wearing the same type dress. Below: Beaver's a best as a winter coat because it teams up with silk dresses for afternoon, goes just as happily with winter wools and sport velveteens





# Star-Smart Fashionable AT BUDGET PRICES

You can look as smart as a  
star! Wear clothes like these  
of Photoplay-Movie Mirror  
reader Dorothy Rampone,  
a U.S.O. hostess, and you'll  
be a looked-after lady!



A dress with a knowing Hollywood touch—this strikingly simple victory blue rayon crepe that has a jeweled flower spray sparkling on the shoulder. Dorothy's wearing it to a party (she's checking on her date now); she can also wear it to the office, without looking overdressed, or that "tonight I have a date" working day.  
Dress, \$8.95 at Arnold Constable's, N. Y. City  
Also in black, red, gold, purple



This luscious emerald green velveteen suit cuts a fancy skating figure. The weskit has little metal buttons marching down the front; the gored skirt flares out gracefully to show the bright lining. Dorothy wears this for skating, for the office, for informal dates; she's also smart and wears the weskit separately as a touch of color over her dark dresses

Weskit and skirt, \$10.95 complete at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. City

Also in red or black

The clothes featured on these pages are on sale at the New York stores specified. For instructions as to how you can purchase them easily, turn to page 102





Here's the classic we wear yet it never grows  
Dorothy's is in red rayon crepe with a white  
pleated skirt, a high belt closing and a smart  
little pocket. She's planning a big U.S.O. party  
here, looking as beautiful as a queen regnant.  
Looking decorative in a dress all most admire  
Dress, \$2.95 at Arnold Constable's, N. Y. City  
Also in black, fully green, victory blue, gold



First love of the fashion-conscious did not  
relinquish following Chamberland. Dorothy  
brought here is a soft cherry red with a black  
velvet collar, wears it to work, out in style  
over her evening dress in the latest costume  
polish fashion. It's beautifully tailored, with  
a fly-front closing, the perfect all-purpose  
winter coat for a smart young modern  
Cost, \$22.95 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. City  
Also in brown or black with velvet collar



Because it's smooth, because it's sophisticated, because  
it's smartly youthful. Dorothy chooses this black  
rayon crepe for her holiday party dress. Her eye  
was caught by the dress Jean Bennett wears on page  
41. We found her this New York adaptation. Look at  
the striking marquisette insert, at the little wisp of  
the evening around it, at the new modified peplum line  
of the slim hips—and then just look at the price!  
Dress, \$7.95 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. City  
Also in brown



A black and white portrait of a woman, likely a Hollywood starlet, wearing a patterned headscarf and looking upwards. The image is the background for the text.

# New Face

In this bright corner—Mario Montez, she of the red hair, the Spanish-Dutch temperament, the bright personality that's made her known in Hollywood. Latin-American born, convent-bred, she spent three years on the Universal lot watching the stars go by, was suddenly chosen to join the procession herself, will probably end up, in Wanger's "Arabian Nights," as a leader of the Hollywood glamour-girl band.



# Kathryn Grayson's fight for happiness



She is very young, the little Grayson, but even on the very steps of the divorce court, she knew how to save her marriage to John Shelton

**A** CERTAIN interviewer, famed throughout Hollywood for "startling" stars into giving out unusual stories, was talking to Kathryn Grayson.

The interviewer, who is well past forty, had never before met Miss Grayson, who is just twenty.

He said to her, "Your type doesn't interest me. I dislike you little girls who are all sweetness and light. You have no temperament."

Kathryn Grayson looked at the man, levelly and calmly, from the depths of her widely spaced hazel eyes.

"Have you heard me sing?" she asked.

"Of course not," said the interviewer, still faithful to his technique of irritating people.

"Well, you should," said Kathryn, "because my voice is my temperament. My voice is Kathryn Grayson. Except for that, you are quite right. I am nothing without it and I'm sure you would find no story in me."

## BY RUTH WATERBURY

The interviewer agreed and went away and never put down so much as a line about her.

But he and Kathryn were both wrong. There is another story in her, a story much greater than any story about her voice. For many girls can sing charmingly. But the story concerning the heart of Kathryn Grayson is the type of story that occurs most rarely anywhere in the world and practically never in Hollywood. And the time has come when this story may be told.

It is the touching history of a young girl who loves her husband more than she loves anything else in life and that includes fame, fortune, friends and personal happiness.

Right now, with "Seven Sweethearts" finished and proclaimed as an outstanding hit and with its star talked about as the greatest "young voice" in America, Kathryn Grayson,

that same star, is living in a tacky little house within short driving distance of Fort Crowder, Missouri.

She is there because John Shelton, her husband, is stationed at Fort Crowder and she wants to be able to spend every minute of his leaves with him.

Kathryn has been married to John Shelton only a little over one year and during that time she has twice gone to court to divorce him. She has charged him with incompatibility of temperament, with mental cruelty and with long absences from home. She has had it drilled into her head how much better it would be for her career if she were divorced. She knows John to be difficult and moody and she faces what all young brides of service men face these days: The possibility of widowhood or of having a man come back home a different person. Yet she is in love with the depth of emotion that is granted only to women who are courageous  
(Continued on page 94)





Immediately after the marriage began George's campaign to rescue Ann



# Why Ann Sheridan and George Brent Have Separated

There was little chance of lasting happiness for this pair. The proof of that? These events that occurred after their wedding

BY SALLY JEFFERSON



**H**OLLYWOOD hopes the separation of George Brent and Ann Sheridan is only temporary; that by the time you read this the two may be reunited.

But those who know Annie and George, who know the vast differences in their viewpoints and ways of life, are afraid one or the other must change radically before there can be a happy marriage between them.

Like their wedding, the news of their separation came suddenly, swiftly and unexpectedly. But what happened between those two events, the wedding and the parting, leads us to assume there can be little chance of real and lasting happiness unless—but let's tell the story of George and Ann from its start.

To begin with, this is George's fourth known marriage, and rumor has it his fifth. George was married to a young woman in a small stock company in the East before coming to Hollywood. After that venture into wedlock which lasted but briefly, he married Ruth

Chatterton. For two years they remained man and wife, his longest marital record. This union was followed by his hurried, hushed-up marriage to the Australian newcomer, Constance Worth, which led to another quick, sudden ending, leaving George bitter and unhappy.

For several years, George had seen Ann Sheridan, the beautiful Texas girl, around the Warner Brothers lot. Everything about and concerning her was contrary to George's way of life. We say this with no disparagement to Ann. As a former flame of George's once said, Brent has always had a great-lady complex. "She has such dignity," was his favorite description of a woman he admired. Ann was no great lady. She was a pal, a comrade, a hail-fellow-well-met to anyone on the lot. "Hi ya, Annie," grips and prop men, publicity men and fellow actors would call. "Hi ya, Annie," and George would wince. Not that George is a snob, remember. Not that he is exclusive or movie-actorish.

There is no truer friend of the underdog on the Warner lot than George Brent and the men know it. It's just that he is painfully, woefully shy of people, loathes exhibitionism with all his soul and is completely anti-social.

Ann's closest friends are her hairdresser and wardrobe girl. Every moment of her spare time is, or should we say was, spent in their company, chattering, laughing, talking. In the commissary Ann was constantly besieged by people who had complete access to her. There were no barriers as there are with so many stars, barriers that are so necessary to a star's health, time and work.

And so they met—these two at the opposite ends of the earth.

It happened this way. One day Ann, clad in a bathrobe, strolled into the Green Room of the studio's dining room. Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien were lunching with George Brent whom they had come to know after years on the (Continued on page 70)



# Open Letter to CLARK GABLE

FROM AN EDITOR



DEAR CLARK GABLE:

I'm writing these few words to you not in behalf of your army of fans—they've done their job well—but for those of us who through the years have been your inarticulate admirers; the ones who went to see a picture because you were in it, got a lift from your quality of realness and unbeatable vitality, sent you a mental note of thanks and let it go at that. We're the lazy ones—or perhaps the shy ones.

But you have done something now that makes it impossible for us to sit on our hands any longer.

Nothing can be sillier than this business of patting men on the shoulder for the simple step of joining up with one of the branches of the service. It's pretty logical for a man to decide that nothing else he can do with his time will make sense so long as the Japs and Nazis are riding down every decent-living nation.

We who have come to know you consider it the most natural thing in the world that you should have done what you did—even to passing up the easier way of a comfortable commission and starting at the bottom of the ladder as a private—or, pardon me, a corporal.

We remember how you felt about that trip to Washington when you went East to find out what was the wisest and best thing to do. You came back to Hollywood—remember?—just about the time they were showing the first sneak preview of "Somewhere I'll Find You."

You didn't spare the horses when you talked about that trip. You were impatient because some of them in Washington were still telling you that you could best serve your country by sticking with what you were doing—making pictures that could take peo-

ple's minds off the terrible things that were happening around them, the restrictions and sacrifices that were creeping up on them.

I was one of those who was inclined to agree with the Washington pleaders, but at the same time I would have bet my bottom dollar that nobody in all the world—not even Carole if she were alive—could have sold you on the fact that they were right. All of us knew how you had been champing at the bit to get into action ever since Pearl Harbor. Then when our boys took a shellacking in the Java Sea, it was all your pals could do to hold you back.

But from the moment that Carole took the sky road, any one of us could have come to you and said, "Well, you'll look grand in a uniform, fellow." We knew then it was only a matter of time before Mr. Clark Gable became Major Gable, or Lieutenant Commander Gable—or just plain Private Gable.

Now that you've bought your ticket, here is a thought to take with you on the journey ahead. In the movies you have represented a man that every woman—at least practically every American woman—could love as a

son, as a brother—or as a man.

And that's what you mean now that you're in Uncle Sam's Army. You are Everyman, every American man who is the center of Everywoman's thought today, her prayers, her hopes. She prays that Everyman will eat well, sleep well, and above all, keep well. She prays that he'll get the most out of his training to be a soldier, prove his mettle as a man among men.

She hopes that he'll think of her now and then, maybe send her a letter or postcard soon. She knows that he'll take that trip to a foreign field one of these days—and when he does, she's ready to keep quiet and keep smiling. She goes on working at her job so that he won't worry about her and she sends him the letters and little remembrances that will make him a happier soldier.

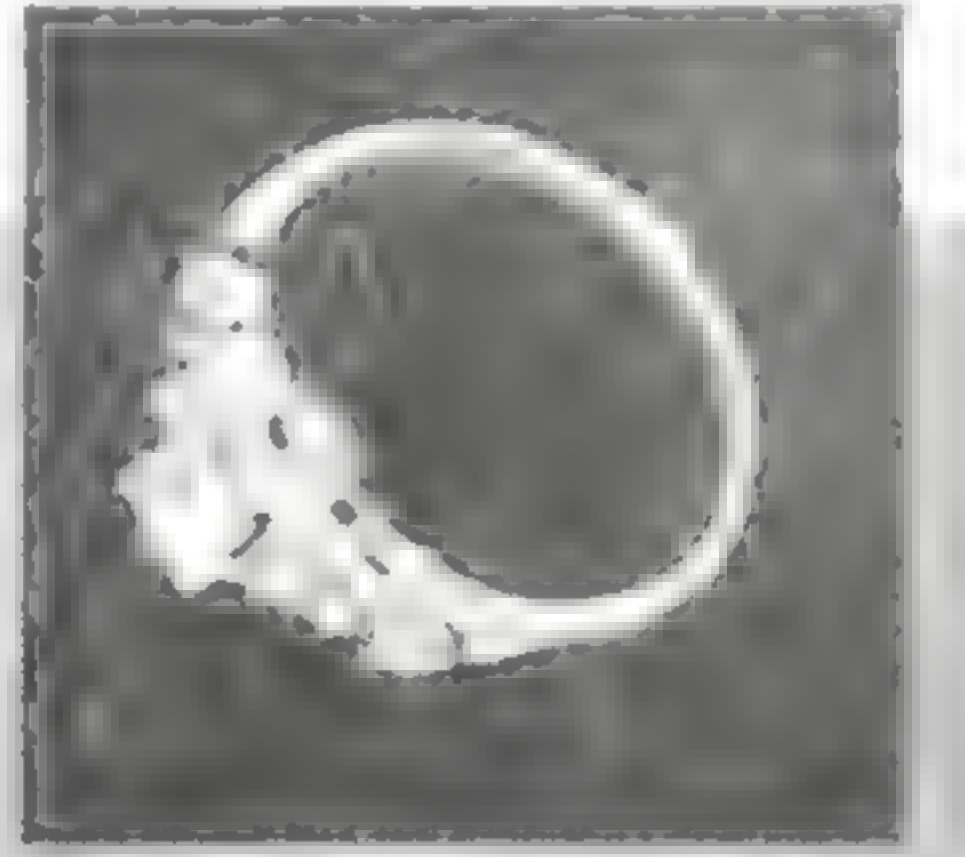
And then, at night, she prays that he'll do the job he's set out to do—to save his country from murder and rape and starvation—and that someday, even if it's years later, he'll come back to her, be she mother, sister, sweetheart or wife, and start again where they left off.

That's what you'll be meaning to all of us. We've (Continued on page 73)



# She's Engaged!

HOPE BULKELEY of New York — another beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be — is engaged to Arthur Clarke Sutherland of Canada. *Hope's Ring* (below) is set in platinum, a smaller diamond each side of the blue-white solitaire.



**HE IS GOING TO SEA—SHE IS MAKING THE SEAS SAFER**—Her deft fingers turn out miraculously sensitive aircraft instruments. Hope studied for a stage career—"But, I wanted to do something *specific* in this war," she said, "so I went to the U. S. Employment Service, and the next day started work. I'm thrilled by my job, and every little glass tube I handle, I think, '*this one may help Arthur.*'"

**H**OPE IS TYPICAL of so many plucky, darling girls today who have given up all personal ambition so as to become "production soldiers" behind their fighting men.

"We like to feel we *look* feminine, even if we are doing a man-size job," she says, "so we tuck flowers and ribbons in our hair and try to keep our faces pretty as you please.

"My stage work taught me how awfully important a good cleansing cream is if you want a really lovely complexion. I use and *love* Pond's Cold Cream because it's such a splendid cleanser and softener. It's a grand value, too. A great *big* jar of Pond's costs you *less* than a *small* jar of many creams."

Every night Hope smooths Pond's

*She's Lovely!  
She uses Ponds!*

Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats in. Then tissues off well. This is to soften and remove dirt and make-up. Then, she "rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues off again and "my skin feels angelic—so *clean* and so *smooth*," she says.

Do this yourself—at night, for day-time clean-ups, too. You'll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, use Pond's, why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.



**HOPE AND ARTHUR** greet two R. A. F. friends at the Waldorf, before Arthur enlisted. With her adorable smile and flower-fresh look, it's no wonder the boys can't see anyone else.



**IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!**



## Why Ann Sheridan and George Brent Have Separated

(Continued from page 67) same lot. Pat and Jimmy called to Ann who strolled over, laughed and talked, and walked over to another table of merry friends.

George glanced over at the redheaded beauty. Coolly and calmly she stared back.

Suddenly Brent motioned with his fork and Ann nodded, thinking he had asked her to lunch next day.

That night he appeared at her door dressed to the hilt. Ann, whose heart was actually beating like a trip hammer, surveyed him calmly.

"Sorry," she said, "I have a date. I understood you to mean lunch tomorrow." And George Brent had to turn around and go home.

It intrigued him. He came back again and gradually, although they were little suited, they began going together steadily. Ann's laugh still rang out like a bell booming over the studio, her love of life and her absolute passion for general good times blazed away. Occasionally she dragged a reluctant Brent to a friend's home for an evening of fun, and George put forth every effort to please. Although nearly twenty years her senior and long ago satiated with the so-called "good times" of youth, he tried to please.

One night in particular we noticed them at the Mocambo. George was throwing a party for Ann and everything had been specially ordered—the turtle soup, the fowl, the crepe suzettes. But Ann didn't see the food or eat it or care.

She had found a good dancing partner and spent the entire evening on the dance floor while George sat amidst her friends, the ones he had especially invited, and tried to fill in the gaps.

The marriage was one of those swift sudden things that followed a turbulent quarrel. They eloped to Florida. There in the living room of the home of George's sister, Mrs. Sam Harris, Ann took her wedding vows with the beautiful white mantilla which George had given her draped over her flaming red hair.

And then almost immediately began George's campaign to rescue Ann; to save her from the too many friends that took her time; to try to mold her to his quiet, secluded way of life.

At lunch time, instead of Ann's repairing to the studio Green Room for an hour of fun and no food, George insisted she come home to lunch with him and he himself carefully cooked the liver steaks she needed. Like a lover, husband, friend, he watched over her health and habits.

But a man can't watch over the very soul and spirit of a woman and re-create her, casting out the personality with which she was born to reconstruct her anew. Ann chafed under the solitude. With a friend or two in of an evening or maybe just alone, they'd play gin rummy or play the phonograph. George loved Hawaiian records, Ann loved rhumbas, so they took turns playing their favorite records. Occasionally they'd go into each other's arms and dance. For her sake George learned to rumba.

So you see each tried desperately hard to readjust to the other.

That he loved her is no secret. Both Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland, old flames of George's, spoke of his tender sentimentality, but neither could display the beautiful gifts that Mr.

Brent had lavished upon them for the simple reason he gave few.

Yet, we remember the Christmas a year before George married Ann when his secretary telephoned her to come to Mr. Brent's house and pick up a small package she had left there. Puzzled, Ann drove over. In the garage stood a luxurious sedan elegantly wrapped in cellophane and tied with a huge bow. Other equally lavish gifts were showered upon the girl he loved, who yet was so little suited to his retiring nature—his "dark" moods, as Hollywood calls them.

A great star you all know, who once had a romance with George, spoke of those moods. "I'm glad," she said, "that Ann has married George, for I honestly



While Ann was on "Edge Of Darkness" location with Errol Flynn, the trouble with George reached a climax

believe she is the only person who can survive the depressing influence of George's moods. He is the greatest defeatist I have ever known and one of the most charming men alive."

If Ann was understanding, so was George. Before their marriage Ann had bought her first home and the thrill of its belonging completely to her brought a chuckle from George who had long since passed that stage. "It's growing pains in Ann's career," Brent told a friend, "and I wouldn't have her give it up for the world."

But there was no room in the house for George, his dog, books, knickknacks, and large wardrobe necessary to an actor. So Ann moved over to George's tiny Toluca Lake home, the one in which he lived during the days of his Garbo courtship, and occasionally she'd drive out to see her very own Valley home. It wasn't a very happy or comfortable arrangement, but the lease on George's house hadn't expired. So they lived in crowded quarters until some bright future day that, unfortunately,

didn't come.

And then those close to Ann gradually noted the change that came over her, a change that George himself spoke of at the time of their separation. Her camaraderie gave way to a superciliousness that wasn't Ann. Boredom, perhaps, or the uselessness of their life together, was becoming apparent. And it couldn't help but leave its mark, just as Ann's first unsuccessful marriage to Eddie Norris had been a blow to her.

The change, barely perceptible at first, slowly grew. Ann was a new Ann; the fires had died down, the love of fun and laughter and music and night clubs and dancing and excitement and glory had been thwarted a long time. Human nature can't change. Ann loved George, but still her nature craved the food that fed it.

THE end came as suddenly and unexpectedly as her marriage.

It really began with Ann's leaving for the "Edge Of Darkness" location and George's leaving pictures to take a stiff fifty hours of training in Government planes. He had formerly been a flyer and now yearned to be a civilian flying instructor, a type of expert badly needed by the Government; but first he had to complete his fifty hours in every type of ship.

With the memory of an event in the past haunting her dreams, Ann begged and pleaded that he go into some other branch of service.

That event had happened one day after George had been flying for years. As he landed his plane he said to those around him, "I'll never fly again." There was no reason except a terrific hunch. Next week he sold his plane and the first flight made by the new owner resulted in a crash which killed him.

Knowing this, Ann was afraid. They parted with hurt and misunderstanding between them.

George and Ann didn't see each other all through his training period and her location jaunt.

And then on a Friday night, his training period over, he returned unexpectedly to Hollywood. His small house had been closed and Ann had already moved to her Valley home.

Ann telephoned the studio on Saturday and cancelled all engagements. On Tuesday morning George gave the announcement of their separation to the press. Ann confirmed it. What words were said then, we'll never know. A man and a woman had been deeply in love but had found their paths must separate.

Hollywood hopes they'll find some way to adjust their differences. "I made a picture with George some years ago," Brenda Marshall told a friend, "and now I have just played his leading lady in his last film 'You Can't Escape Forever.' I couldn't get over the change in George. How tenderly and beautifully he spoke of Ann. It was so obvious that his love had given him new life and new hopes."

Despite this, George will go his way as a flying instructor to young cadets, starting where we don't know. Ann will continue her career, emerging gradually into the limelight, the fun, the laughter she thrives on.

Let's hope somewhere, somehow, these two so widely divergent people will find their love a bond strong enough to overcome all obstacles.

THE END



Claudette Colbert STARRING IN "THE PALM BEACH STORY"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

## Max Factor \* Hollywood Face Powder!

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3...it clings perfectly—really stays on

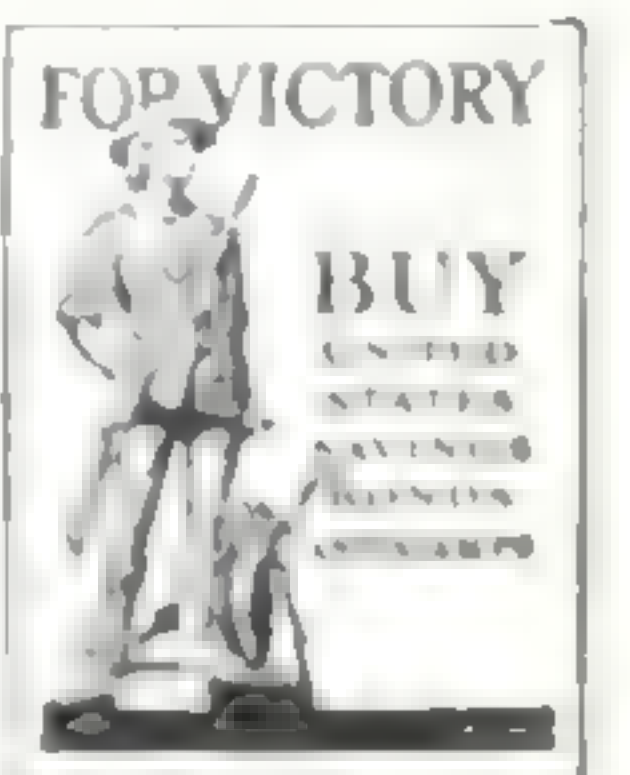
**Color**...lovely color that flatters the beauty of your skin...is the secret of this face powder created in original color harmony shades by *Max Factor Hollywood*.

Whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead, there is a Color Harmony shade to individualize your type and give your skin a more beautiful, more youthful look.

Superfine in texture, *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder imparts a soft, satin-smooth appearance, and it clings perfectly, too, so that for hours your make-up looks fresh and lovely...One dollar.



MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP  
... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK





# If LOVE rules You—



Maureen O'Hara and Tyrone Power starring in "The Black Swan," a 20th Century-Fox picture. Easily cultivate love-worthy hands, yourself—with Jergens Lotion.

*A man's dream  
girl has soft,  
feminine hands—*

*Maureen  
O'Hara*  
(Lovely Hollywood Star)

**R**OMANTIC HOLLYWOOD STARS care for their lovely hands with Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1!

You see, Jergens helps *protect* the youth-like smoothness and adorable softness of a girl's hands; helps *prevent* disillusioning roughness and chapping.

It's like professional care for your hands. Blended in Jergens Lotion are 2 ingredients, so exceptional for helping rough skin regain delicious softness that many doctors use them. So—always use Jergens.



**Maureen O'Hara's Alluring Hands.** Oh, yes, —Maureen O'Hara helps to keep her hands adorable with Jergens Lotion. "It's so easy," she says. "Jergens never feels sticky." The first application helps!



*Jergens Lotion*  
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

## Christmas Tips to Santa

(Continued from page 31) giving her something.

Rita Hayworth—go on, Santa, give her Vic Mature. They deserve each other.

Greta Garbo—give her back to Sweden; and you can throw in Gaylord Hauser, too.

For Charles Boyer—a school for love, so he can teach the younger men how to do it. I mean love. I think we need schools for that as for everything else.

Gary Cooper—just let him keep rolling along like Old Man River.

Joan Crawford—happiness with her new husband, Phil Terry.

Bing Crosby—just give him the urge to keep right on singing.

Mickey Rooney—the discipline, training and steadiness which Army life can give him, if he'll let it sink in.

Jeanette MacDonald—let her join Gene Raymond in England, so she can sing for our soldiers over there.

**T**O George Sanders—make him stop talking about women in 1943 and confine his remarks to the sterner sex just to see if that will get him anywhere in his career. He's had so much fun with us, I'd like to see if he can have any without us.

Don Ameche—I'm saying a little prayer that Santa Claus will bring you just one good role so that you won't have to discover any more telephones, washing machines, or bear traps.

Jean Arthur—Santa Claus is going to deliver to your door his own version of Emily Post, with a new set of rules for etiquette in public behavior.

Eddie Arnold—may all your troubles go up in smoke and, if they do, you'll be lucky!

Cary Grant—well, what can he want, now that he's got Barbara?

Hedy Lamarr—as a gift to all of us, put her in a frame and under glass.

Bob Hope—prolonged health, so that he can continue just the way he's been going.

Charles Laughton—let's find an orchid the color he likes, so that he can enter his garden in the American Garden contest.

Binnie Barnes—bring her together with Director Bill Seiter so he can again show the producers with short memories that she can be a clever, subtle comedienne, instead of the two-gun woman they insist upon making her.

John Beal—because there's so much disharmony in the world, let's have a look at him in "The Great Commandment," which Twentieth has had resting on its shelf for three years. That picture really teaches the brotherhood of man.

Jack Benny—suppose, Santa, you take his cigars away, while he's acting on the screen and on the air, and give them to Uncle Sam to distribute among our soldiers? And Santa, please give Jack a copy of the new book "How To Overcome Worry" which I am going to write when I get around to it.

Joan Davis—a role on the screen equal to her roles on the air.

Olivia de Havilland—an eligible, unattached, devoted male, so she can settle down and stop having the heebie-jeebies and maybe give a performance like her sister, Joan Fontaine.

But maybe, after all these suggestions, Santa, you'd better skip Hollywood entirely. You've been so wonderful to all of us in the past that I don't think movie-land would mind if you didn't even leave a calling card this year.

A Merry Christmas to you, Old Boy!  
The End.



## Open Letter to Clark Gable

(Continued from page 68) heard about a few of the snipers who have been writing, "What do you mean by saying you're starting from the ground up when you're a corporal?" Those people don't know that in your unit the lowest man is rated as a corporal for purposes of admission and that once he's in, he loses his rating until he finished his officer's training. So you're still just "Mister Gable" when anyone addresses you.

But we've also heard what your team mates down in Miami are writing home; things like "... he gets the same treatment as the rest of us and there isn't a man in the outfit whose respect he hasn't won ... great guy. ..."

Furthermore, we know you haven't lost your sense of humor; not when you can write as you did to one of the boys at your studio: "They're cutting my hair tomorrow. Brother, oh, brother, when they get down to those Gable ears they'll fly me across the Atlantic as the latest thing in bombers!"

Most of us would have been perfectly happy if you'd stayed on as Clark Gable of the screen, who knew how to make an hour and a half pass in the theater like a few minutes. But you didn't see it that way and we know why.

You're going to do a terrific job for Uncle Sam—just as Jimmy Stewart and Tyrone Power and Doug Fairbanks Jr. and Henry Fonda and all the rest of the Hollywood boys are doing—and will do. Maybe, remembering that you're Everywoman's Everyman you'll do even a touch more than your best—and believe me, pal, that's tops so far as we're concerned!

*Helen Gilmore*



## "Your Satin-Smooth Face IS A MAGNET FOR KISSES"



Before your next "Big Date"—smooth on feathery-light Jergens Face Cream; leave on a moment; remove. Then, a second light film of this same lovely cream—a splash of cold water—and your face is satin-smooth for fresh make-up.

But ... Dry-Skin Wrinkles get no nice compliments

FORGET expensive, complicated beauty treatments. Use this new cream for lovely, complete smooth-skin care. Use Jergens Face Cream—

- (1) for cleansing;
- (2) for softening your skin;
- (3) as a silken-textured foundation;
- (4) as a Night Cream that helps to smooth dry skin while you sleep.

This new cream is a "One Jar" Beauty Treatment—made for just these times by the same skin scientists who created Jergens Lotion for your smooth, soft hands. 10¢ to \$1.25 a jar. Over 6,000,000 jars have already been used.



ALL-PURPOSE...FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

## JERGENS FACE CREAM

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

You couldn't give  
yourself a lovelier  
Christmas present  
than the gorgeous  
color portrait of  
Hedy Lamarr  
on the January  
cover of

PHOTOPLAY-  
MOVIE MIRROR





## Dress Put Through 102 Launderings; Looks Like New

**Linit-Starched Cottons  
Resist Laundering Wear;  
Have Linen-Like Finish**

It will pay you to give your housedresses LINIT care. They'll serve you better—and stay smart, fresh, new looking longer. This *different* laundry starch penetrates the fabric, covers tiny fibres with *protective* coating.

LINIT-starched fabrics stay clean-looking longer, too. *And iron easier.*

**Free!** The helpful "LINIT LAUNDRY CHART". Write Corn Products Sales Company, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y., Dept. LC-12.

ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT



**PENETRATES THE FABRIC  
PROTECTS THE FIBRES**

## Pocketful o' Songs

(Continued from page 55) chosen monicker—Judy Garland—and if that name does not rate top billing over any trio, then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been suffering long enough from hallucinations.

Sometimes, there in Grand Rapids, when Ethel walked into her orderly kitchen she surely thought of the days when she cooked cereal in a dressing room. Or on a more pleasant note, the never-to-be-forgotten sound of thundering applause. If she did, she gave no sign. It was owing to her, however, that in those early years her children's lives were permeated with music.

Ethel would sit at the piano and play for hours—her scarred upright piano with the white spot on the lid where Frank had spilled the glass of lemonade. The Gumms might not be able to afford rugs on their floors or curtains at their windows, but the piano was the heart of their whole existence. That slayed Grand Rapids.

"What can that mother be thinking of?" busybodies asked disapprovingly.

That mother was thinking of the stage. "You are of the theater," she told her three wide-eyed and solemn children. "You were practically born in it and someday you must take your rightful place in it. When that day comes you must be ready."

**F**RANCES ETHEL, the youngest, early showed a greater interest in music than the others. As a result more time was spent with her.

Perhaps other children in Grand Rapids went to bed at eight o'clock, but other children in Grand Rapids could not recite a Shakespearian sonnet at the age of three. Frances Ethel could; could and did on the slightest provocation.

Strangely enough it was in something far less dramatic that she made her theatrical debut. "Jingle Bells," to be exact, and it was Christmas Eve on the stage of her father's movie house.

It was a bit difficult for the audience to decide whether the little sprite up there behind the footlights was supposed to represent a pixie or a Christmas angel. The costume said angel; hadn't Ethel stayed up late three nights cutting and basting the cheesecloth to give the skirt that gossamer effect? But the little face peeping around the silvered crinoline wings said, "Hey! Hey! Ain't we got fun?"

After the first chorus the applause racked the rafters of the New Grand movie theater. Little Miss Gumm turned a pleased, excited face toward her audience. She immediately repeated the song. Again there was applause. Again she sang. After about eight choruses, however, Frank thought it best to walk out on the stage and remove his daughter amid loud wailing and kicking.

Ethel caught the child to her breast and hugged her warmly. "Baby," she said triumphantly, "you're a trouper."

**I**T WAS about six months later that Frank's finances, never very good even at high tide, took a sudden dip. His pleasant face began to wear a worried frown.

"I keep worrying about how we're going to make the grade this winter," he told Ethel gravely. "There'll be winter coal and winter coats."

"Forget it," Ethel said. "By the time the snow comes we'll be many miles from here."

Frank was definitely startled. "But where?"

"Hollywood," said Ethel calmly. "I've

made up my mind that's where we belong."

Frank mulled it over for a couple of days, then fell into line. Penny by penny the California fund was accumulated. Ethel estimated the cost of the westward trek to be around two hundred dollars. By the first of August she had most of that amount. It had been earned almost entirely by the talents of the three young Gumms. Some engagements paid the huge sum of fifty cents for listening to their melodies and there had been one miraculous occasion when they received the princely wage of fifteen dollars.

At last the bags were packed. All of the furniture had been disposed of; even the piano with the lemonade ring on the lid was to be left behind. The Gumms were on their way.

Then on the eve of their departure came a chance to sing. It was with a dance band at a county fair. Very little money, but money just the same and offering the one thing most precious to a performer's heart—an audience.

Ethel's mind, burdened with the riddle of how to pack three Gumms and six suitcases in the back seat of the car, slipped up in its eternal vigilance. She left the house door unlatched when she took her songbirds to the fair.

It was a common ordinary thief who took their summer savings. At least that was what the police conjectured. The Gumms never saw him. They saw only their shining dream turning into Minnesota dust.

"Frank," Ethel commanded in the very midst of this staggering calamity, "sing the scale."

Frank obligingly complied.

"Not bad," Ethel said. "Not too bad at all. You can practice as we ride along."

Frank and the children stared at her in astonishment.

"If you think," Ethel announced with grim determination, "that a little thing like this is going to delay us you are badly mistaken. We'll sing our way to California. Only this time we'll have two acts."

**B**ACK on the road again, Ethel and Frank were like a couple of old war horses in sniffing distance of the enemy. Their act now had a verve which in the old days it had sadly lacked.

"We may get to Broadway yet," Frank said one midnight after an especially successful performance.

Ethel nodded slowly. "Except we're travelling in the wrong direction. I heard we were headed West."

"Times Square by way of Frisco," Frank said jubilantly. "It's been done before."

That night Ethel looked long and thoughtfully at her sleeping children. "We'll never get to Broadway," she said aloud. "Frank and I just don't have what it takes. We'll never scale the heights." She stooped and kissed them each with a prayer trembling on her lips. "We won't. But maybe one of you will."

Gradually they worked westward. At last they reached Los Angeles. In that city it was amazing the way money seemed to dwindle. Rents were higher, food was higher and in less than a month the Gumm financial situation became alarmingly acute.

Then suddenly came opportunity. A theater in Lancaster, California, needed a manager. Like a swarm of locusts the Gumms descended on the sun-baked desert.



From the beginning life in Lancaster was disappointing. Less than one hundred miles away was Hollywood, Hollywood with all its glamour and its magic key to fame and fortune.

But try to invade its gates!

One day Frank brought home a clipping from a Los Angeles newspaper.

"It's the death of vaudeville," he said to Ethel. "Now maybe you'll give up this dream."

Ethel stared. "The Jazz Singer," she read aloud. "Hear Al Jolson sing. The screen's greatest miracle, etc., etc."

"You see," said Frank. "People aren't going to pay any attention to us when for two bits they can see and hear the headliners of the world."

Ethel read the lines again. Her face was a little white. "That settles it," she said at last.

"Settles what?"

"The girls' careers. Today we go to Los Angeles and register at the casting office. In this business you can't start too soon."

THE next five years were lean years. Dimes must be hoarded because gasoline cost money. And a car used to transport talented hopefuls to Los Angeles did not run on air. Even though some of their employers seemed to think the "hopefuls" did.

Thus the Gumm sisters sang often. In fact, every time there was a chance, and the town of Lancaster was familiar with and not at all impressed by their talents.

One day the papers were filled with the opening of the Chicago World's Fair. Ethel gathered up her girls. Little more than a few cents were in their shabby purses. But they had courage and faith; and a pocketful of songs.

In Chicago they began the weary task of securing a booking. Finally through a friend an audition at the Oriental Theater was arranged.

Such a flurry that morning in the furnished room of the Gumms! The girls wore white dresses with yards and yards of ruffles. It took two hours to iron each dress and there were three to do. Ethel made her charges rest before this important tryout; not so much because they were sheltered flowers, but for the simple reason that they had had no food.

Thus it was that the Gumm Sisters sang on empty stomachs and their mother accompanied them with hands blistered from six solid hours of ironing.

They were hired. "But," said the manager, "you have to get rid of those awful ruffled dresses."

Ethel quietly swooned.

ONE night a soft-voiced, personable young man watched this trio from the wings. It was George Jessel. "Your act is good," he told them. "But too many cracks are made about your name. The Dumb Sisters, The Crum Sisters, The Bum Sisters, etc. Why don't you change it?"

"That's a wonderful idea," the girls agreed. "But change it to what?"

"Why not Garland?" Mr. Jessel said.

So the Gumm Sisters became the Garland Sisters—and with the change of name came a change in fortune.

Meanwhile, back in Lancaster, Frank Gumm began to think things out. Life was so short, he reasoned. In just a year or two his girls would be out of childhood's enchanted land. And he hardly knew them! Even now at times all three seemed quite grown-up. His baby Frances was rounding out with

adolescent chubbiness. Lately he had begun calling her his Princess Pudge. She didn't like it very much, but just the same that was what she was—a pudgy little Princess.

And no wonder he didn't know his girls. How could he? Auditions in Los Angeles were becoming more and more frequent. It was a lonesome drive back to Lancaster after nightfall and one which he would not permit Ethel and the girls to make. Why not move to Los Angeles for good and all? He caught a bus and paid a visit to a certain Los Angeles concern. When he returned to Lancaster he was no longer the owner of Gumm's Valley Theater. At least not in Lancaster, California. The family again was scheduled for a change in a place to hang their hats. Huntington Park, a stone's throw from Los Angeles, was the new address.

ABOUT this time Ethel and the girls finished their engagement in Chicago. They started on the homeward drive, making Lake Tahoe their principal stop.

"Now, remember," Frances cautioned, "our name is Garland. Forget about the Gumm."

"What about first names?" Ethel asked. "Are you going to change yours, Frances?"

Frances regarded her with wide, solemn eyes.

"I'd like to take mine from my favorite song," she said and sang in her golden voice:

When you think she's a saint, but you know that she ain't

That's Judy, My Judy;

She's as sweet as pie, and I know that I'd die

For Judy, My Judy.

For a time there was silence in the

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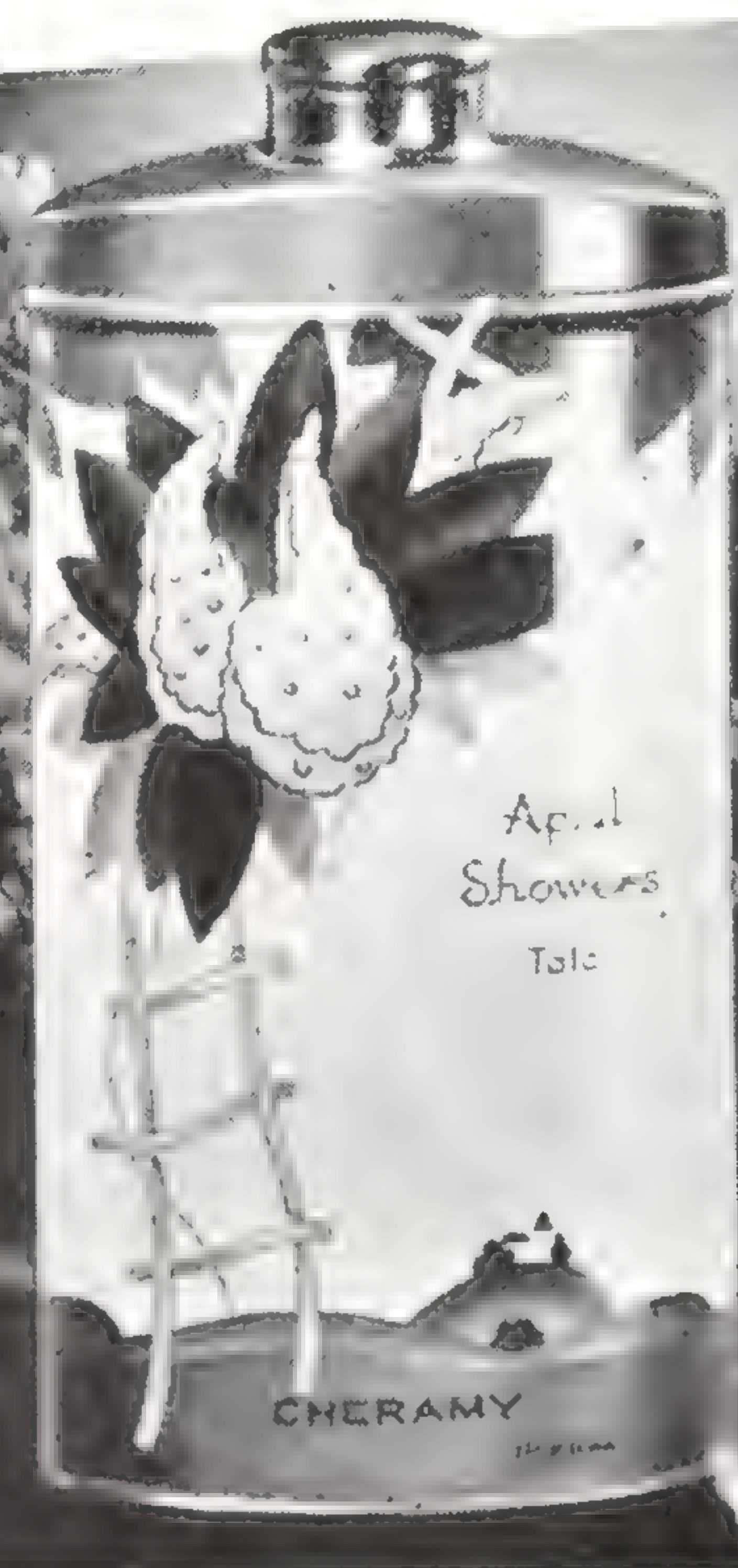




## A MESSAGE TO MEN'S HEARTS!

Whisper your allure...your gay enchantment...with April Showers Talc! Its luxurious perfume speaks a language that men understand...and remember. It's the fragrance that appeals to them. Let its allure-ment linger about you, always! *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

## April Showers Talc



**CHERAMY perfumer**  
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

moving car. Then Ethel said, "Judy Garland. That's a lovely name, dear."

When they reached Tahoe they sang at the Lodge. It was here that Judy for the first time sang "Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart."

For the first time, too, someone was in the audience who saw more than just a big-eyed kid with a "low-down blues" voice—a talent scout from M-G-M who made a note to pass the name of this child singer to the studio higher-ups.

On a certain October day in 1934 life moved as usual on the M-G-M lot. Glamorous big-name stars were bowed into the presence of the Important Ones and unknown names, lucky enough to pass the gates, got the highly specialized Hollywood "brush-off."

Over on a noisy testing stage, above the bedlam, a talent scout was attempting to convince a hard-boiled casting director that he had heard a kid singer at Tahoe who had what it took.

"All right, Al," the casting director said wearily. "Get her over here. But I warn you, if I have to listen to another sweet young darling shriek a take-off of Al Jolson singing 'Mammy' . . ."

**O**UT in Huntington Park in the Garland home Frank and Judy were alone. They were absorbed in a red-hot checker game.

"It's your move," Frank reminded her, when suddenly the phone rang stridently.

"Let it ring," Judy said with a fine and high disdain.

"Better answer it. Might be Mother."

A crisp unfamiliar voice came across the wire. "Report to M-G-M immediately. An audition has been arranged."

Frank repeated, "Report to M-G-M immediately."

Panic reigned immediately.

"What'll we do?" Judy cried. "Mother isn't here. I can't sing unless she plays. What'll we do?"

"Do?" asked Frank calmly. "Why, we'll go, that's what we'll do. You'll sing for them. If they like you that will be swell. If they don't, that's all right too."

Judy glanced down at her plain sweater and skirt. The skirt could have stood a little pressing. "I don't think it matters much how I look, do you? They don't want me anyway."

"You look beautiful to me, Pudge," Frank said. "Let's go knock 'em for a loop."

At the studio the casting director took one look at Judy's unconcerned and youthful face.

"No soap," he said brusquely. "She won't do."

Judy was twelve years old. Behind her was twelve years' experience as a trouser. Her black eyes flashed. "I'm no glamour girl," she spouted in the director's startled face. "I'm a singer. And I didn't come to you. You sent for me. The least you can do is listen to me sing. Besides, you broke up our checker game."

Casting directors are notoriously hard-boiled. Nothing phases them. Nothing influences them; not temper, not vitriolic sputtering, not even rank insult. But something in this little girl made this one sit up and take notice.

Perhaps it was that same spark which since then has made the whole world sit up and take notice.

"All right," he said curtly. "Sing."

A tall young man went quietly to a piano. "What's it to be?"

Judy eyed him dubiously. "Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart."

**W**HEN she finished the man at the piano stared at her for a long long time. "My name is Roger Edens," he said unexpectedly. "Will you sing again for some people we are going to call?"

"Certainly," Judy said unconcernedly and sat herself down to wait.

Soon people started streaming into the room from everywhere. One woman with beautiful white hair was addressed as Mrs. Koverman. She listened to Judy's songs. They all listened and were strangely silent.

Finally a man came for whom it seemed that entire group had been waiting anxiously—Mr. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Judy stood before him in her simple garb, a faded sweater and a pleated skirt—a lone twelve-year-old child singing songs straight from her youthful heart.

At last a man said, "That will be all."

She was dismissed like that!

That night even Ethel was a little staggered when the telegram arrived. "Come to the studio to sign a contract." No questions. No screen tests. Just a contract.

"To think you did this all alone," Ethel marvelled. "I wasn't even there to play for you."

Judy laughed. "Have to go on my own sometime," she said. "Who knows? Lots of things might happen."

Who knew, indeed? Judy Garland had taken the first step on her fabulous career. She is to wait eagerly for the sign of the next step, only to be bitterly disappointed. For, shortly after this, tragedy strikes the Gumms. Continue Judy's story next month.



Two little girls whose future M-G-M was wondering about: Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland in a short they made together



## What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 37) Apparently you are trying too hard to find a man to marry. Men sense this hunting quality instantly and are frightened away by it. A man friend of mine once said, "Why do women let that acquisitive gleam come into their eyes after they have known a man for an hour and learned that he has a decent job, has pleasant manners and is free?"

Let that be a warning. If I were you, since you have a good education and are only twenty-seven and financially independent, I should travel about the country.

For some reason, a newcomer to town has especial charm. If I were you, I'd take advantage of that fact. I think the only way to secure and hold a man's respect is to be good spirited company, interested in everything he says, but to keep him guessing.

The best of luck to you.

Bette Davis.

DEAR Miss Davis:

Please don't get the impression that I'm one of those girls who runs around complaining to all her friends about her woes. But I feel as if you were a member of my family, Bette.

Sometimes I think I'm going to tell Burke's mother right to her face what I think of her. The only way I could keep from it today was to sit down and write to you.

I'd better begin at the beginning. Burke and I have been married four years—we were both twenty-one on our wedding day. Burke explained to me when we were making plans for marriage that we would have to live with his mother.

For two years, things were really swell. Mrs. R. was very nice to me. She let us live our lives and she lived hers.

But at the end of that time, she decided that we should have a baby. She began to tell me about the mental troubles of some women she knew who had never had children. After that she began to hint that I should see a doctor because I might not be "normal."

Burke and I have talked it over and decided not to have children yet. Both his mother and I are self-supporting and he is likely to be taken into the Army. He told his mother that he didn't want to leave me with a child to care for alone. She scoffed at that and said she had raised him, she guessed she could care for a grandson. She said everyone had a baby during wartime.

I thought it was bad enough to live in a house with a woman who was sulking all the time, but the next thing I knew she was telling around town that I couldn't have a child. And she began to invite a young divorcee to the house practically every Sunday for dinner. This girl is very pretty and full of wisecracks. She has a little girl aged three that she brings along occasionally.

If you think that isn't something, you should see the performance. Mrs. R. hands the baby to Burke, saying that she can't get over how much the child resembles Burke. Then the baby's mother makes eyes at Burke and says he certainly could sire a handsome son.

I've tried to get Burke to move out, but the one time he agreed, his mother had a fainting spell. The doctor told me that she did have a tricky heart, but that she would live for years unless something unforeseen should happen. Of course, I don't want to do anything to upset her heart, but on the other hand I've nearly choked, trying to keep from telling her that I think she's a meddling old fool.

Are you sure of your present deodorant? Test it. Put it under this arm.

Put FRESH #2, the new double-duty cream, under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!



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FRESH #2 comes in two sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar.

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PUT FRESH #2, under one arm—put your present deodorant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure that FRESH #2 will!
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# FRESH #2

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR







## Eyes that won a chance at stardom

"Loveliest eyes", was the thrilling verdict judges gave MARY ARMSTRONG, of Beaumont, Texas, first prize winner in the "Lovely Eyes" contest sponsored by Camille Glamor-Eyes Makeup. Now, as guest of Republic Pictures, Miss Armstrong goes to Hollywood to begin work in a Republic film. She also will be presented with a stunning fur coat by I. J. Fox, "America's largest furriers".

**OTHER PRIZE WINNERS:** Doris Jackson, Long Island—a striking 6-piece wardrobe by Townley Frocks; Bettie Reid, Sacramento—an exquisite diamond wrist watch by Gruen; Mary Brennan, Philadelphia—scholarship in fashion modeling at Mayfair Mannequin Academy; Dolores Miller, Hollywood—genuine Tecla pearl necklace. And the following winners each receive a set of lovely Karu costume jewelry—Mary Le Blanc, Baton Rouge; Jean Burkhart, Louisville; Rosanne Perry, Buffalo; Olive Midgetto, New York City; Adeline Andreis, Long Island.

Bring out the hidden beauty and expression your eyes really have! Do it with—

 **CAMILLE Cake Mascara**  
—the new non-running, smear-proof cosmetic that never cakes or stiffens. Ask for Camille and frame your eyes with natural-looking loveliness.

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—the "instant" type, requiring no water, spreads evenly, dries in a jiffy. Grand when you're rushed! Use Camille, the non-running mascara.

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Forgive me, Miss Davis, for going on this way, but you can see that I have my hands full. I just can't see any way out. What would you do?

Janet R.

Dear Mrs. R.:

Your problem interests me very much. It seems to me that it is the right of every married couple to decide if and when they are going to have children, without interference from anyone.

By all means, go to your library and borrow a play titled "The Silver Cord" by Sydney Howard. This is the story of a managing mother-in-law and the trouble she caused in two households. The only solution to a problem of this kind, and the action I would take, is to explain to Burke how you feel about his mother's behavior, then to move out. Burke will soon see that his mother's attacks are phony.

If it were I, in this spot, I'd act—definitely, vigorously, and with full knowledge that one of two things would happen. Either I'd have my husband and home to myself, or I'd lose him entirely. That is a gamble I'd have to take for the sake of my peace of mind. Incidentally, if he doesn't stand by you, he doesn't love you.

Sincerely yours,  
Bette Davis.

DEAR Miss Davis:

I just saw "The Man Who Came To Dinner" for the third time. I liked the way you played Maggie Cutler very much, probably because I am a secretary myself.

I am now doing my hair up high the way yours was done, but still I'm no prize package. A beautiful, famous, elegant lady like you probably has no idea what it means to be awkward and self-conscious. I just know, to look at your hands, that you've never bitten your fingernails. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I have an awful time keeping my nails above the quick.

I might as well tell you all the things that are wrong with me in hopes that you will be able to help me. Whenever a man pays attention to me—and that isn't very often—I can't think of a thing to say. I feel all tied up in knots and I just stand there sort of grinning and wishing the floor would open and drop me into a well.

I'm not exactly a dumb bunny because I got good grades in school and my three older sisters nag at me and say I wouldn't be bad-looking if I weren't such a goof.

I'm twenty-two years old, five feet, eight inches tall and I only weigh 115 pounds.

I won't take up any more of your time, dear Miss Davis, but I thought you might be able to help me. I get so blue sometimes. This is what I want to know—how can I gain poise?

Anxiously yours,  
Ruth Ann W.

Dear Miss W.:

In the first place, since you are working and are, therefore, financially independent, if I were in your place I'd take a room in a guest house, so moving away from those three older sisters who, by their nagging, would probably give even a beauty like Hedy Lamarr an inferiority complex.

Paint your nails with the brightest red polish you can find and see if you aren't too pleased with the effect to spoil it by nibbling.

You are tall. Do you stoop when you walk? Some of the loveliest girls in pictures are tall—Alexis Smith, Gail Patrick and Rosalind Russell, for instance—and each of them is as straight as a ramrod.

Finally, the best way I know of gaining poise is to forget yourself entirely and to direct your attention at the person with whom you are talking. Wonder, if you can't divert yourself otherwise, how he or she would look in a bathing suit. Remember those celebrated lines:

When pompous people squelch me  
with cold and snooty looks

It makes me happy to conjecture how  
they'd look in bathing suits.

Develop a system of conversational topics to put the other fellow at his ease and you'll be surprised at your own resultant calm. Ask, "What picture could you bear to see once a week for an entire year?" or "What was the most frightening thing you ever saw?"

Relax, and you'll be all right.

Sincerely yours,  
Bette Davis.

DEAR Miss Davis:

You've played the roles of so many girls in serious trouble that I thought you might be able to give me some good advice.

I am a country girl who came to the big city and met a very nice boy. Everything I have ever had I have worked for very hard; he has an elegant job that was simply handed to him on a silver platter.

What I am getting at is this, Miss Davis, he has always had everything he wanted. I've learned that there are some things out of reach. Now he is going into the Army. He asked me to marry him when he gets out and I said I would because I love him with my whole heart and soul.

The only trouble is that we are feuding all the time over a very important matter. He thinks I should give him the things that go with marriage right now, before he goes away to war, instead of waiting until he comes home and the wedding is held. He says he doesn't know what is in store for him and that I should be generous and noble instead of thinking only of myself.

I am seventeen and he is twenty-four. Please, please tell me what to do.

Your friend,  
Betty L.

Here's your chance to share your problems with Bette Davis. Just write her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. It is understood, however, that all such letters are subject to publication in this magazine if Miss Davis elects to answer them in her department **WHAT SHOULD I DO?** Names will, of course, be changed to protect the identity of the writer.



Dear Miss L.:

At seventeen, one is likely to think that the present love is the one and only, but take my word for it—life is just beginning. The argument that men use, "Don't be selfish; be patriotic, be generous—I may not live long," is not new. From my reading, I judge that stone-age men used the same type of persuasion.

A girl facing this decision, as I have said before, has to consider the consequences of action in either direction. The consequences, if she listens to her soldier boy, are likely to be extremely serious.

On the other hand, if she says "no" life will go on much the same for her—without regrets. Never forget this: It takes a frightfully strong character to be a weak woman.

And always remember, there are more ways than just one of showing love and devotion. The promise of daily letters, cigarettes every week, surprise packages of writing paper, razor blades and sweets, as well as visits to camp may not be as "all-out" for victory as he would like, but in that way you will be telling your soldier how much he means to you without endangering your own future.

Sincerely yours,  
Bette Davis.

DEAR Miss Davis:

You are my favorite actress and for this reason I would like to buy some of the clothes you have worn in your pictures. You wore such a lovely tweed coat trimmed with beautiful fur in "The Bride Came C.O.D." and I would like to own it if it is not too expensive.

But, most important, I want some very critical information from you. What do you do when you kiss? My boy friend judges a girl by the way she kisses so I sure want to learn to do it the right way.

I am only seventeen years old, but tall for my age and I go out with older boys so I want to do everything right.

Your friend,  
Kathryn S.

Dear Miss S.:

The clothing that any actress wears in a motion picture is the property of the studio, therefore she cannot dispose of it.

As for your second problem, I think that what you are trying to say, in a mixed-up sort of way, is that you want to learn how to be popular with boys. At present it may appeal to you to have boys describe you as a "hot little number," but if you proceed along that line, by the time you are twenty-three or twenty-four, you are going to have so cheapened yourself that no man is ever going to want you for his wife.

I think you have placed a mistaken value on technique, purely as technique, whereas the only thing that really matters between two persons in love is emotion.

If I were you, I'd hold out for the real thing instead of experimenting with common substitutes.

Yours very truly,  
Bette Davis.

In closing, Miss Davis has this to add: "For the information of those who write in asking to purchase discarded items of my personal wardrobe, perfume bottles, or other items for a collection, I turn over all my personal toss-outs to the Hollywood Guild, 1284 North Crescent Heights Boulevard, Hollywood. The Guild, in turn, sells the material at a nominal figure and the money so collected is used to help distressed theatrical people living in this district."



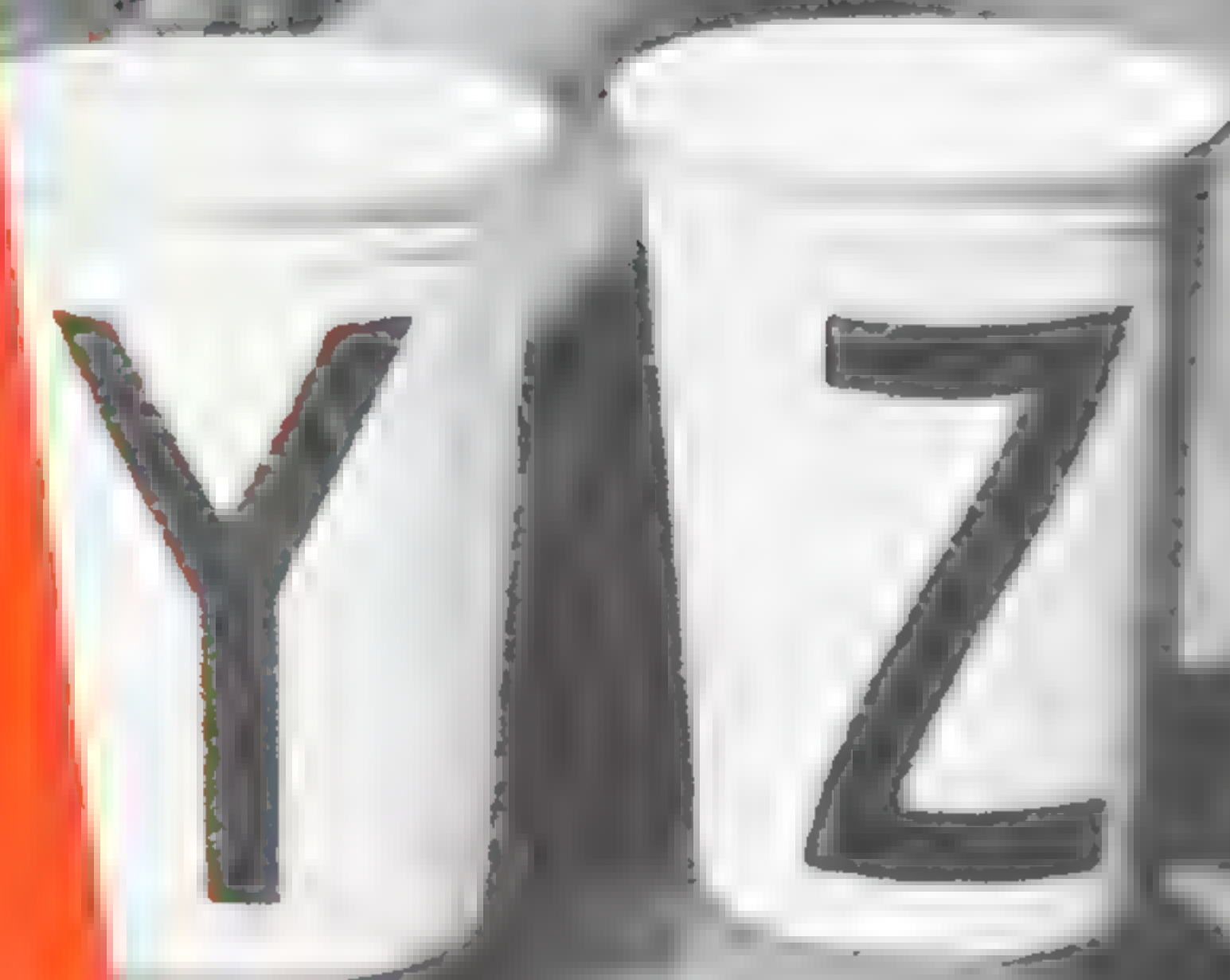
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**ROYAL CROWN COLA**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*Best by Taste-Test!*



## Portrait of a Lady With Red Hair

(Continued from page 41) grand pianos.

She gets a great kick out of playing "Indications," is a better-than-average business woman, and graduated the University of London, cum laude, Bachelor of Arts, First Class. She always suffers stagefright.

The lady who was Mrs. Miniver puts off being interviewed by the press but once cornered she will talk for hours. She has never attended a bullfight.

She sleeps on a small pillow which goes with her wherever she travels.

She rarely eats candy.

She ate a hamburger once which gave her indigestion, and on her mother's side she descends from Rob Roy McGregor, the Robin-Hoodish Scot warrior. She likes cider, piano concertos and a light, fresh cologne on men.

She has a violent aversion to amateur choirs and singers.

She can drive a car, cannot cook, and devotes her between-pictures time to various and sundry war work. She cannot crochet or knit.

She is easily deceived by people.

She sings a pleasing contralto, likes the smell of a delicatessen and is completely lacking in confidence when confronting a problem. She is very fond of oysters, fruit juices and small, informal parties.

She didn't want to play the role of Mrs. Chips, thinking the part "too small and quiet," and after it was done she concluded her work was "too insignificant, the less said about it, the better." She dotes on old 19th Century books on etiquette.

She is quick to criticize people she is fond of.

She once tried dieting, became violently ill and has since given it up. She liked most to stroll with her mother, last thing at night before bedtime, down Picadilly and Park Lane, and back home through Berkeley Square. She thinks the fish in Southern California is tasteless, and she never reads crime or detective stories because they upset her and make her fearful of the dark.

She likes old bindings, walking in the rain, and a corsage of mixed flowers from the garden. She loses her temper easily but never sulks.

GREER GARSON, under an emotional strain, gets a sudden pain in her temples. She thinks the most beautiful building she has ever seen was the church of Santa Maria Della Salute in Venice. She is never bothered by claustrophobia or atrophobia.

She is very fond of playing "The Man I Love" and the Kerry Dances. She cannot eat bouillabaisse.

Her mother is Scotch-Irish and her father was born in the Orkney Isles of Scandinavian parentage. She lives in an English country house in Hollywood's fashionable suburb, Bel-air.

She seldom dreams.

She likes taking pictures but is forever foreshortening the legs and arms of her subjects. She has never been on roller skates, has never worn glasses, and enjoys listening to sweet swing.

She never enters into political arguments. She has never attended a jitterbug session and, conditions permitting, she would like going on a motor tour of the North American continent, from Alaska to the Canal. She dislikes crowds.

Her mother has never called her by a pet name. She likes puttering around her garden, shopping for men's things, and watching aquatic contests.

She is always late at parties.

She considers herself a romanticist,

detests prize fights and the only time she was in an airplane was in a thirty-minute flight from Catalina Island to the mainland.

She flunked in mathematics at school. She is adept at archery and swims a mean crawl. She likes to recall that years ago—when she was ill and unhappy—a fortuneteller at Brighton, England, foretold everything that subsequently happened to her. She has never been to a fortuneteller since.

She is fond of dancing the tango, rhumba and Viennese waltz. She plays only a fair game of golf, likes breakfast in bed, and never enters a conga dancing ring. She likes bathing in the shower, changing her water from hot to cold. She wears no make-up off the screen.

Greer Garson sleeps lightly and is awakened by the slightest noise. She is specially fond of a cream cheese called St. Ivel Lactic and took a postgraduate course at the University of Grenoble, France, where she studied French, Latin and several archaic tongues.

Her father died when she was four months old.

She enjoys reading publicity about herself.

She doesn't like horseracing, attends previews of her own pictures only under pressure, and drinks white burgundy and champagne. She doesn't play bridge.

SHE likes raspberries for breakfast, is most comfortable in French heels, and as a little girl was a tomboy and played mostly with boys.

She avoids the company of pretentious people and will go into raptures over a haggis—a curious Scotch dish made by stuffing the stomach of a sheep with minced meat. She envies women who can wear flowers or ribbons in their hair, a vanity she cannot enjoy because of the vividness of her own coloring.

She used to keep an unsheathed scimitar under her bed, as a young girl, for fear of burglars. She has a nostalgic love of old English folk songs, the ancient sycamores in her garden, and flowers in her bedroom.

She can negotiate ice-skating only when flanked by two men. She has tea every afternoon at five.

Her first part on the stage was in Jewish dialect in "Street Scene," for which she wore a black wig. She cannot resist browsing through antique shops, has never had the habit of biting her fingernails, and would like someday to essay the roles of Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Macbeth.

She does not understand American football.

She does not go in for calisthenics and has never been able to get someone to lend her James Joyce's "Ulysses." She was exceptionally good at school in spelling and chemistry and has never had to wear braces on her teeth.

She was nicknamed Ginger as a youngster, which she detested, and when she was nineteen she was manager of an information bureau and market research department for a London advertising firm.

She goes through a regular ritual when sleeping—first on her back and then on her right side. She likes quiet evenings at home, California sunshine and coffee with sugar and cream.

SHE suffered a multiple ordeal in the making of "Mrs. Miniver" because so many of her loved ones were going through the same experiences. She was born under the constellation of Venus



**WHENEVER I NEEDED** a laxative, I'd take down the bottle, pour out a spoonful and hold my nose while I swallowed the nasty-tasting stuff. And how it upset me! It was just *too strong!*

**THEN I WENT** to the other extreme. I tried another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But the medicine only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*



**ONE DAY, I GOT** a bright idea! I decided to give Ex-Lax a trial. It tasted swell—just like fine chocolate! And it was so pleasant to find that it works *easily and effectively* at the same time. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

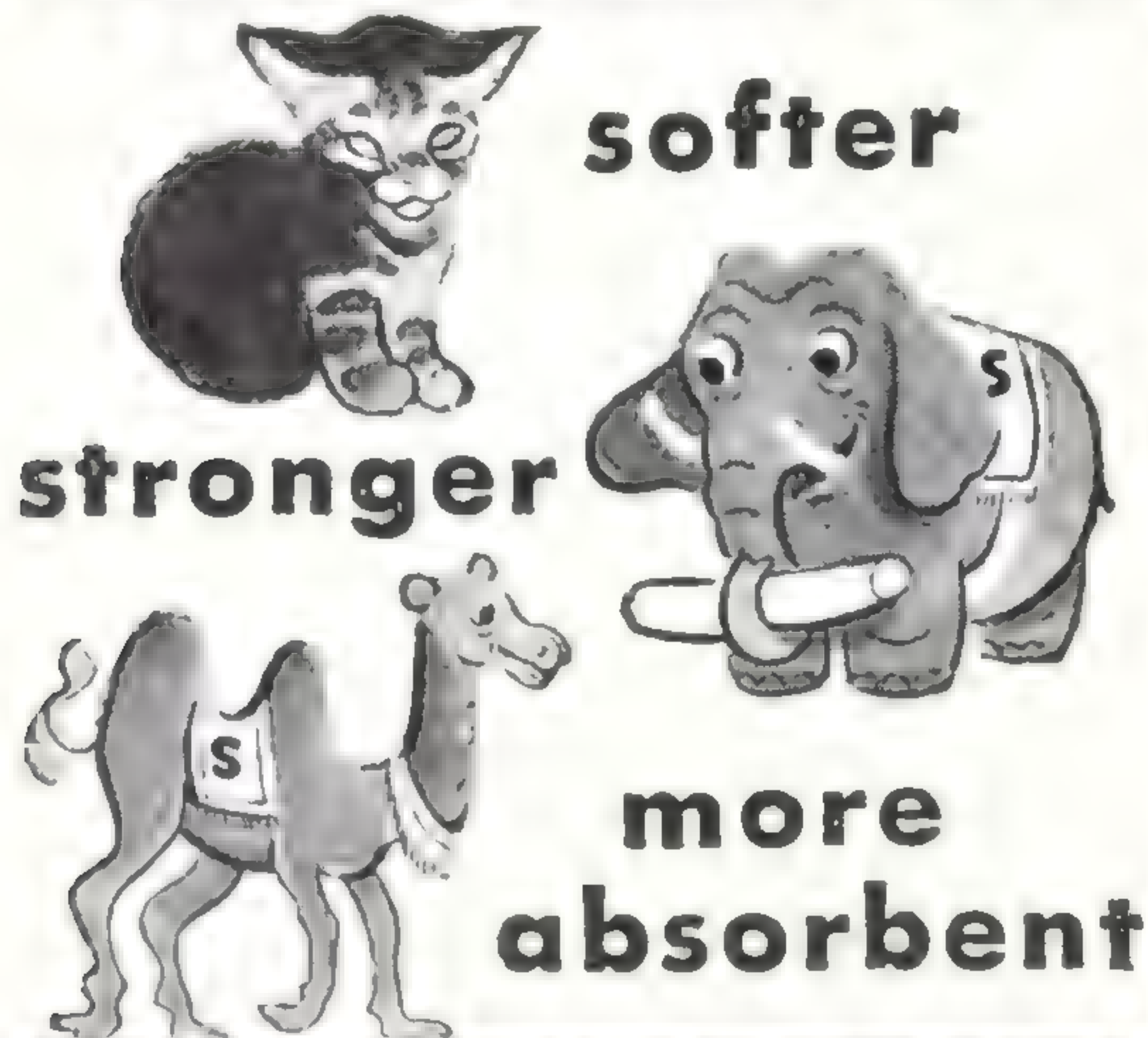
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and has a great weakness for shells and coral, of which she has an attractive collection.

She doesn't like reading in bed, has a secret yen to do a play about Queen Elizabeth on the New York stage, and hopes someday to go in seriously for gardening, interior decorating and writing.

She eats a great deal of yoghurt, a kind of Turkish curdled milk. Her father was an importer and commission agent.

She is the first of her people to take to the theater and she tutored Cambridge students for their entrance exams when she was fifteen years old and too young herself to be admitted to the University.

She can tolerate coloratura sopranos only as musical instruments, and her first professional appearance was with the Birmingham Repertory Theater at twenty dollars a week. Greer Garson was induced to come to Hollywood because Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M told her that the sunshine would add another ten years to her mother's life.

She made her reputation on the London stage in brittle comedy and she was hailed by the critics as "that splendid new American actress." She was seven years old when she tried desperately to join a troupe of pierrots. She was four when she recited a piece in the village town hall and was awarded the first prize—a moldy box of chocolate, which was a foretaste of the disillusionments that were to beset her on a theatrical career.

Her most valued possession is a little china pig, covered with shamrocks, which her mother gave her when she was five, in lieu of a live baby pig, which Greer had wanted. She places high value on it because her inner disappointment and polite acceptance marked a turning point in her character development.

The End.

## A-to-Z Girl

(Continued from page 43) I was going to join his band, Mother said, 'Who will pick up for you, Janey? I'm worried about it—you can't get along alone.'

"I said, 'Oh, I'll find someone.' I found a nice fellow in the band. He would follow me or back-track me and pick up what I forget. I was only seventeen and the baby of the troupe, so they spoiled me.

"Once when that boy wasn't on hand I forgot my fur jacket. We were fifty miles along the road before we discovered I didn't have it and we had to drive all the way back for it.

"Soon after I joined the band we started south. I was all excited about going to Florida and got a lot of Palm Beach clothes, evening dresses and bathing suits. But on the way down we ran into that '39 weather that the natives claimed was the worst they had had in forty years.

"It was snowing in Atlanta and so cold in Tampa, Florida, that the boys had to wear overcoats and gloves to play in the pavilion. I wore an evening dress, with woolen underwear under it and a fur coat over it. And woolen socks and galoshes to keep my feet from freezing."

JANET admits she got a warmer reception the following season when she came to Hollywood. Touring the country with Hal Kemp and his boys for a year had polished off her amateur edges. Her voice, her dancing and her personality had improved. The name Janet Blair—the Blair coming from Blair County, Pennsylvania—was well known in jive circles by the time the band headed for the home of the cinema.

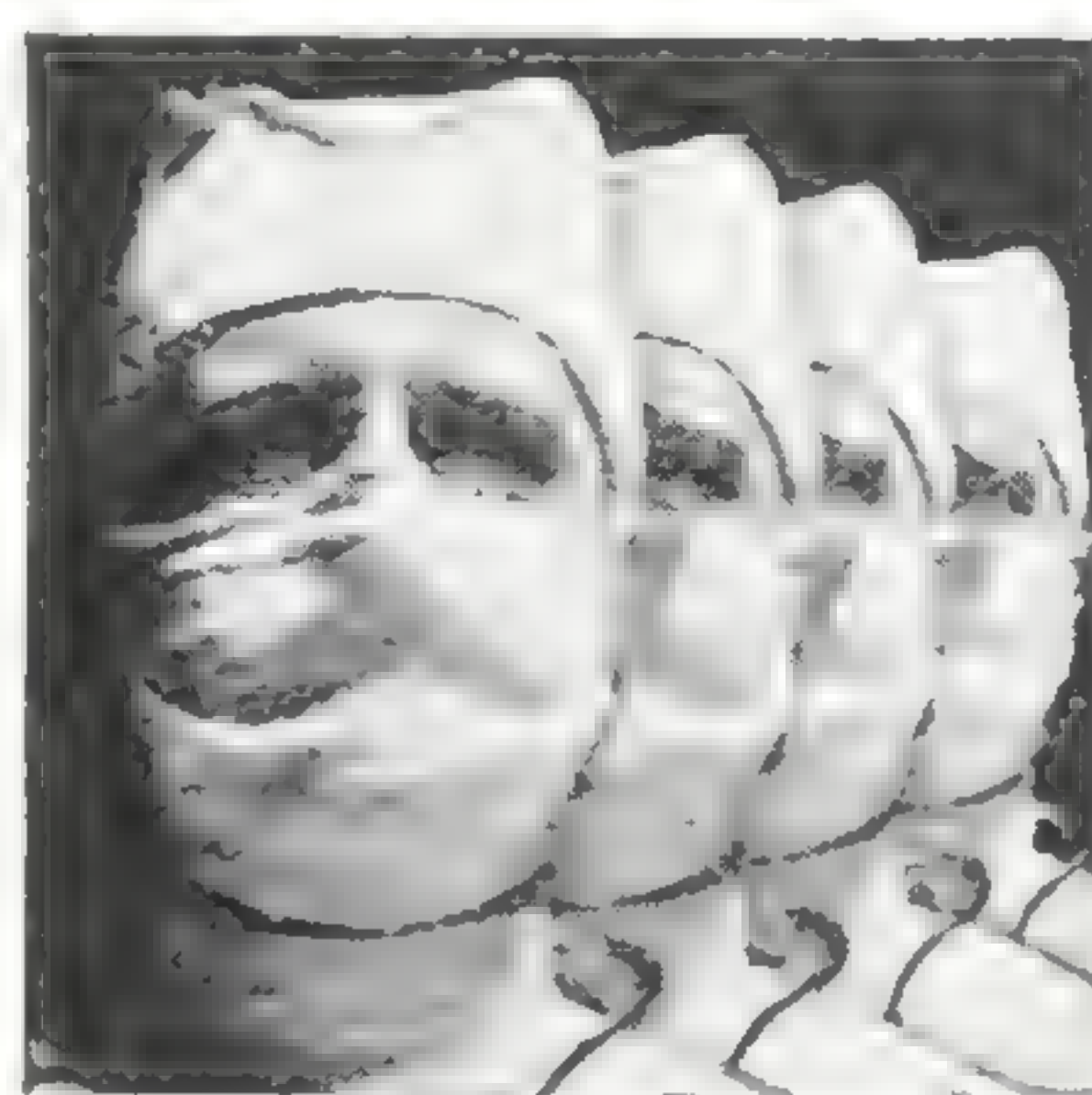


If babies were kept under glass they would be guarded against contact with many harmful germs in the air. Of course this is impossible. But, today, greatly increased protection for babies' skin is provided by an improved antiseptic baby powder from the Mennen laboratories.

Speed camera registers baby's motions, shows need for protection against constant friction of skin against skin, and clothing against skin. New Mennen Powder, made by special "hammerizing" process, is super-smooth, protects baby's skin far better against friction.

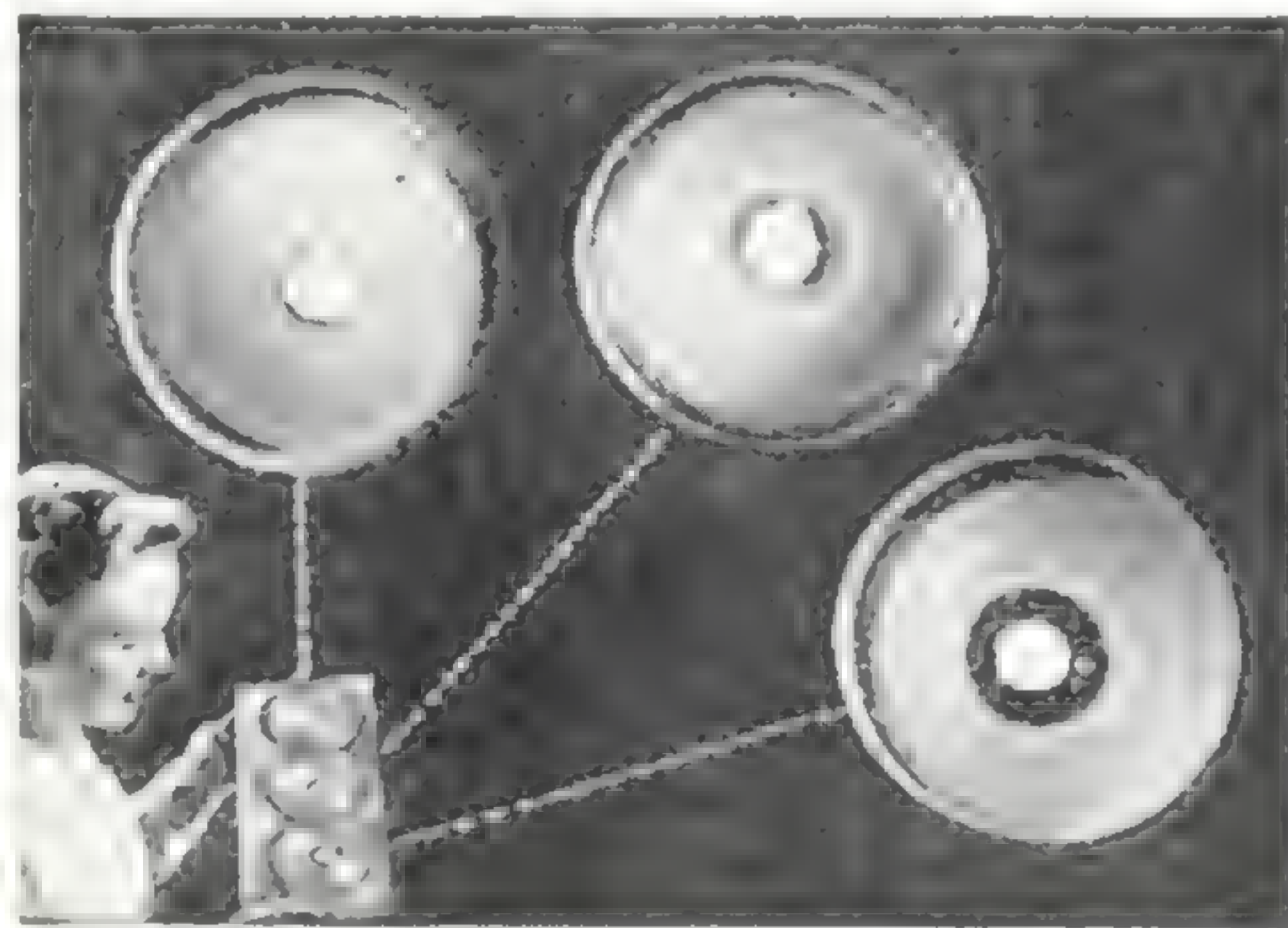


## NEW DISCOVERIES SHATTER OLD IDEAS ABOUT BABY POWDER

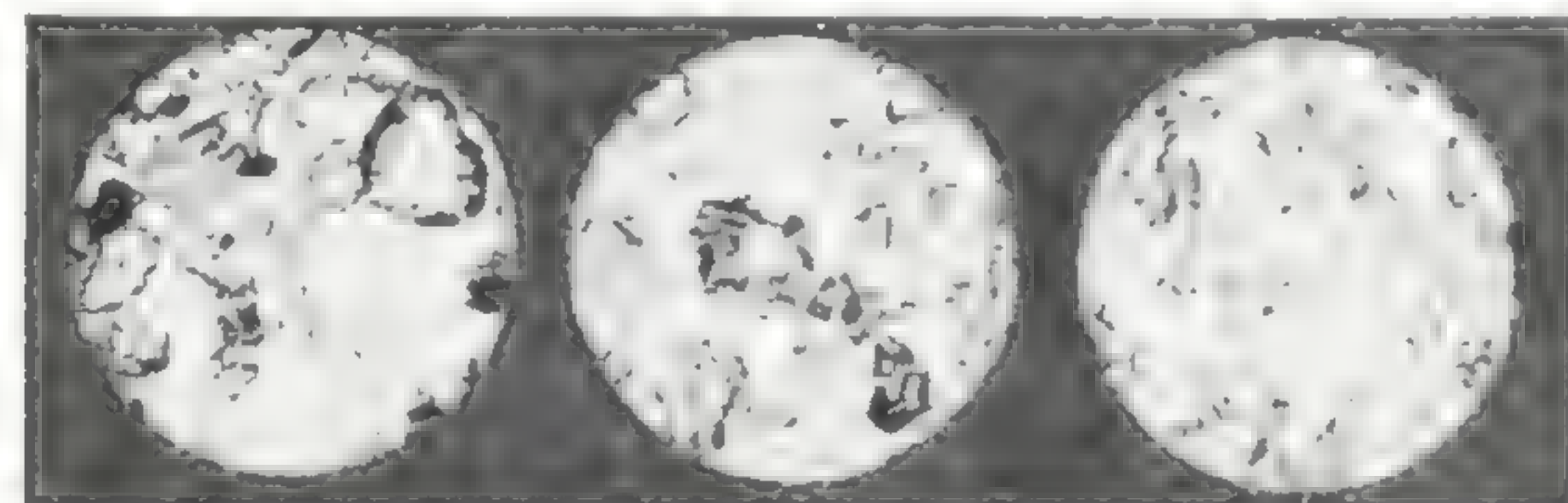


3 out of 4 doctors stated in survey that baby powder should be antiseptic.

UNTIL RECENTLY, baby powders have been regarded as little more than cosmetics...have been bought by "smell" and "feel." But now Mennen has perfected a new baby powder that keeps baby's skin safer in two ways: (1) by definitely antiseptic action it helps protect baby's skin against harmful germs; (2) by its superior anti-frictional qualities, it helps prevent chafing, irritation and the "breaks" in skin which may admit harmful germs. With these important protective qualities, new Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder—also improved by more delicate scent—offers mothers a valuable new baby health aid. Best for baby, it's also best for you. Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco, Toronto.



Germ-killing tests of 3 leading powders show that new Mennen Powder (above, lower right) has definite antiseptic superiority. Center of each round plate contains a different baby powder. In pale areas, germs are thriving; but in dark area (note center of Mennen plate) germ growth has been prevented.




"Hammerizing" Process gives Mennen powder amazing new fineness. Photos above, taken through microscope, compare 3 leading baby powders. Mennen (extreme right) is (1) smoother, (2) finer, (3) more uniform in texture, protects baby's skin better against chafing and friction.





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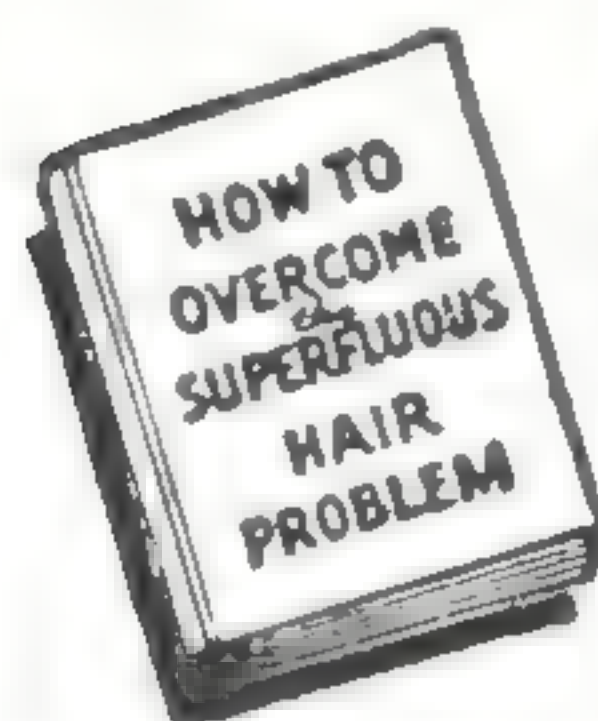
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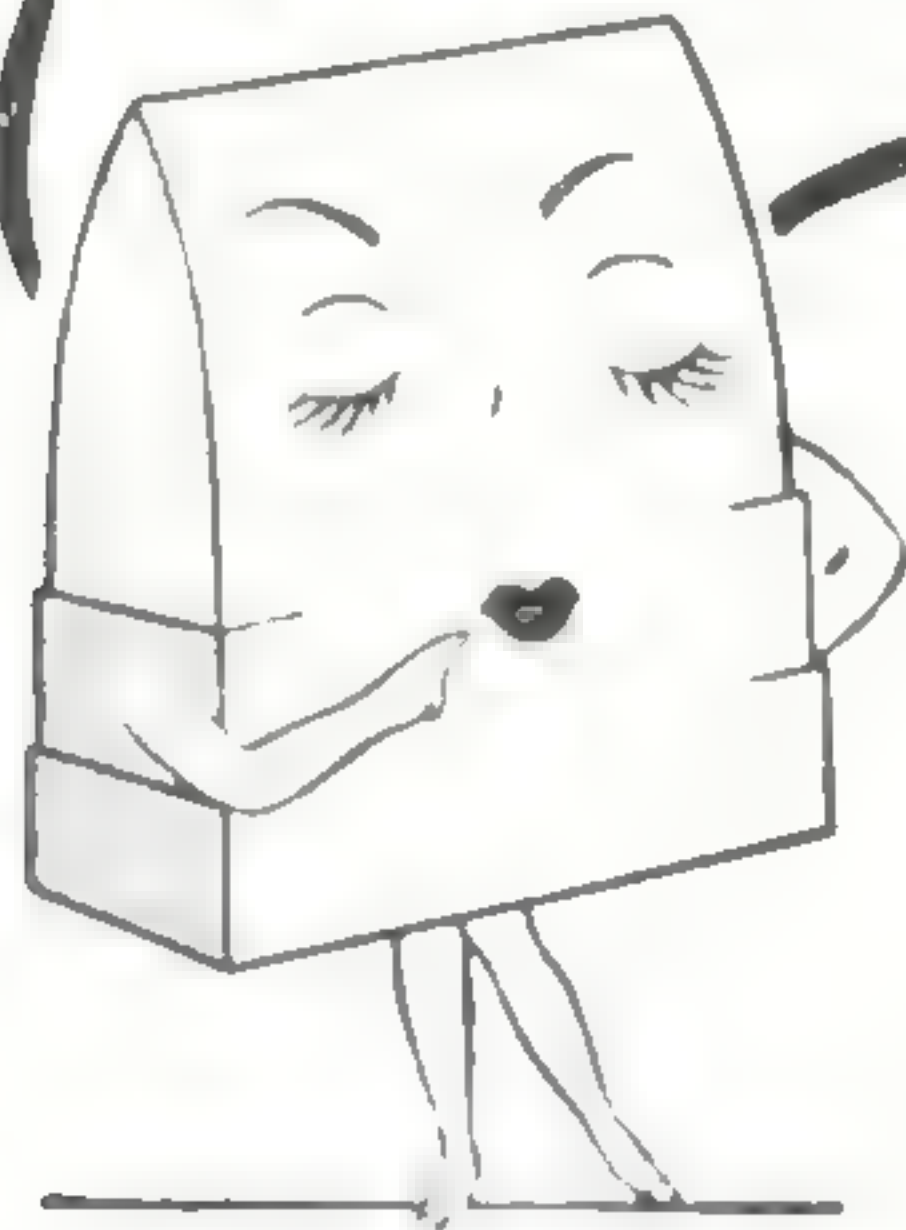
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**OUTSELLS ALL FOUNDATIONS**

"We were on our way to fill an engagement at the Coconut Grove," recalls Janet, "and the thought of coming to Hollywood wowed me. I was always a great movie fan and I couldn't wait till I got here.

"Without stopping to unpack my bags I sailed out of the hotel, looking for dress shops. 'I've just got to have a beautiful dress to open in Hollywood,' I told myself.

"Not having Louise along to manage things, I had no money. But I made up my mind to get that dress, somehow.

"I found a beautiful, luscious pink dress and asked them to hold it for me.

"As I was entering the hotel I met the quietest boy in the band. He never mixed; but now he stopped and said, 'Janet, you look sunk. What's the matter?'

"I said it was opening night and that I felt awful because I couldn't buy the beautiful dress I had seen. He lent me the money—\$65. It took me months to pay him back on the instalment plan.

"That first night at the Grove I outdid myself and sang and looked better than I ever did before, or ever will again, I guess. It was the excitement, or the new dress, or something.

"Some producers came back after the show and said they would have tests made of me. But I refused, because I loved singing and being with the band so much."

LATER, after Hal Kemp's death and the breaking up of the band, Janet followed the advice of agents and the NBC Artists' Bureau and returned to Hollywood. On the strength of the glowing accounts of her from New York, Columbia signed her and made her one of the "Three Girls About Town" with Joan Blondell and Binnie Barnes. Next they put her into a "Blondie" picture for additional camera experience and immediately thereafter gave her the feminine lead opposite Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy in "Two Yanks In Trinidad."

Remembering the tips and coaching she had received from Joan Blondell and Binnie Barnes, Janet expected to crash the "My Sister Eileen" set and soak up comedy technique from the sidelines, watching her favorite, Roz Russell, in action. But overnight the studio decided to cast Janet as Eileen, notified her to be ready to start the next day. Of course there were no clothes ready for her and she had fittings until after twelve that night. Next morning she was up at 5:30

to be on the set in time to get her final instructions before shooting began.

From that moment on Janet was in ecstasy. "I'm very much like the character Eileen that I play in this picture. In real life it's Louise, my older sister, who looks after me.

"She always told me what to do. When our mother took us to a store and told us to pick out what we wanted, Louise would pick the biggest ring or the fluffiest dress for herself. Then, so Mother wouldn't have to spend too much money, she would find something very small or plain for me and say, 'You want that, don't you, Janey? Say yes, Janey.' And like a dope, I'd say yes.

"And she still tells me what I want. But I'd have a terrible time getting along without her. She runs our apartment and keeps me from getting tangled up.

"At first we had a little tough sledding, as Louise had a hard time getting work in a California hospital. She's a laboratory technician and practically all I made went for music lessons. But we were too proud to ask Mother or Dad for help, so we just sat tight, till Louise did find a job. And now we're sitting pretty."

JANET is not quite twenty-one; is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and had reddish-chestnut hair till they bleached it for this picture. She still sketches and dabbles in oils and water colors. She practices ballet regularly when not buried in a picture. She loves comic strips, Du Maurier's writings and symphonic music. She collects lipsticks and match boxes. She likes oatmeal, ice cream and coffee and abhors cakes and pies. She can't cook, sister Louise doing the practical things for the family.

Janet has a wardrobe of twenty-five formals, a dozen sport outfits, thirty-one pairs of shoes, sixteen pairs of slacks and not a single house dress.

She enjoys practically all outdoor sports and adores dancing.

Her heart belongs to Private Lou Busch, who was a pianist with the orchestra with which she sang. She announced to an interested Hollywood that she would marry him as soon as his Army assignments permit. Her heart always did belong to him; the glamour of Hollywood and its males never turned her pretty head. Which is by way of being a phenomenon.

In fact, she's a phenomenon in more ways than one, this A-to-Z girl.

The End

The A-to-Z Girl, Janet Blair, teaches Jiggs, of the cast of her current film, "Something To Shout About," some a-b-c's of the picture business





## Awf'ly Nice

(Continued from page 49) All this being so, there remains the mystery of his acting, mature beyond that of many grown-ups. To call him a child actor falls wide of the mark. He's an actor who happens to be twelve, but who conveys emotion with the sureness of experience and the sensitivity of understanding.

It's a mystery that can't be wholly explained, any more than you can explain the young Mozart. A child is born with a gift. But Roddy's parents are partly responsible—if not for the gift, then for helping to mould an integrated personality which can use its gift to the best advantage.

**R**ODDY'S father came from a strictly regulated home. His mother spent much of her girlhood in boarding schools. For their children, they decided before they ever had any children, things would be different. From the time consciousness dawned, Roddy and Virginia were treated like human entities. They lived not merely under their parents' roof, but *with* their parents. They weren't shunted off to the nursery or banished with relief at six because it was bedtime. No Sunday invitation was accepted without consulting them. They had the same right as their elders, the McDowalls contended, to choose not to be bored. Each relished the society of the other three. There happened to be no other children in the neighboring houses on Herne Hill where they lived, so Roddy and Virginia invented their own games and played them together.

Their father, of the Merchant Marine in both World Wars, taught his son to sail and passed on to him his own love of ships. Nothing that came within the scope of a child's comprehension was too difficult to be explained.

The children have never disobeyed, not because they're goody-goods, but because the need to assert themselves through revolt hasn't arisen. Allowed every fair latitude, they take it for granted that their mother doesn't say no except for sufficient reason, so they don't argue. Mrs. McDowall doesn't give orders. She makes a suggestion, and it's followed. She doesn't remember when she last punished either. Roddy does. He got in a fight with Virginia and threw something at her and it hit her head and he got spanked. He was five then.

Their dramatic careers—Virginia acted in England and you'll see her in Twentieth's "This Above All"—were launched by their supposed shyness. The elocution teacher at their school suggested lessons to help them overcome it. Mrs. McDowall didn't know what she was talking about. "Shy, indeed! You should see them at home. If you mean they're well-behaved in school, it's because they know they have to be."

She had nothing against the lessons, however, and the McDowalls, brother and sister, wound up by copping every prize in sight. Entered in the same competition, Virginia would look to her own defeat as a foregone conclusion. "Thank heavens Roddy's not in the next one. I might get first place." But she said it equably. Sisterly pride went deeper than professional rivalry.

Mrs. McDowall grew weary of being told that her child was marvelous and ought to be in films. "How does one go about it?" Nobody knew. At length she took matters into her own hands. A columnist wrote that Monty Banks needed a boy for his new picture with Gracie Fields.

As Roddy tells it: "Mummy phoned him up and he was quite rude to Mummy. He said, 'You're the nine hundred and ninety-ninth person to phone me up today, how'm I to know where Monty Banks is?' So Mummy said, 'If you print such things in your column, you must expect to have people phoning you up.' Well, probably seeing the logic of that, though still cross, he said: 'I left him at the Dorchester half an hour ago and for all I know he's still there.' So Mummy said, 'Thank you very much,' and then she said, 'I don't suppose I'll get him, but there's no harm in trying.'

"Well, curiously enough, she did get him and he was very nice and said send some photographs. But I was too small or something was wrong with me and I didn't get the part. However, he advised Mummy where to go and I finally got in a film by the name of 'Scruffy.'"

**H**E continued his new career till the war. He knows what bombs are like. "They whistle," he says, "like a thousand people screaming." Air raids don't scare him. "Beforehand, you think, I wonder what it's going to be like. The first raid we ever experienced was in somebody's house and the man ran around saying nobody get nervous, and Mummy just looked at him and I looked at Mummy, and she wasn't scared, so neither was I."

"After you've had eight or nine, you really get tired of them, it becomes just something you expect. You say, 'Hitler hasn't come over yet, he should be here in about an hour,' then you go about your business."

His second raid caught him in a taxi with his mother. Before she could stop him, he had his head through the window, informing her that it wasn't a very good raid, he couldn't see the bombs.

Not till Westminster was hit did the thing happen to Roddy which has happened to so many Britishers, crystallizing a general emotion into something deeper and more passionate. Roddy has a special feeling for the Abbey, tied up with his special feeling for history. He'd roamed it often, been allowed to sit in the King's Stall and in Kitchener's. "If they hit the Abbey, Mummy," he'd said, "I can't stand it." He rarely shows temper, cries still more rarely. But when he heard that they'd hit the Abbey, he ground his fists together and half raised them. His mother went to him, but he shook off comfort. "I hate Hitler!" he blazed, then ran to his room and sobbed for hours.

**T**HOMAS McDOWALL rejoined the Merchant Marine and sent his family to America. After boarding ship, orders came which kept them in Liverpool harbor for six days. German bombers tried again and again but failed to hit them. The difference between the children—perhaps between male and female the world over—was underscored when a submarine attacked at sea. Roddy went wild with excitement, pleading to be allowed on deck, so he could watch them throw the depth charges. Vaguer about the details of warfare, Virginia asked: "Are there men in that submarine?"

"Of course—"

"But they'll be killed!"

"Of course," yelped Roddy.

Mrs. McDowall had planned to register the young ones with an agent, then go on with them to her brother in Washington. But they happened to arrive at the height of an intensive search on the part of Darryl Zanuck and his scouts for a child to play *Huw* in "How Green Was

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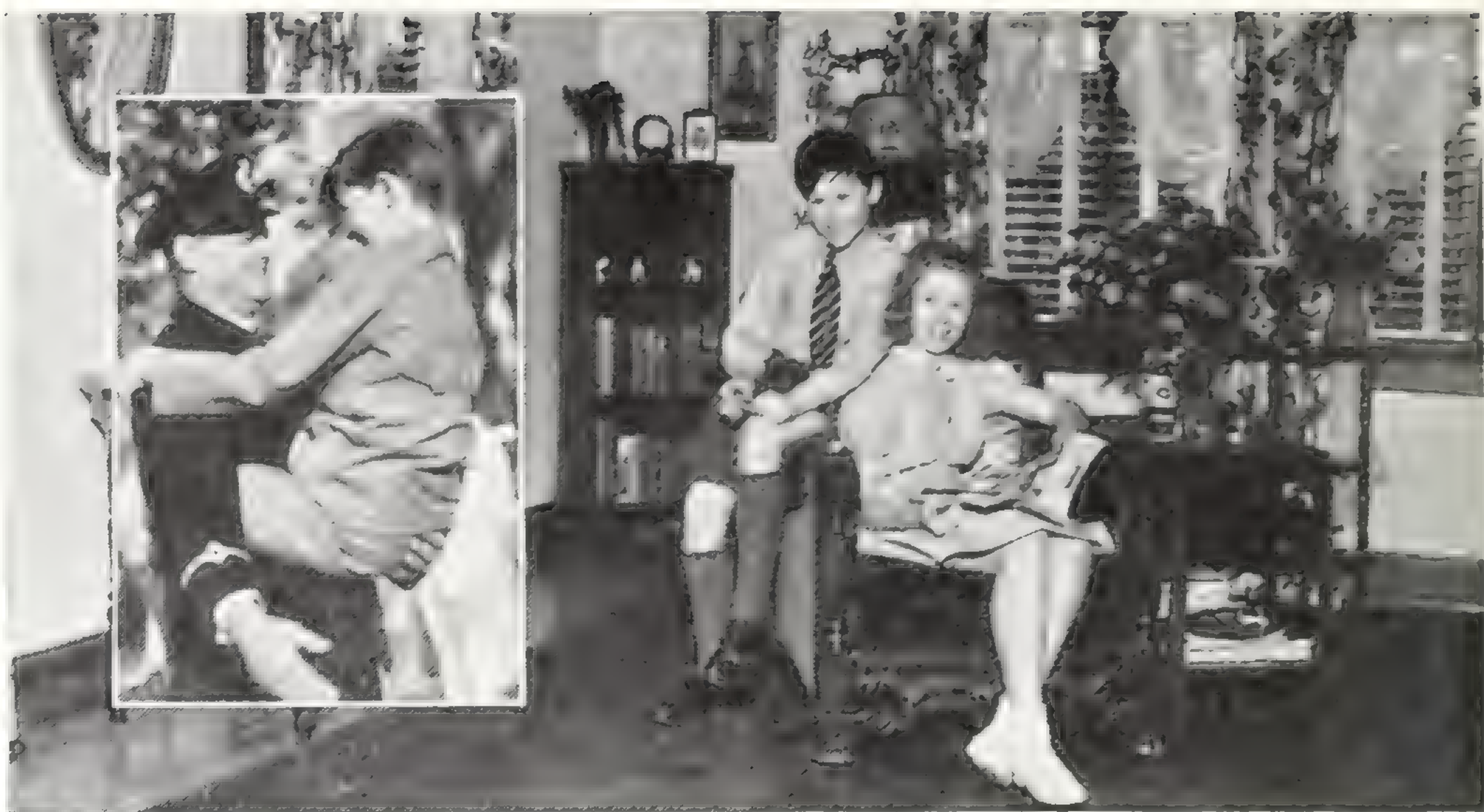


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Roddy thinks America's “awf'ly nice,” likes his California home. But most of all he and Virginia miss their father, officer in the Merchant Marine

My Valley.” A test of Roddy and the search was ended. With time only for hello and good-by to their Washington relatives, they were hurried to Hollywood.

Roddy thinks America's *awf'ly* nice. He misses England, of course. First, there was the terrible depression of leaving Daddy and home and all the people he knew. He misses the parrot, though the parrot never liked him. He misses Marutti, the most astonishing cat in England, who jumps into the bookcase when the siren goes and, when he hears the ‘all-clear, jumps out again. He misses Granny and Alice, the housekeeper, and George, Alice's husband. Most of all he misses the father who was his good companion.

Naïveté and poise are so mixed in him that you can't tell where one will stop and the other break out. Good manners and an extensive vocabulary make him seem adult. He loves Shakespeare but he also loves “Superman” and “True Comics,” popped with excitement on meeting the editor of the last-named and suggested that she wasn't giving George Washington enough space. His passion for Shakespeare was born when he heard an older boy at dramatic school read *King Henry's* lines to *Montjoy*, beginning: “Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back and tell thy king I do not seek him now.”

“I'd like to be able to say poetry like that,” sighed Roddy.

He was all of eight, so his mother said, “Don't be absurd, my beautiful child.”

“I like the sound,” he persisted. “Will you teach it to me so I can understand it?”

But he spouts Red Skelton with equal delight, crowing on no provocation whatever, “If I doood it, I would only get a *whip-ping*.”

HE wouldn't say he loves school. He doesn't think anybody *loves* school, but neither does he hate it—except for arithmetic. Unlike Virginia, he'd rather be read to than read. When Virginia gets in a book, she's entirely away from anything else, she's just in the book, when you say hello, she won't hear you. Their favorite story of all time is Kenneth Grahame's “Wind In The Willows,” and they name themselves and friends after its characters. It's no uncommon thing to hear Roddy greet someone politely as Mr. Toad. “How are you, Mr. Toad?”

“I'm fine, Rat. And Mole?”

“Mole's well, thank you.”

He's perceptive about people. After playing with Donald Crisp, he said: “You know, Mummy, if I were in sore trouble, I'd go to Mr. Crisp.” Bette Davis is more than just his favorite actress. “She's *awf'ly* nice!” he breathes worshipfully “And she's such a good person too.”

VIRGINIA remains his preferred playmate. They attend the studio school together, giggle over Jack Benny, thrill to the Gangbusters, consider the Lux show No. 1 on the air and would take in a movie every day, time and Mummy willing. Vee pastes up her brother's stills and clippings, with such care as only love could bring to the job. They still invent games. There's a complicated affair called “Offices.” Roddy's an agent, Virginia his partner and secretary. They have heaps of marvelous clients. Someone like Gary Cooper phones up and asks for an appointment. They give him an appointment for ten next morning, consult their books, see how much money he makes, dash over to the studio and fight for a raise. Next morning Gary looks it over. If he's entirely satisfied, he signs it and the firm of McDowall and McDowall has another client.

Or Roddy puts on an opera, solo, singing hero and heroine, villain and comic, in ear-splitting falsetto and treble bass. As various members of the audience, Virginia reacts. She fancies Roddy as a comic. “He says things right off the bat like Bob Hope, only not quite so good.”

She fancies him as a brother too. “Of course he's inhuman about cake and I have to lambaste him when he makes rude remarks on the subject of Errol Flynn.”

“Errol Flynn,” observes Roddy, “keeps my sister's heart aflutter—”

He also makes rude remarks about Roddy McDowall. “When I see myself in films, I feel strongly impelled to look the other way.” He thinks people are awf'ly kind to like him, but if they tell him so, it sort of makes him feel funny, shy in a way. The fact that he's starring in “The Pied Piper” and that Twentieth Century-Fox bought “My Friend Flicka” for him leaves him uninflated as it found him. He's still unaware of his own professional stature. Having bumped an executive with the bike he was learning to ride, he high-tailed it to his mother, gasping, “I just ran Mr. Silvey down. Oh Mummy, I'm afraid we'll all be bounced.”

To borrow a phrase, he's awf'ly nice. The End.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



## I Married a "Killer"

(Continued from page 45) forget my first glimpse of him. I had asked him to come in and see me after I'd heard him on the radio. He was wearing a long white trench coat. He was quite sunburned and his hair had been bleached blond by the sun. Yet his eyebrows and his eyelashes were pitch-black over level green eyes.

Alan's voice impressed me, too. It was deep, rich and full. I asked him if he would sign a contract with me.

He said he didn't know whether he wanted to be in pictures. He had tried to get into pictures and finally decided that pictures were not good for him, that he should stick to radio. And Columbia Broadcasting Company had offered to sign him up.

But then he said, "May I let you know in ten days?"

Ten days afterwards he was back. He told me later that he sat down intending to say, "I'm signing with Columbia," and to explain why. But instead he said, "Where's your contract?"

I don't know what made him change his mind. Just impulse, I think. He is always impulsive.

AS A dancer Alan is wonderful. He has a swing in his dancing I've never seen before. But he will sit down to a rhumba. He wants to dance the rhumba, and strangely enough he can dance it, but he's not as good at a rhumba as other dances. And if Alan can't do something better than most people can, he won't do it at all when anyone's watching. If he likes to do something, he slaves at it till he's perfect.

That's how he became such a magnificent diver and swimmer. He used to tie boards to his legs when he slept, to improve his diving form. He had a springboard under the garage and used to practice on that until he almost knocked down the building.

He has told me that the first time he went to a dance he felt he couldn't dance. He wouldn't ask a girl to dance with him till he was fairly good, so he went home and practiced by himself for months.

He can play a fair game of golf or tennis, but if you were to ask him, "Do you play golf?" or "Do you play tennis?" he would say, "No, I never play." If he's only average at something, he won't admit that he can do it at all.

He loves moving pictures. We go about five times a week. He likes double features and likes to sit through a program from beginning to end. Sometimes he'll see each picture twice and he particularly enjoys cartoons.

He thinks Cary Grant, Ronald Colman and Jean Arthur are excellent and he admires Gary Cooper and Bing Crosby. He used to sneak into Paramount through the graveyard when he was a small boy to watch pictures being made. He thinks Loretta Young is a remarkable actress and is very happy over the fact that she will be in his next picture, "China."

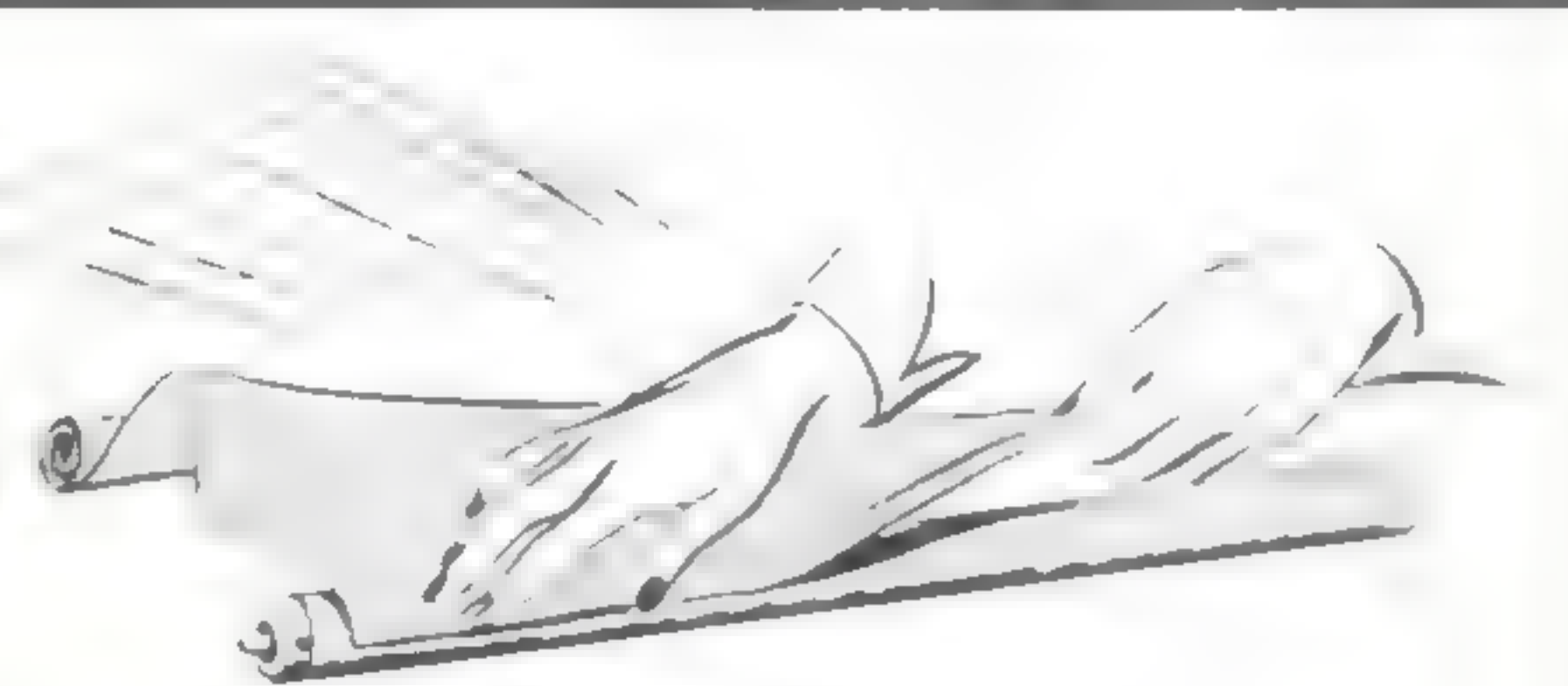
WHEN Alan received his acclaim in "This Gun For Hire" every agency in the business began to bid for a share in his contract. At first I thought that nothing would ever induce me to sell any part of his contract. I told myself that being married to Alan would make no difference.

But after we were married, I found

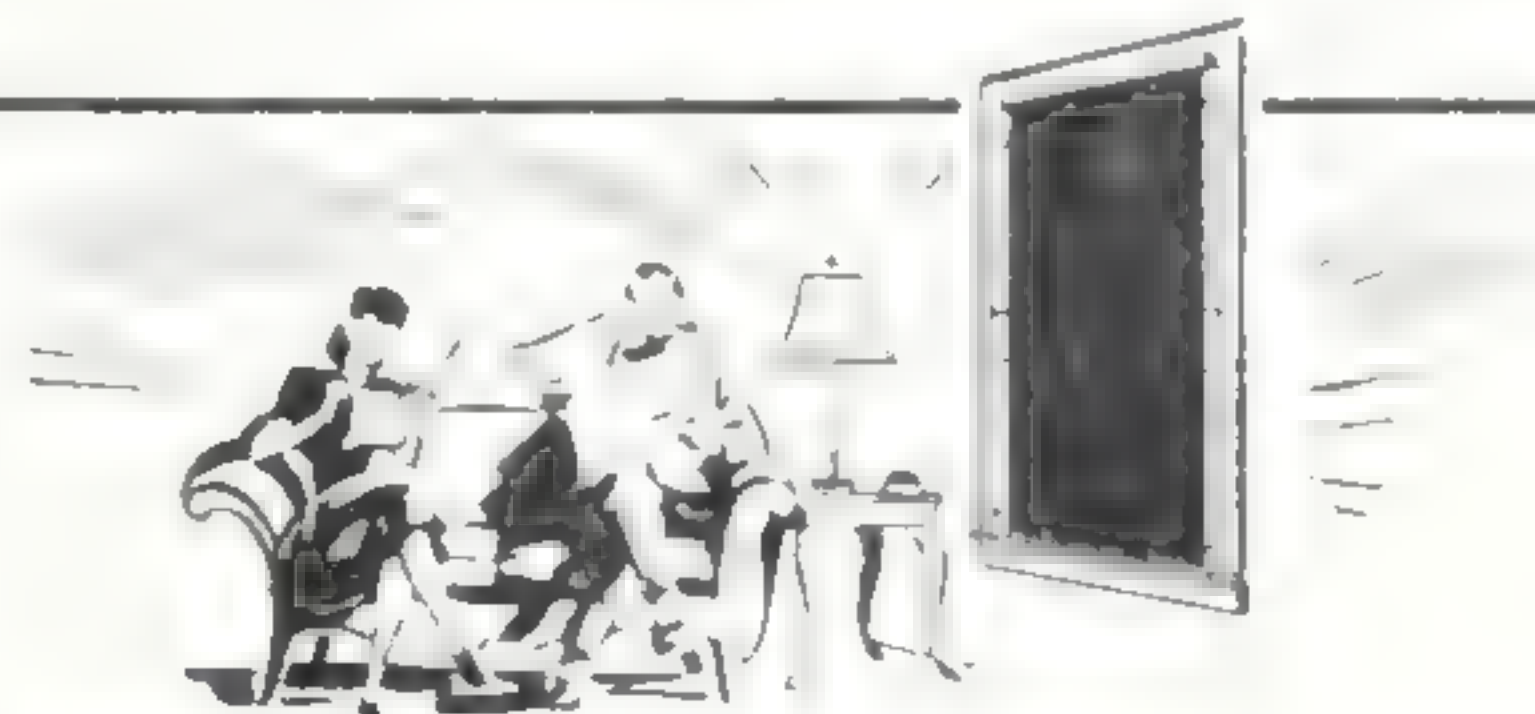
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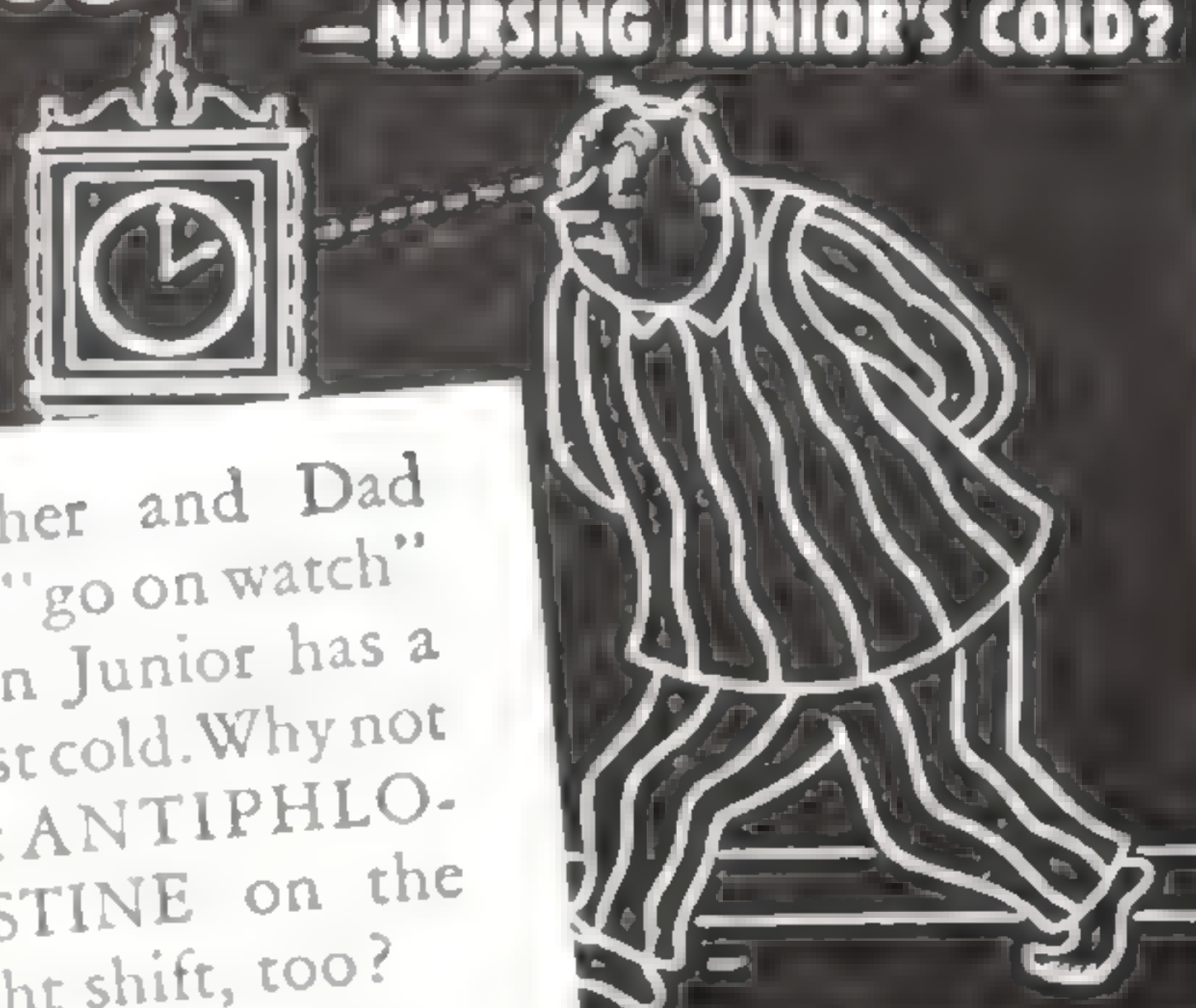
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that even though I had told myself it would make no difference, I was very much embarrassed asking for anything for Alan. It was like asking for myself. So I changed my mind. I went to the people who I thought were the best agents for Alan and gave them a half-interest in his contract. It seems much better that way.

And Alan is not the type of person who can fight for himself. He's clever and understands people, but he shows his emotions too plainly. If he wanted a role badly, he'd be willing to play it for marbles.

He is always afraid that he has given a bad performance. The night of the preview of "This Gun For Hire," I could feel his heart going like a trip-hammer. Every time someone walked out of the theater (even though it might have been just to get a glass of water) he was sure it was because his performance was bad. It never occurred to him that they might walk out because of someone else's poor performance or for some other reason.

You can always read Alan's emotions on his face except when he is ribbing people. Then he has the deadest pan you ever saw in your life. Sometimes it doesn't occur to them for hours that they are being ribbed!

UNTIL he achieved his success in pictures, Alan had been poor most of his life and had had to do strictly without luxuries.

He is still careful in buying things for himself, though not so much as he used to be. Still if he sees two shirts and one is twice the price of the other, he will buy the cheaper one, even though he likes the more expensive shirt better.

But Alan is just the opposite with me. When we were in New York, we decided that it might be a good idea, since we were going so many places, for me to get a new fur coat. So I ordered a coat and I tried to be a little bit thrifty in ordering it. When Alan saw the fur I had already ordered, he made me cancel it. Instead he bought me a beautiful platinum fox, far more expensive than the fur I had selected!

Yet there have been times when he has been a little "out of patience" with me. Usually, they were times when I came late for an appointment. Alan himself is always punctual and I am usually un-punctual. He has tried and tried to cure me, without much success. It makes him anxious and nervous when I am late.

Alan in many ways is like a small boy. He reads every inch of the funny papers. *Blondie* and *Flash Gordon* are his favorites. Alan loves all heroes, real or

fictional—*Superman*, *Flash Gordon*, *Lawrence of Arabia* (whom he'd like to play in a picture). He would like to be like the late Douglas Fairbanks.

ALAN, for the first time in his life, now has peace of mind. Before we were married, I used to think he was very moody. But it was the financial worries. Since we've been married, I don't find him moody.

He can't get used to the idea that he is now considered a celebrity. He gets a great thrill out of people's recognizing him and will stop to talk to anyone who tries to talk to him. He's flattered when people ask for his autograph.

One night in New York, he appeared at Kate Smith's broadcast. In front of the studio, throngs of people gathered around him, asking for his autograph. He said he'd give it to them when he came out if they'd let him go in.

When he was on his way out a rather important player who used to be a star said, "You don't want to get into this mess, of course." The boys at the broadcasting station are used to putting celebrities in cabs and whisking them away. So Alan and I were whisked into a cab; the cab started out and people ran after us.

When we got home, Alan was very quiet all evening. Then he said miserably, "I feel sick when I think of all the people who waited for an autograph till the show was over and then I ran out on them."

"I thought you wanted to get home in a hurry," I said. "I thought you didn't want to spend half the evening signing autographs."

"I thought you didn't want me to," Alan said. "I wanted to, very much. I got into the cab because I thought that was what you wanted, Sue."

THAT taught us both a lesson. If Alan is happy signing autographs for people who want them, there'll be no more cabs to whisk us away. Ever since that day, Alan has answered all requests for autographs whenever possible.

He is awed when anyone of importance treats him, Alan Ladd, as if he were also important. Recently Buddy de Sylva, head of Paramount, came to Alan's birthday party and invited us to the de Sylva home for dinner. Alan is still pinching himself to find out if it's true.

And I'm still pinching myself when I think that I'm married to Laddie. I love my work and have no intention, in spite of the rumors that have gone the rounds, of retiring from it. But just the same, I'd rather be Mrs. Alan Ladd than First Lady of the Land.

The End

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## Two against Love

(Continued from page 48) unhappy face I'd ever seen.

"This is Miss Howells, Mr. Sloane," Chris said. "I'm sure she'll make you comfortable."

Riley Sloane took one look at me and closed his eyes. "I don't like nurses," he said distinctly.

"Perhaps Miss Howells will make you change your mind."

Without opening his eyes, he said, "I doubt it."

"He's to go to bed at once, Miss Howells," Chris said evenly. "I'll look in again later."

With an encouraging wink he went out and I looked again at Riley Sloane. It had hardly been an auspicious beginning. "He'll take plenty of handling," Chris had said.

"Is there anything you'd like, Mr. Sloane, before I send the orderly to help you undress?"

"I'd like to get the hell out of here," he said in a toneless voice. "I owe all this to my fine friend Martin, heaven's gift to the motion-picture industry. Fine fellow. Says he sent me out here for my own good. The only things Martin ever does are for the good of Martin Pictures, Incorporated. I'm a valuable property, hence nothing must happen to me." The intense blue gaze held me suddenly. "Were you ever a valuable property, Miss—what'd you say your name was?"

"Howells, Mr. Sloane. Now is there anything—"

"No. Yes! Come here." I hesitated, then went over by the chair, drawn by the imperiousness of the command. "No, you were never a valuable property. You're a starched busybody. But you might have been . . . Let's see, blonde hair with moonlight on it. Eyes the color of—of tea, by golly. Good straight nose, nice bone structure. And—"

"If you're quite through cataloging my features, I'll call the orderly, Mr. Sloane."

"—slim figure under that ironing-board of a uniform," he went on as if I hadn't spoken. "Nice legs. Cool and self-possessed on the surface, but a volcano underneath."

I was coming to a slow boil. "Don't you think you're being a little ludicrous?"

He stared at me coolly. "You may go now." His tone was bored.

I glared at him and then walked out with whatever shreds of dignity I could gather. As the door closed, I heard him laugh. Flushed with angry humiliation, I hurried to get the orderly. I hated Riley Sloane! He had been completely in the wrong and yet he'd contrived to make me feel—and look—ridiculous.

ON my way past the blue-tiled, flower-banked sun porch Carlotta Fane called me. She had been with us several weeks, the victim of some slight nervous disorder. Aging, garrulous, shrewdly observant, she had been a famous actress thirty years ago. Now she did character parts in movies—and talked the arm off anyone willing to listen. Some of the nurses found her a terrible bore, but I liked Miss Fane.

She was sitting in a cushioned lounge chair, her dyed hair too red in the sun. "Will you help me to my room now, dear? The sun may be healing, according to you moderns, but it's so bad for one's skin, I always think. In my day, a woman wouldn't be caught dead with anything but a milk-white complexion. I remember once—" I was grateful for the respite, as I helped her up. It would give me time to gather myself before I went into Room 22 again.

"I hear Sloane is here," Miss Fane rattled on. "My dear, you watch out for him. I've known him for years and he's a charmer—always had women crazy about him. Sweet boy—but dangerous. He's just like my first husband. Black Irish, you know—they're so moody. Don't you fall for Riley...."

"I assure you, Miss Fane, there's not the slightest danger of that."

"Don't you be too sure. There's Honey Hollister, you know—she was mad about him. Some people say she still is." The name brought vague recollections of a lovely, angel-faced blonde who had flared briefly into prominence some years ago and then suddenly disappeared. "She was all set for stardom and then—well, they said she retired because of ill health. I always thought that Riley—"

CUT in with, "Do you think Mr. Sloane will play *Gerald* in 'Lost Melody'?"

"Not if Leo Martin has anything to do with it," she said vehemently. "The studio's afraid to risk him. Not that he wouldn't be perfect for the part, but he's so *undependable*. Why, Riley held up 'Man With A Past' for weeks and cost them thousands of dollars by disappearing just as the picture was scheduled to start shooting. They finally located him in Mexico City. He'd taken his plane and flown down. They'd have suspended him except he's too big. Oh, no, they won't risk him in 'Lost Melody.' Mr. Martin told me himself they're going to try Clinton Starr in the part."

On and on she chattered until I had her safely in bed again. "You watch yourself with Riley Sloane," she hissed after me in her best *Lady Macbeth* manner.

Watch myself indeed! His mocking laughter still rankled and I was determined that while he was in my care I would quietly but firmly put Mr. Riley Sloane in his place. He might be an idol to millions, but I'd show him he was plain poison to me.

Nor did Chris's argument change my mind. "But he's an interesting type, Kay," he maintained. "As soon as we get rid of the alcohol he's soaked himself with, I'm going to try to get at the bottom of him. I've an idea there's some deep hurt under that indifference."

INTERESTING, I thought bitterly during the next few days, Riley Sloane might be; difficult he certainly was. He refused in any way to co-operate with the regulations of the hospital. When he was in a "good" mood, he'd devise ways and means to keep me running the whole day; and when his mood was dark, he'd barricade himself in his room to be alone and let us break through as best we could. I will say he offered no physical violence. His particular brand of resistance was strictly the mental type. I somehow sensed it was a symbol of some dark rebellion against life, a perverted anger at something in himself.

One day when he was well enough to be up and lounging around his room, his telephone rang. When I answered, a husky woman's voice said, "I must speak to Riley Sloane."

"I'm sorry. Mr. Sloane is not supposed to be disturbed."

The huskiness deepened into a kind of desperation. "But I must speak to him. It's vitally important. Tell him it's Honey Hollister."

Miss Fane's words came back, and her manner which had hinted at so much more. "It's Miss Hollister," I said hesi-



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tantly. "She says it's important. . . ."

His face darkened and for a moment I thought he would refuse the call. Then with a quick gesture, he picked up the phone. I went on making up the bed.

"Yes?" he said harshly. There was a pause. When he spoke again his voice sounded impatient. But it was more than that; something I couldn't quite put my finger on. "No, don't come out here. You'll get it. You always have, haven't you? I'll send it tomorrow. And don't call any more."

He slammed down the receiver. "Women!" He gave a short, hard laugh. "There's nothing they like better than sticking a knife in you and watching you squirm."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sloane. Perhaps I shouldn't have let you talk—"

"She'd have gotten through to me anyway. She always does."

Whatever had happened between him and Honey Hollister, she still had some hold over him. She still had the power to make him suffer. That much was obvious.

"It's none of my business, Mr. Sloane—but you've got fame and talent and wealth. Somewhere in there it ought to add up to happiness for you. And yet—"

He faced me very deliberately. "My dear girl, when you've kicked around as much as I have you'll discover happiness is a catchword for suckers. Fame and talent and wealth," he mimicked.

"Sure, I've got that. And what does it add up to? Exactly nothing."

When he was like that, there was nothing I could do. And I was tired of Riley Sloane and his moods and his women, and angry with myself because I was thinking of him more as a person than a case. It was unprofessional and, in some obscure way, all wrong.

COMPARED to all that turbulence, Chris's serene strength was a wonderful thing. We were both off duty next day and we spent it together, driving around the California hills. When we drove out through the big stone gates of the manor-like hospital, we left all that luxurious, half-real world behind. As we laughed and talked, I kept telling myself how lucky I was. Chris had had his own difficulties and bad breaks from life. Yet they had never made him bitter; only more selfless, more stalwart. And he loved me. He wouldn't say so, but it was there in his eyes and the touch of his hand. It enfolded me and I felt warm and peaceful and happy. I almost dreaded to go back.

It was the next day that the woman came. I saw her going out of Room 22 during visiting hours. Plain, middle-aged, poorly dressed, she was hardly the type to be a friend of Riley Sloane's. I stared at her curiously.

"Mr. Sloane's much better, isn't he?" she said with a shy smile, as we met in the carpeted corridor. "Such a kind man."

"Kind?" It was hardly the word I'd



### HOW IS YOUR I. Q. ON

*Barbara Stanwyck?*

The answers should be easy;  
if they're not, see page 90

1. What was Barbara Stanwyck's earliest ambition?

- (a) To marry and raise a family of five children.
- (b) Become a missionary in China.
- (c) To be a premiere danseuse.

2. She is an avid fan of what indoor sport?

- (a) Ping-pong.
- (b) Backgammon.
- (c) Ballroom dancing.

3. What is her favorite type of wearing apparel?

- (a) Slacks.
- (b) Tailored suits.
- (c) Western riding clothes.

4. How did she meet her husband, Robert Taylor, for the first time?

- (a) They were introduced at a dinner party.
- (b) Their cars collided on Sunset Boulevard.
- (c) They were introduced by Mrs. Zeppo Marx.

5. Who is her closest confidante and pal in the business?

- (a) Jean Crawford.
- (b) Gary Cooper.
- (c) Hollis Barnes, her hairdresser.

6. As a Broadway chorine she once won a trophy. For what?

- (a) The most beautiful back.
- (b) The most beautiful legs.
- (c) Excellent dancing.

7. At what routine job is she an adept operator and at which she once earned her living?

- (a) Switchboard operating.
- (b) Stenography.
- (c) Elevator operation.

8. What unusual event takes place on the completion of her every picture production?

- (a) She gives the members of the cast a present.
- (b) The crew give her a present.
- (c) She tosses a party for the cast and crew.



have applied to him.

She studied me for the briefest moment. "That's what I call a man who pays the expenses to save another man's life. Don't you?" Her gentle question contrived to tell me that I and the rest of the world were dead wrong about Riley Sloane.

I glanced at the worn gold wedding band. "Your husband?" I asked.

She nodded. "The garage man where Mr. Sloane has his car serviced. Look miss . . ." Hurriedly she handed me a piece of paper. "If he should ever need anything—I mean— Anyway, there's my name and address."

SHE hastened down the corridor, leaving me too astonished to reply. Thoughtfully I went into his room. He was standing by the window, looking out. On the chaise longue were the simple garden flowers she had brought—so different from the gigantic floral displays crowding his room that bore half the big names of Hollywood. I picked them up. "I like these," I said. "They're different from the others. They mean something."

He turned quickly, and our eyes met. Then he looked away. "So she told you," he said. "Well, what of it? Money is the lazy man's remedy."

"It wasn't the money. It was the thought—and the fact that nobody will ever know about it except you and those two people. How can you say happiness is for suckers when you give it to other people?"

I could have bitten my tongue off for having committed this pollyanna speech. Now surely I had laid myself open to his nicely concealed scorn. Instead he looked at me thoughtfully. "You're a funny girl," he said at last. "I've given you a merciless ride for a week now. Yet you've never complained. Now you seem actually concerned whether I'm happy or not. I don't get it."

It was the first time I'd ever seen him without his mantle of cynicism and the words held a curious significance. "Maybe I'm just trying to be a good nurse."

"It's more than that. It's something in you—some giving quality. It's been a long time since I met anybody like that. You're not a phony; you're real, Kay." He used my name quietly, intimately, as if he'd always known it.

I looked at him speechlessly, as he moved a step closer. "If I'd known somebody like you—" he broke off. I looked up at him, scarcely breathing. Then very gently he leaned over and brushed my forehead with his lips.

He stepped back. "Thank you, Kay," he said and turned away.

I WENT to my room. I had to be alone. Dimly, I was grateful to be off duty till noon tomorrow. With the mood of that moment on me, I couldn't have taken any temperatures, felt any pulses. During wakeful hours that night, I tried to reason myself back into reality. The great Riley Sloane—and me. It couldn't have happened. But it had.

Next day I was half eager, half dreading, to see him. Surely there would have to be a recognition, an awareness of what had passed between us, whatever it was.

I opened the door of Room 22—and halted in shocked bewilderment. A strange man lounged on the bed with a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a glass in the other. Sprawled in the easy chair, looking as he had on the day he came, was Riley Sloane. His eyes held that same overbrightness and his face, that same mockery. The room reeked

with whiskey.

Riley waved his glass. "Come on in and join the party. Want you to meet my friend, Corky Smith—the screwiest scriptwriter in the business. Corky, meet Miss—what did you say your name was?"

I advanced into the room, cold with anger and something more than that. "That isn't important," I said icily, "because there isn't going to be any more party. Mr. Smith is leaving."

Corky Smith, a slim, tousled young man with a clever, impish face, eyed me up and down. "Riley, you wolf, no wonder you're taking the cure. If they serve lovelies like this one, I'll take it myself." He gave a puckish grin. "Come, come, my pretty, try some of this nectar I smuggled past the jailkeeper in my bunch of posies."

"Didn't I make myself clear? I said Mr. Smith was leaving now."

"Oh, go peddle your thermometers," Riley Sloane said wearily.

With a sudden movement, Corky Smith grabbed my arm and started to pull me down beside him. I didn't use my head; I just used my instinct and with my free hand gave him a clip across the face.

Riley Sloane gave a laugh of amused detachment. "She takes a lot for granted."

"Get out of here!" I said to Smith. "This minute!"

Corky, holding one hand to his face, shrugged comically. "The tigress type. Well, cheerio, Riley. I leave you now—bloody but unbowed. See you later." With a final grin at me, he swaggered out of the room.

SHAKEN with anger, I turned on Riley. "How could you do this?"

"How could I do what?"

"How could you let that man in here, and get drunk, and—" I wasn't a nurse now. I was a woman, outraged and hurt. That made me say more than I should have. "How can you be so different from the man I saw yesterday?"

"Yesterday?" Riley Sloane raised an eyebrow. "My dear girl, yesterday I was in an expansive mood; today I'm in a mood to get drunk. It's as simple as that."

As simple, and as humiliating. I remembered my thoughts of last night and shame flooded through me.

Dr. Justin saved me from answering. Suave and immaculate, he strode through the door and beamed on Riley Sloane. If he saw my rumpled cap and flushed face, he gave no sign.

"I have good news for you, Mr. Sloane. Mr. Martin has requested that you be released as a patient today, so that you can take over that part in 'Lost Melody.' It seems that Mr. Starr was—shall we say—inadequate in the preliminary shooting."

Instead of jumping at the chance for release, Riley leaned back on the lounge, eyeing Dr. Justin narrowly. "What are they trying to do, break that kid?" he demanded quietly. "Starr's okay if they'll give him a chance."

"I'm sure I don't know your studio's business, Mr. Sloane," Justin laughed with synthetic cheer. "But at least you'll be going home."

"An ill wind that blows no good," Sloane muttered dryly.

"Though I'm afraid you'll not be quite free of us. Under ordinary circumstances, you would not be allowed to leave until your treatment was completed. But as Mr. Martin asked it as a personal favor, I agreed only on the condition that a nurse accompany you home and that you continue the treatments there. Miss Howells here will go

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with you when you leave.”

I was almost startled out of my professional poise. Me—go home with Riley Sloane? I bit back my instinctive protest. If I spoke up now it would mean my job, maybe even my career. Nurses don't protest at doing what they're told. Not if they want to continue with their chosen careers.

“Now look here,” Riley suddenly exploded. “When I go home it's my own business how I live and what I do. I'm not going to have any of your everlasting nursemaids wrapped around my neck.”

“I'm sorry you feel that way, but—ah, here's Dr. Ross now.” Dr. Justin was obviously relieved. “He'll explain further the measures to be taken. I'll see you of course before you leave. . . .”

Chris waited until Dr. Justin was out of the room. His face was set sternly. “I've just heard you're leaving us, Mr. Sloane. I've also heard, from the orderly, that you threw a little party in here a while ago. Frankly, I can't say I'm sorry to see you go. During your stay, you've succeeded in breaking every single rule of this sanatorium. You've demoralized your doctor, your nurse and yourself!”

A muscle along Riley Sloane's jaw line twitched, then lay quiet. “You'll pardon my not being able to see what business it is of yours what I do with myself.”

“You made it my business when you came here. As long as you're under my care, you'll do as I say and that goes for when you are at home as well as here. As a doctor, I find your behavior intolerable. And as a man, I think you're a plain fool.”

Riley stared at him coldly. “Have it your way,” he said quietly.

“I will . . . Miss Howells, I'd like to see you, please.”

OUT in the silent hall, I faced Chris almost desperately. “Don't make me go home with that man,” I cried. “I can't!”

“You! I knew a nurse was going, but I didn't know—” he stopped, and there was a curious look in his eyes as if—as if he were withdrawing from me. “I'm sorry, Kay. I know he's difficult and I know it puts you in a spot. But there's nothing I can do.”

“But, Chris, you don't understand. It's—”

“It's what?” He was watching me.

But how could I tell him? “He's so—so difficult,” I said weakly.

“I've never seen you like this, Kay. This patient, no matter how you dislike him personally, is your responsibility. You're not acting like a nurse at all, but like a hysterical schoolgirl. I don't understand you.”

In all the time we'd known each other, he had never been so coolly impersonal. Suddenly I felt lonelier than I ever had in my life. I was in this alone and that was the way I'd have to see it through—whatever it led to. And he was right:

I was letting down my whole profession by acting like this. I steadied myself.

“You're perfectly right,” I said quietly. “I'm sorry—it was so sudden I was a little upset. I'll be ready to leave with Mr. Sloane.”

I was pretty miserable on the long ride in the limousine that carried us across hot San Fernando Valley and up into the hills behind Hollywood. Riley Sloane sat in one corner, his eyes closed. Only once did he speak and that was as we hurried into the winding driveway that led up to his house. “Remember, you let yourself in for this. I didn't ask you.”

A pleasant reminder from one's prospective host!

The house was in the rambling ranch style, comfortable without ostentation. I was surprised at the quiet good taste of the furnishings. The servants were an elderly couple, a cook and chauffeur-butler, who were obviously delighted to have their master home again. I wondered if they, too, had been recipients of his unpredictable kindness.

AFTER George, the butler, had put the patient to bed and I had seen that he was comfortable, I had supper in my room. It was a charming guest room. Even though part of a bachelor's house, it still had touches to delight any woman's heart. Big windows overlooked the garden at one end. At the other was a low, broad bed, with an expensively tailored coverlet that picked up the odd blue of the rug and the walls. Concealed lighting lit up the dressing table and when I sat in front of it I should have felt like a movie star myself.

Why couldn't I enjoy it? Almost any other girl in America would have walked barefoot across naked swords and beds of live coals to stand where I stood in the house of Riley Sloane. Then what was the matter with the girl from Big Springs, that for her all this beauty and excitement were salted with dread? It was all nonsense, I told myself. Back there at the hospital I'd let my imagination run away with me. Besides, there was a key in my door. I could use it any time I wanted to.

After supper, I read a little and then got ready for bed. Quiet reigned in the house. The servants roomed in the wing off to one side, the whole length of the house away from the guest wing. I had given Riley a sedative and he was doubtless sleeping soundly by now.

I was just getting into bed when the sound came—a slight scuffling noise at my door. For a moment I went rigid. Then in the dead stillness the sound came again.

“Who's there?” I called. There was no answer.

Kay had tried to tell herself there was nothing to be afraid of. Little did she reckon of the chain of events that awaited her on the other side of that door; events shot through with danger and tragedy and moments of blinding glory. Open the door with Kay Howells—next month.

### CHECK YOUR ANSWERS ON PAGE 88 with these correct ones:

1. (b) She wanted to become a missionary in China.
2. (c) Her favorite indoor sport is ballroom dancing.
3. (b) Her favorite type of wearing apparel is tailored suits.
4. (c) She was introduced to Robert Taylor by Mrs. Zeppo Marx.
5. (c) Her closest confidante and pal is Hollis Barnes, her hairdresser.
6. (b) She once won a trophy for the most beautiful legs.
7. (a) She is adept at switchboard operating and once earned her living in that job.
8. (b) On completion of her pictures the crew give her a present.



## Heartbreak for Mickey Rooney

(Continued from page 29) What they had seen from that point forward had been mostly Mickey. There had been no opportunity for Ava to become acquainted with the peculiarities and customs of America's great foreign city of Hollywood which, by the very nature of its industry, compels an irregular way of life; no chance to acquire a new set of values. To her, Sunset Boulevard was essentially no different from Main Street in Wilson.

In all Hollywood the most undomesticated, un-Babbitty individual is Mickey Rooney. And this was the man she married.

We hope we aren't betraying a confidence in mentioning this startling prediction made by Mickey's mother, Mrs. Panky, a few days before the wedding. "I love Ava, she's a grand girl, and naturally I want Mickey to be happy. But I give the marriage three weeks before it's over."

And despite her effort to keep the pair together her words were almost uncannily true. Three weeks of happiness and then the deluge! The quarrels, the bickerings, the fights!

**WHY?** Why would the boy's own mother make such a prediction? Because she knew Mickey. Knew his restless dynamic spirit that cannot be chained by a series of bride's home-cooked dinners or a wedding ring. He can't help it. It's just Mickey. It has been from the day when as a baby of two he toddled out on a vaudeville stage and became an actor. It didn't stop there. His amazing ability spread to dancing, sports, music, composing. He plays practically every instrument in the band and has since he's been able to reach a piano stool, hold a drumstick or finger a brass instrument. His compositions have been widely published and publicized. His acting rates him a place among the first ten in all box-office polls. As a tennis player, he's considered one of the finest amateurs on the Coast. He's an ego-ridden, dynamic, disturbing genius.

And to Ava, genius was just a word in a dictionary. To find it suddenly part of her intimate life would have staggered a far more experienced woman than this nineteen-year-old.

**I**t is generally believed in Hollywood that Ava Gardner was not genuinely and deeply in love with Mickey Rooney; that she may have thought so, but that in reality she was enamoured of him and flattered by his attentions, blinded by his fame, though honestly convinced she could make him a good wife.

In the beginning she treated Mickey exactly as she had her dates back home and Mickey liked it. No doubt of it. Shortly after their marriage we spotted Ava and Mickey at Charlie Foy's cafe. Mickey was jumping attendance on his beautiful wife. Her cloak had to be adjusted just right, her wants relayed to the waiter, her chair adjusted. Once or twice, Mickey leaned over to kiss his bride behind her dainty ear. Mr. Rooney got politely shoved away and put into his place for his pains. Or perhaps it was embarrassment on Ava's part, since she was little used to the ways of Hollywood swains.

But the novelty of this sort of treatment soon wore off for Mickey, and when it did what in the world did these

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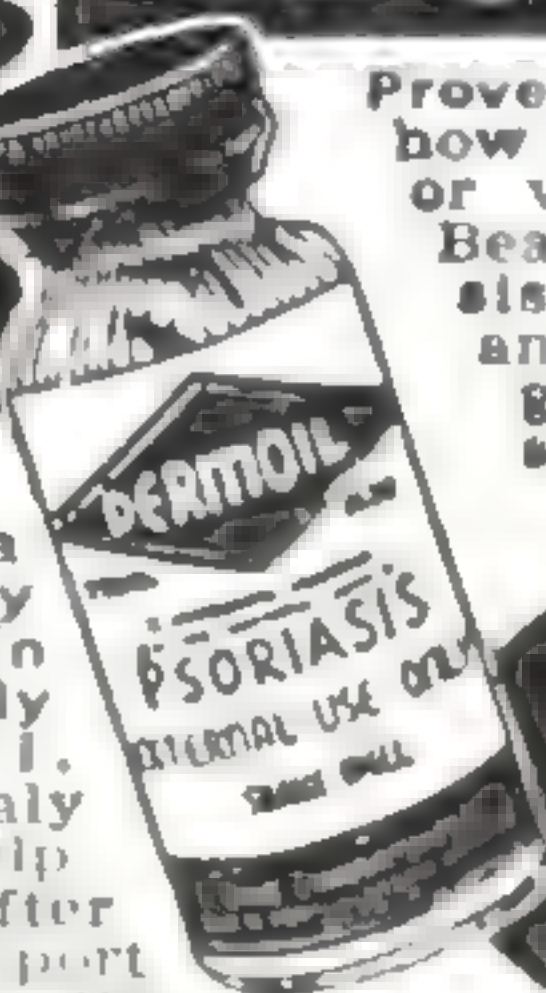
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A serious-faced Mickey Rooney shows up at the Tennis Tournament shortly after the announcement of his separation from Ava Gardner

two people, at the opposite poles of life, have in common? Mickey loved the jam sessions on Monday nights at a local cafe. Ava didn't. Mickey loved the wild rhythm of jitterbug music and dances at Little Pico Boulevard cafes. Ava didn't. Not that she didn't enjoy music and dancing, but she liked to take hers in more moderate doses. Mickey liked crowds and excitement and fun. Ava was more interested in quiet home life and a serious career. Mickey's career was already established and he craved fun. Ava didn't. They were too young to understand the law of compromise. Wide open were the rifts and battles that carried them further and further apart.

SEVERAL weeks before the divorce, when the separation rumors were growing strong, Ava suddenly left Mickey and went home to North Carolina. The actor went wild at the merest hint that all was not well between them and Ava re-echoed the denial.

The truth about that is the kids had been quarreling and Ava, anxious to see her mother who is ill, seized the opportunity to go. The short separation helped things along for a while until the night of their six months wedding anniversary. And even Ava admits that quarrel was the beginning of the end.

Another point of difference, small on the surface, but deep-rooted psychologically: Ava Gardner is taller than her husband. That's a handicap for both of them.

Then, Ava came to Hollywood for a career. Most people do. As Mickey's wife she wasn't having it. Whether Mickey objected or not we can't honestly say, but Hollywood claims he was bitterly opposed to it. Certainly the opposition didn't come from Ava.

On the other hand, she claimed she wanted a home more than anything in the world. There is certain touching evidence to support her efforts to establish a home life for Mickey.

Believing that if they had a piano, Mickey would be more content to spend his evenings home with his own music, she wanted to buy one. But this could not be done within the tight budget which Mickey is allotted by his business manager. Most of the budget went toward their apartment in the exclusive and beautiful Wilshire Palms.

Ava is leaving this apartment. It holds too many unhappy memories for her. Mickey has, of course, already left and is living with his mother.

Concerning their private troubles, the pair have wisely refused to discuss the

matter publicly. There was, however, a distinct note of unhappiness, a sort of catch in the heart, when Ava said over the phone, "I'm not very happy. Conditions are such I cannot continue to accept them."

Our heart goes out to this little Southern girl who tried so hard. As some wag suggested, living with Mickey would be like living in the midst of an electric fan, with no way of getting out or turning off the current.

Ava chose the only way—the divorce courts. She claims that in the eight months they were married Mickey's community property amounted to \$200,000, half of which she has a right to under California law.

She also asks alimony to the amount commensurable with Mickey's \$5,000-a-week salary. Whether this will be granted remains to be seen when the decree is given. She has a sick mother to whose support she contributes and she is still paying back her sister Beatrice for the money advanced to keep them going the five months before she married Mickey.

WHAT of the future of these kids?

Ava is under contract to M-G-M, Mickey's own studio, and has had several small parts in "This Time For Keeps," "Calling Dr. Gillespie" and the unreleased "Pilot Number Five." The studio has just renewed her contract for a year, but Ava feels her future is very uncertain. For once the Rooney name may prove a handicap. One paper openly stated the studio might keep her under contract whether they used her or not in order that no other studio would bill her as Mrs. Mickey Rooney.

Mickey's military classification is 2A, which means he is exempt for the time being as a worker in an essential industry. There seems to be no anxiety on the studio's part that he will be leaving soon. It's all up to the draft board and Mickey's height, or lack of it. One never knows about that.

Thus ends married life for Mickey and Ava. Tragic when you think that the girl herself does not deny that she still loves Mickey or that she believes he still has some feeling for her. But reconciliation? No, she says, it wouldn't last a month.

And that is what has stopped Mickey. For the first time in his life since he became a star he is confronted by something he can't lick—his marriage. And it still hurts.

Heartbreak for Mickey Rooney? We're afraid it is.

The End.



## A Guy a Girl Could Love

(Continued from page 58) simple. What-ever Red does is perfection to him. He even enjoys the way she gets mad, such an improvement over his way. He smolders. She explodes, and it's over.

He's heard that wives like husbands to notice their clothes. He reminds himself to notice, but forgets. She's given up trying to groom him. What worried her most was his hair. He runs his hands through it till he looks like a frailer Harpo Marx. By now she's resigned. "Never mind—" it's not clear whether she's consoling herself or him—"I didn't marry you to reform you." She's reduced her ministrations to removing the brown tie which is his idea of what goes with a blue suit.

On the eve of "Seven Sweethearts," he owned four suits. Pasternak figured five for the picture. Eyeing his lead thoughtfully, he said maybe he'd better take a look at Van's wardrobe. His worst fears were confirmed.

"But the guy's a newspaper man," protested Van. "They don't make much dough."

Pasternak led him to a tailor, picked the makings of six suits, had him fitted. Hearing the price, Van set up a howl. He'd never paid that much for a suit in his life. He couldn't afford it. A deal was worked out with the studio. Now the suits hang in his closet, to be glared at, while their owner circulates in slacks and tweed coat. Frances used to coax him into one of the nobbier outfits on Saturday night, but it ruined the evening. "Come on home," she'd sigh, "and take off your work clothes. No man could suffer that much, just wearing a suit. But the effect's the same."

THEIR favorite hangout is Eugene's on Sunset Boulevard, the only spot in Hollywood that's like New York. It opens at twelve and gets good around two. The pianist can make equally well with concertos or boogie-woogie, the air turns smoke-blue, a couple of Irishmen sing sentimental ballads, the customers call the tune and sing along with them. Frances loves to dance. When actors say they dance badly, it means they fall short of Raft or Romero. When Van says he dances badly, it means badly. So badly that Frances lets him be. She dances with friends who frequent the place. Or with soldiers. Any soldier they spot automatically becomes their guest. Bundles-for-Heflin, they call 'em. Organization work is okay. Themselves, they like the human touch.

They live in a Beverly apartment, to which Frances contributed her spaniel, Van his scottie. The scottie's nine and, on touring the country, has come between Van and some of our snootier hotels,

which discriminate against dogs. He'd register protest—quiet in tone, sulphuric in content—before removing self and dog to some lower-case joint. It wasn't shabby quarters he minded, but who the blankandsoforth were they to insult his dog?

She's so fat now that he has to tote her up and down stairs. He makes odious comparisons between her and the spaniel. "Look at her. She's a droop like me. The other's a peppy little devil like you—"

"Who's insulting whom now?" Red interposes. "Pay him no heed, Bonnie. He's fishing—"

ALONE of an evening, they read or listen to records or play gin rummy. Their record collection includes both symphony and swing. Van paints a terse word-picture of people who, being just too spiritual for jazz, put a symphony on the turntable, a rapt expression on their faces, and, before they know it, they're tapping out the downbeat.

Frances beats him consistently at gin rummy. He owes her hundreds of theatrical dollars. One day she got mad and made him come across. He gave her a check, which she duly deposited at the bank. Since they share a joint account, all she got out of it was the trip back and forth. "But I feel more paid."

A jewel named Gertrude looks after them. They hired her without benefit of credentials, because they liked her face. Later it transpired that she'd worked for Edna Gladney—the "Blossoms In The Dust" lady—had helped Mrs. Gladney start her first place.

"How's working for picture people?" Van once asked her.

"I rather work for you—"

"But I'm an actor—"

"Oh, you work at it, but you ain't no real actor, Mr. Van." He stole out before she could tell him just what she meant.

Her chuckle, he says, is worth the wages they pay her. She thinks everything's funny, except their eating habits. Too skinny to suit her, they both refuse to be fattened up. Van presents the greater problem. She pleads with him to say what he'd like for dinner. "Anything," he says, his palate dulled by long years of hit-or-miss feeding. It breaks her heart when they go out to eat, so to please her they stay in most of the time.

Apart from food, she's chiefly concerned with "When we gettin' a baby roun' this house?" There she's got nothing on Van. He waits for the time when his little mick will wake up in the middle of the night, yelling for ice cream and pickles.

The End

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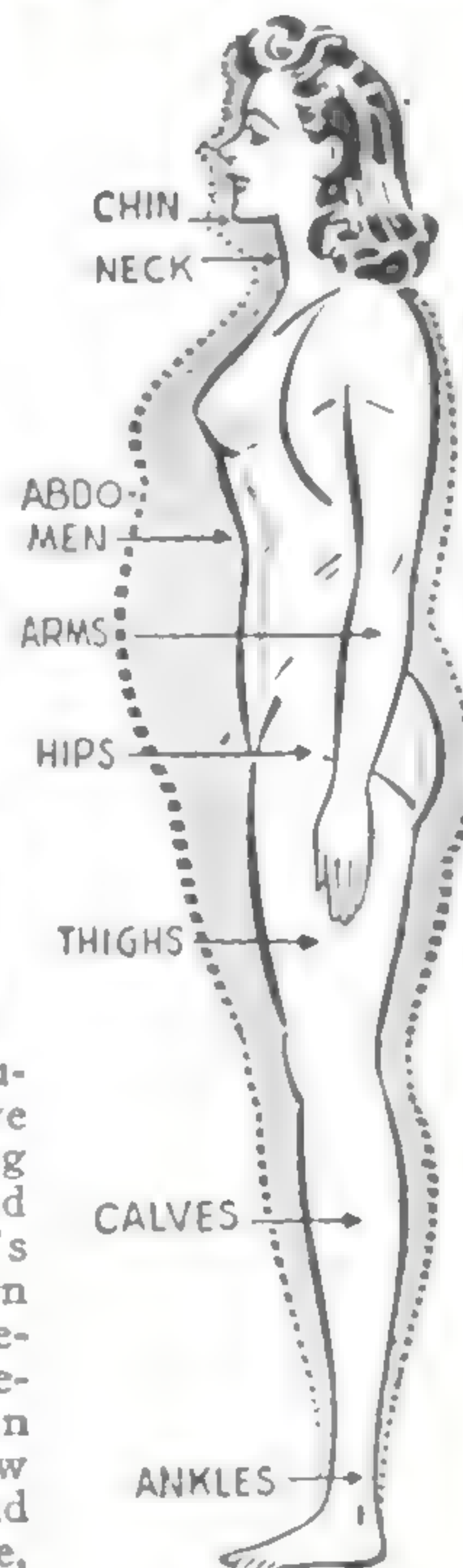


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## Kathryn Grayson's Fight for Happiness

(Continued from page 65) and imaginative and completely honest, and of the three qualities for lasting love the latter is probably the most important.

Kathryn and John Shelton eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, July 11, 1941. She was nineteen then and he was about thirty. He was the first serious beau she had ever had, but she was John's second wife. She was on her way up then and it looked as though John, after a terrific build-up, were on his way down. The anvil chorus of Hollywood began ringing out that John had married her, not for love, but as revenge on M-G-M who had let him out of his contract with them.

THEY had met on the Metro lot, these two. John was leaving the dramatic coach's office one day just as Kathryn walked in. He was the much more important then, both he and Metro believing he would be the next important male star.

John Shelton was of the right height for stardom, of the desired dark handsomeness. But the demure little Miss Grayson was accustomed to handsome men. She had one courting her right at that moment, but though he sat around tongue-tied nightly in the parlor of the house she shared with her family, he meant nothing to her. His name was George Montgomery.

Yet at sight of John Shelton, she was lost. She beamed up at him so artlessly, so enchantingly, that later John explained that he had fallen immediately for what he called "the soap and water look of her."

Now Kathryn Grayson is no Cinderella girl, sprung swiftly up from nothing into fame. She is, instead, the fourth child of a dignified Southern businessman and his equally dignified Southern wife.

Her name is Zelma Hedrick and she was born in the city of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and while, because of her father's work as a building contractor, she has lived all over the United States, from Virginia to Missouri and from North Carolina to Texas, her schooling has always been of the finest. She has three brothers, who are older than she, and one younger sister, Frances Rayburn, who is also in "Seven Sweethearts." With her family she has gone through periods of being quite rich and equal periods of being very poor, so that today she says she knows that wealth is a thing not to be too terribly desired nor poverty a thing to be feared too much.

When she and John Shelton beheld each other, John was about to co-star with Lana Turner in "We Who Are Young" and Kathryn was going into a small role in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary."

There was no doubt on the lot as to which one of them was the more important; that was John. It was hoped, however, that the little Grayson girl might click.

You know what happened. Even with Lana Turner's electric presence in it, "We Who Are Young" was not box-office dynamite. The preview cards that came back on John Shelton lacked the raves the studio might have expected. But concerning Kathryn Grayson there was nothing but cheers.

At once the "A" picture grooming started for Kathryn, while John was sloughed of into the "Bs." Kathryn barely noticed either event. There was only one thing she now cared about, and that was John's constantly calling her.

But John did notice the snubbing he was getting. He noticed it and protested, and at the end of his contract he went to Twentieth Century-Fox.

WITH the two young people separated and on different lots, Metro and Kathryn's family hoped the romance might die. There is intense family loyalty among the Hedricks and some of the Shelton marriage quarrels are said to have come from the fact that John supposedly is not too fond of Kathryn's people, nor they of him. But whether or not that is true, there are no two ways about how devoted the family is to their talented daughter.

On the evening of the eleventh of July, 1941, John drove his car up a dimly lit residential street in Hollywood, picked up Kathryn and, after five hours of driving along a starlit road, pulled into Las Vegas. They were married at one-thirty in the morning and a yawning county clerk witnessed the sig-



"As long as there's a chance of reconciliation, I'll always go back," says Kathryn Grayson re John Shelton

natures: Zelma Hedrick and Edward Price.

As they married under their own names, they hoped to keep their union a secret. They might have gotten away with it, too, if it had not been for Kathryn's oldest brother.

When it got to be midnight and then one and two o'clock and she did not come home, he began to worry about her. At three he called the police station explaining that she had never been away from home so long before, and he feared that she might have been involved in an accident. The reporters got on the story at once, of course, and discovered the news.

So Kathryn and John came back to Hollywood and took a much too expensive house in Brentwood. They had never been fond of mingling with the usual film-land sets; they still stayed by themselves in their connubial splendor.

Meanwhile, at Metro Kathryn's career, though jolted by marriage, was still in the ascendancy, while at Twentieth John wasn't soaring to stardom.

When the news of the first of the

Shelton quarrels began leaking out when John was seen here and there alone, friends went to Kathryn. "Divorce him," they urged. He's not going to get anywhere. He will only make you unhappy."

To these friends Kathryn always said just one thing. She said, "John hasn't grown up yet, but he will. I know him in a way no one else does and I know how fine he is. If we can just go through this difficult time, if we can just make this last for two or three years, then I know it will be all right."

SHE has never told anyone what it was that finally drove her to the divorce courts in July, 1942. But everyone in Hollywood knows why she withdrew that divorce action and withdrew still her second divorce action. It was the same reason both times. John asked her to withdraw them. Both times she promised her that whatever were the heartbreaking things that had driven her to such desperation they would never happen again. A friend said to her, "Kathryn, how can you go back?" Kathryn turned fiercely, "As long as there is a chance of reconciliation, I'll always go back."

It was this past September that John enlisted. Kathryn had just finished "Seven Sweethearts." It had been tough shooting "Seven Sweethearts" since crew cast and director had to know whenever John Shelton telephoned Kathryn would stop and talk to him and not conclude the conversation until he did, even if it took an hour.

But on the day of John's enlistment Kathryn drew herself up to the very top of her tiny height and said, "Now nothing can separate us."

SHE disposed of the vast Brentwood house and took a modest bungalow in Westwood Village. She cut down on all their extravagances, not even keeping a maid, even though when the telephone rang she answered it in accent, hoping to fool her caller into believing she had a whole staff of help. Then when John was transferred to Camp Crowder, she rented a house near there.

During the time of her first visit to the camp, "Seven Sweethearts" was previewed and there was no longer any possible doubt that Kathryn Grayson was a major star. When she returned to Hollywood, a top Metro executive tried to tell her this.

Kathryn cut in excitedly, "Did I tell you about John's being master-of-ceremonies at the Camp Show? Dan Dailey, Jr. is at the same camp with him and Dan was leading man for most of the acts, but John m.c.'d the whole show and he was so wonderful. Why he—why he. . . ."

She went on and on about John, not even realizing that she had interrupted the story of her own triumph.

Well, Dinah Shore sings it. You know that throbbing thing Dinah gets in her voice when she explains,

"I don't need a million dollars.

Baby, all I want is you.

. . . I stood at the gates of heaven

And I could walk right through,

Baby, all I need is you."

That's the way it is with Kathryn Grayson. She has walked through the gates of her personal heaven with John Shelton—and as far as she is concerned all the rest of the world can go hang.

The End.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



# Hollywood Vignettes

BY GRACE MORPHY-HULST

The author, a West Coast nurse, saw these things happen. Three surprise stories about Hollywood stars



## Of A Sunday Morning

THE chimes have ceased to ring at Saint Monica's Church. The people who have been pray-

ing for peace pour out into the sunshine. Two elderly women look up and down the street for a taxi. One is quite feeble.

A gentleman steps up to them and says, "My chauffeur will drive you home while I visit with Father Conneally."

The two women, as they settle themselves in the luxurious car, think, "What a nice young man to see that we get home safely—or is he young?"

They both look quickly out of the car window as Pat O'Brien turns away and walks toward the rectory.

## Interlude

THE Santa Monica recruiting station for U. S. Marines happened to be

a table and two chairs in the lobby of one of Mr. Jim Farley's most beautiful post-office buildings. Seated at the table was a lone Marine. The medals on his shirt front and the stripes on his sleeve showed he had been in service.

A tall handsome man with twinkling blue eyes and wearing English tweeds stepped up and handed the Marine a carton of cigarettes. As the astonished Marine rose to thank him, Ian Hunter hurriedly left the building to join his attractive wife waiting for him in a station wagon.

## Out Of The Past

THE Queen of Angels Hospital is high on top of a hill in Los Angeles. Here the Franciscan Sisters devote their time to the ill.

In room 226 a famous motion-picture star was very, very ill. Daily a young woman with luxurious reddish hair and beautiful eyes would slip into the hospital, tip-toe down the

corridor and quietly enter the room. She would sit motionless by the window where the man, when he opened his tired eyes, could see her.

Gradually the dark-haired man with the deep sun tan grew stronger, and one sunny day the nurse and the lovely girl bundled him into a wheelchair and took him to the sun porch on the roof. A little colored boy with a broken back, wearing a body cast, was also there. The man asked the boy if he liked to read and when the boy said, "Oh yes!" the man had the girl bring a beautifully bound and illustrated volume of "Æsop's Fables." The happy child read it daily and put it under his pillow at night.

The nun in the diet kitchen made many delicacies for the sick man—custards, ice cream and dainty salads. The day he left the hospital he sent her six deep purple orchids which the delighted nun laid at the feet of the image of the Queen of Angels in the chapel.

The patient was George Brent and the lovely girl, Ann Sheridan.

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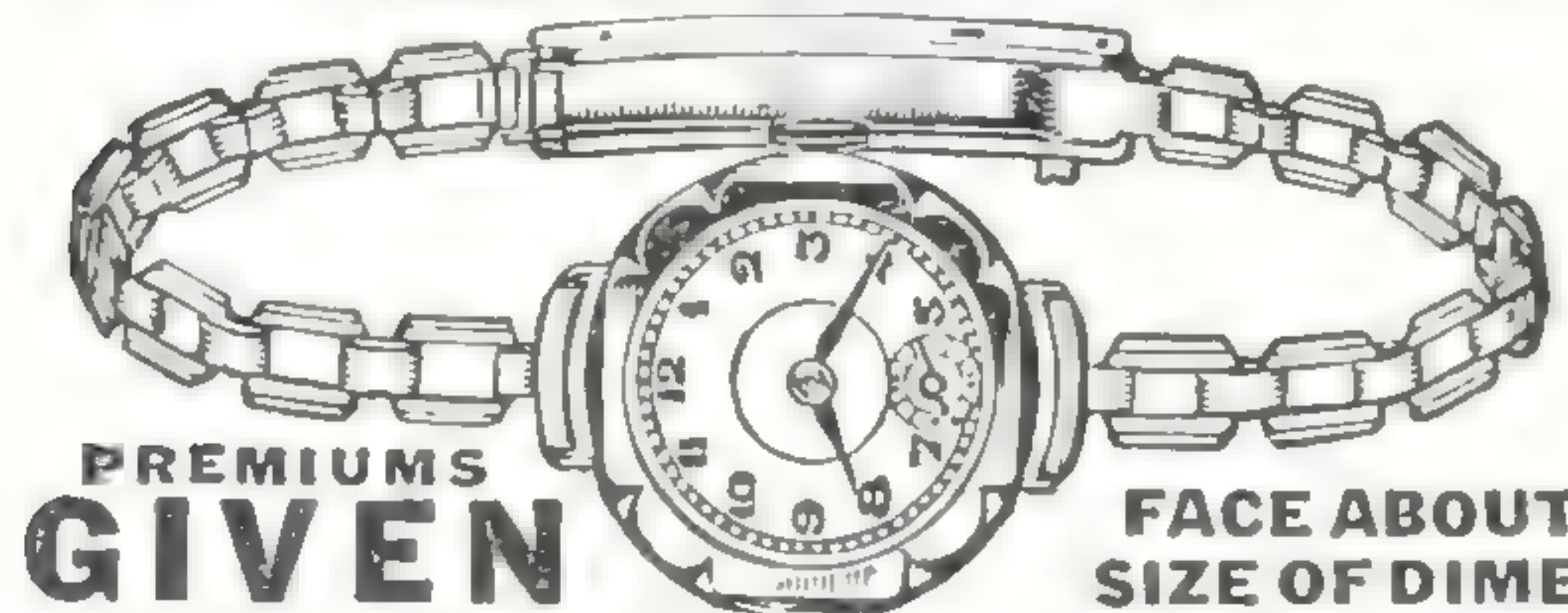
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**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

## Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 20)

young actress, and Babe Ruth plays himself. It's a fitting tribute to a great man. (Oct.)

✓ **PRIORITIES ON PARADE**—Paramount: Johnnie Johnston is a band leader who seeks a job playing for defense plant workers and the whole band takes jobs in the plant in order to furnish the music, with Johnnie working under the tutelage of Betty Rhodes, who sings very well. Ann Miller is the jealous dancer, Vera Vague and Jerry Colona the comics. Plenty of talent and fun. (Oct.)

**PRIVATE BUCKEROO**—Universal: Too much of a good thing in this picture, with all the music leaving very little room for plot. Harry James' band plays, the Andrews Sisters warble numerous ditties, Dick Foran sings several numbers, and Jennifer Holt, Joe E. Lewis, and Sharp Shemp Howard try to squeeze a word in edgewise. (Sept.)

**RUBBER RACKETEERS**—Monogram: Timely is this story of a released convict, Ricardo Cortez, who organizes the racket of bootlegging cheap rubber. When a blowout from one of his cheap tires kills a defense worker, Bill Henry starts an organized fight against the villains. Rochelle Hudson and Barbara Read are the girls. (Sept.)

✓ **SEVEN SWEETHEARTS**—M-G-M: Whimsical and gay, charming and quaint, with Kathryn Grayson the youngest of seven sisters, whose father, S. Z. Sakall, runs a hotel in a Little Holland village in Michigan. Reporter Van Hefling comes there to cover the tulip festival and Marsha Hunt, the oldest sister, snares him. The sisters are charming and Miss Grayson sings delightfully. (Nov.)

✓ **SHIP AHOY**—M-G-M: Eleanor Powell is a dancer who becomes involved with foreign spies and through her tap dancing foils their plot to steal a mine. Red Skelton, her boy friend, brings life and laughter to his role, and Bert Lahr is comical as Red's stooge. Virginia O'Brien is Bert's heart-beat. (Sept.)

**SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU**—M-G-M: Love around the globe, with Clark Gable and Robert Sterling a brother team of foreign correspondents and Lana Turner as the beautiful corner of the triangle. The action carries the trio from New York to India, China, and Manila. Gable is right up there at the peak of his acting and Sterling does a fine job, as does Lana. (Oct.)

**SWEATER GIRL**—Paramount: Murders occur during rehearsal for a college musical, with Eddie Bracken and girl friend June Preisser trying to solve the mystery, and Nils Aster gets himself suspected among others. Philip Terry and cute songstress Betty Rhodes add to the doings, and the hit tunes even overshadow the plot. (Sept.)

✓ **TALES OF MANHATTAN**—20th Century Fox: The adventures of a dress suit from the moment it left the tailor's shop to its ultimate finish is told in complete and separate episodes, some gay, some tragic, some stronger than others, and with an arresting cast which includes Rita Hayworth, Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton and numerous other stars. (Sept.)

✓ **TALK OF THE TOWN**—Columbia: Ronald Colman's a dignified, bearded law professor who rents a home from Jean Arthur and finds much confusion. It turns out to be escaped prisoner Cary Grant who's being hidden in the attic. Miss Arthur is as always delightful and the men give brilliant performances. (Oct.)

✓ **THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE**—Columbia: Good solid comedy, with Joan Crawford as the

young woman who tries to get away from her life and gets all tangled up in it. (Oct.)

**TIMBER**—Universal: A story of a man who goes to the forest to find a girl who has been kidnapped. (Sept.)

**TISH**—M-G-M: The three delectable sisters Mary Roberts Rinchard's beloved "Tish" take on all sorts of foreign characterizations in a imaginative screen version. Marjorie Main, Z. Potts and Aline MacMahon play the spinsters; I. Bowman and Virginia Grey are the girls. (Oct.)

**UNDERCOVER MAN**—Sherman-Paramount: group of baddies have Hopalong Cassidy, played William Boyd, puzzled when they take turns impersonating first Mexicans and then Americans as they even go so far as to impersonate Hoppie and host Antonio Moreno before they're caught. (Oct.)

✓ **WAKE ISLAND**—Paramount: Every man should see this authentic picture of the stand of the Marines on Wake Island and the magnificent fight. Brian Donlevy plays the man who commands the Island's defense. John Dekker a civilian engineer. Macdonald is a young flyer, and Robert Preston and Wendell Bendix play two marine buddies. (Nov.)

✓ **WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY**—M-G-M: A honey of a picture, with Fay Bainter the selfish, ingrown woman who refuses to alter her life or accept war-time alteration in the lives of others. Van Johnson, the redheaded, freckle-faced hero, is the best thing in the show, even surpassing Richard Ney, who plays the regenerated young man. Edward Arnold and Jean Rogers are good too. (Nov.)

✓ **WINGS AND THE WOMAN**—RKO: A fitting tribute to a gallant woman, Ann Dvorak is this story of her life, with Arthur Godfrey the first great woman aviatrix. Robert Newton, Jim Mollison, the flyer, who married Ann, is outstanding. Edward G. Robinson as her father, Joan Kemp-Welch has her mother, and beautiful performances, and Miss Dvorak is good. (Nov.)

✓ **WINGS FOR THE EAGLE**—Warner: A picture of this timely drama is set against a background of the first World War. The story and the scenes taken there are most interesting. Among the stars are Robert Taylor, Ann Sheridan and Jack Carson, whose mother was killed. Dennis Morgan, and George Tobias, the foreign man in a room who loses his job. (Sept.)

✓ **YANK AT ETON**—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney gives life, color and laughter to a story that is too much on its star and too little on its plot. He's a typical American high school star who finds himself at Eton and he marries an Englishman and his friends are at the famous old Eton school. (Nov.)

✓ **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY**—Warner: This life story of the great star, George M. Cohan is the best biographical musical to come out of Hollywood and the best thing Jimmy Cagney has done in years. It's warm and sincere, and the Cohan music is unforgettable, as the picture itself. Cagney, Walter Huston, Rosemary Clooney and Joan Leslie are all great. (Sept.)



You can line up at the box office, pay your money and not be disappointed in this one: Brian Donlevy, Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake in "The Glass Key"



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 6)

### ✓ The Glass Key (Paramount)

**It's About:** *Shadow of a murder that spreads over a political boss.*

FANS who have been patiently waiting since "This Gun For Hire" for another Alan Ladd picture can now line up at the box-office windows, pay their money on the line and not be disappointed. The boy scores again, proving his first big chance was justly merited. The lad (or should we say Ladd?) has a cool, fascinating quality about his work that burns like a cold inextinguishable flame. As the pal of political boss Brian Donlevy who finds himself suspected of murder, Ladd literally carries the story interest on his slender shoulders. But not to be overlooked is the work of Donlevy, who is growing in stature with every role. That fellow will be a star someday, even if we fans have to perform the duty ourselves.

William Bendix is another actor to watch. His work in "Wake Island" and now in this picture proves him a find with a capital F. Veronica Lake, to our notion, strolled through the tale with a dead-pan, monotonous performance. Bonita Granville, however, gave her brief role plenty of animation. Joseph Calleia, as an owner of gambling houses, is very good. Francis Gifford and Richard Denning decorate a story that almost, but not quite, hits the top register of the month.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Swell performances hold the attention.

### ✓✓ The Hard Way (Warners)

**It's About:** *A woman who, for her own selfish aims, promotes her younger sister.*

TYPICAL of the Ida Lupino roles is this one of a relentlessly selfish woman whose urge for vicarious glory leads to her tragic death and the bitter unhappiness of those around her. Miss Lupino, as expected, plays that role to perfection.

Equally fine, to our notion, is the performance of Jack Carson as the loveable but dumbish half of a small-time vaudeville team who marries Ida's sister, played by Joan Leslie, and rescues both of them from their miserable surroundings. Carson is used by Ida as a stepping stone to Ida's success, a move that leads to complete tragedy.

Miss Leslie is vivacious, young and talented but seems a little lost in the depth of the seething, emotional drama that twirls about and around her. Dennis Morgan, Carson's Casanova partner, is so very good but comes out second fiddler to Carson and Lupino. Leona Maricle as the authoress is a charming newcomer and Gladys George, in a brief moment as the has-been star, shines like a klieg light in a blackout. What an actress!

**Your Reviewer Says:** It grips and holds with a heavy hand.

### ✓ The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**It's About:** *The life story of the great poet.*

EVERY student and every lover of American literature familiar with the stories, essays and poems of the nine-

teenth-century Poe will enjoy the depth and beauty of this biographical tale. There are some details of the poet's life that have been necessarily omitted. But the highlights remain—his adoption as a child by a Virginia family, his first boyhood love affair, his marriage to his cousin and his slow disintegration, due to alcoholism.

John Shepperd seems an ideal Poe. His reading of the poem "The Raven" is exceptionally fine. Linda Darnell gives a polished performance as his young wife. Virginia Gilmore is outstanding as his childhood sweetheart. Mary Howard is beautiful and appealing as his foster mother. Jane Darwell and Frank Conroy are fine additions to the cast.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A worth-while gem.

### ✓ White Cargo (M-G-M)

**It's About:** *White men and a tropical seductress.*

OF all the *Tondelayos* in our memory (and the stage has produced dozens) Hedy Lamarr is certainly the most gorgeous. But not the most believable, we're afraid, judging from the "whoopies" and "oh, brothers," emitted from certain sections of the audience.

The trouble is the story has now become repetitious through imitation and much of its punch has been lost. However, the performance of Walter Pidgeon, veteran of the tropical isle, who listens to the earnest pronouncement of each new young man that he can stand the climate and temptations, gives great stability to the play. Richard Carlson, such a young man who becomes hopelessly enamoured of *Tondelayo*, is very good.

Frank Morgan is splendid as the drunken doctor.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Allure, comedy and tragedy served in frosted glasses.

### ✓✓ For Me And My Gal (M-G-M)

**It's About:** *A vaudeville team interrupted by World War 1.*

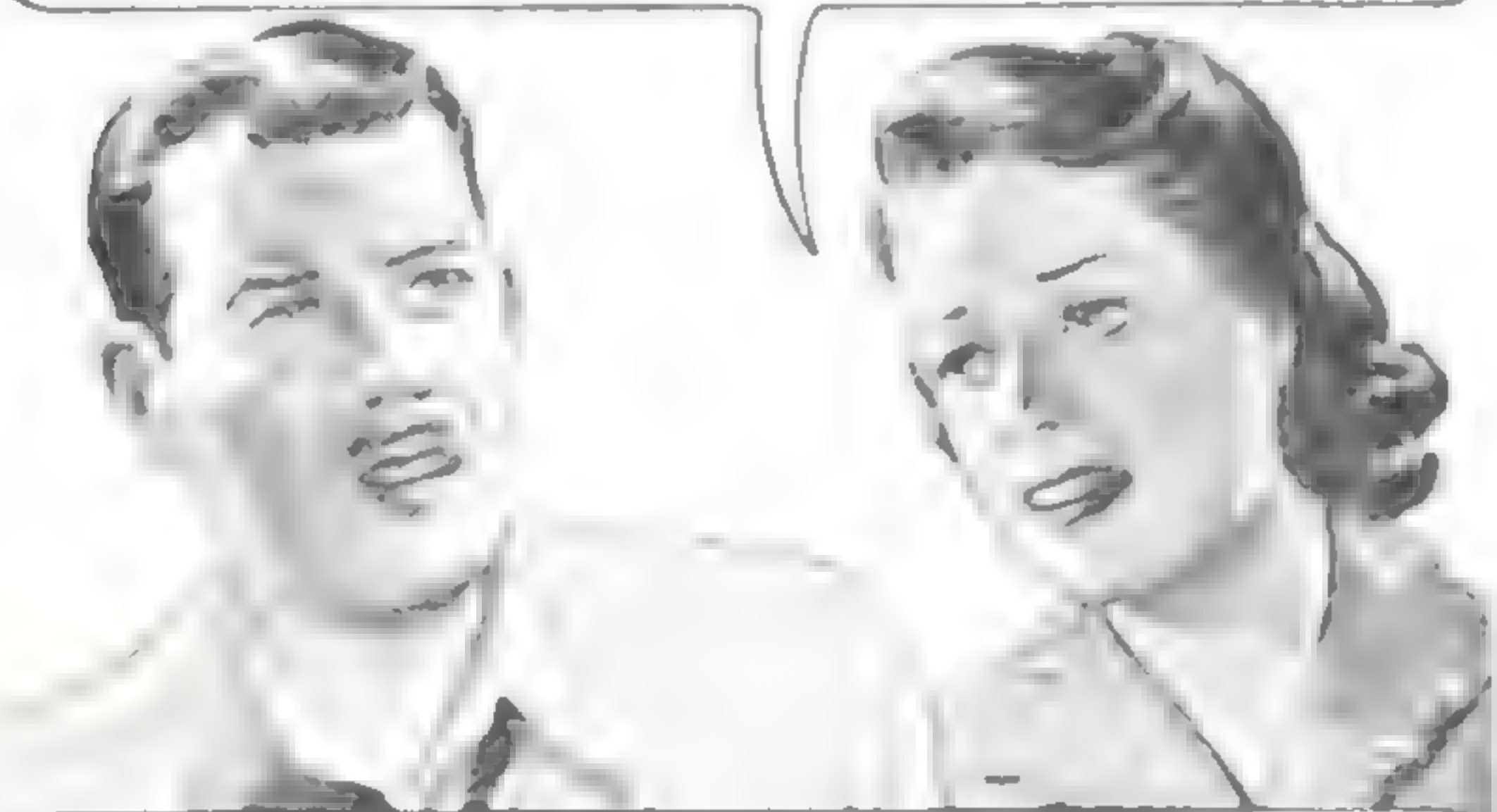
A WINNER, that's what this musical is. A hit from start to finish with the songs of yesterday, from 1916 to World War 1 inclusive, tearing away at the heartstrings like mad while Judy Garland entrances and newcomer Gene Kelly answers that \$64 question as to new faces. If ever a star leaped overnight to stardom it should be Kelly, discovered by Judy on the New York stage ("Pal Joey") and brought to Hollywood for this role.

George Murphy loses his vaudeville partner Judy to Gene. Judy falls in love with Gene, almost breaks her heart when the headliner Marta Eggerth attracts his attention. Then suddenly Gene discovers he loves Judy. Along comes the war to balk the fulfillment of their great dream—a week at the Palace. Gene's unpatriotism, for which he pays dearly, plunges them deep into the war overseas.

The story has deep appeal. Everyone is bound to love it.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A musical knockout.

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- THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU
- LONG, LONG WAY FROM HOME

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## Hello, Annapolis (Columbia)

*It's About: The traditional smart-aleck at Annapolis.*

JEAN PARKER, traditional Navy girl, refuses to marry Tom Brown, son of a millionaire shipbuilder, unless he enters the service. Pretending to comply, Tom attempts to trick her into marriage. Jean turns the tables and tricks him into Annapolis where he gets the smart-aleckness taken out of him. Larry Parks and Phil Brown are good in supporting roles.

Your Reviewer Says: It's the same old billy goat.

## Drums Of The Congo (Universal)

*It's About: The search for meteoric mineral in Africa.*

IT seems we need the mineral of a large meteor, laid by the heavens above in an African jungle, for our defense industry. Don Terry of the Army Intelligence is dispatched to get it. Foreign agents (Mama, those people are here again!) are also after the mineral. Guess who gets it?

Ona Munson is a brave woman doctor and Peggy Moran the girl spy. Richard Lane is a believable heavy, but Stuart Erwin as the jungle guide steals the show, for our money. Central Avenue Negroes go crazy all over the place pretending to be jungle natives. But we know better, don't we?

Your Reviewer Says: Voo hooley!

## You Can't Escape Forever (Warners)

*It's About: The usual newspaperman-sleuth.*

THE faintly familiar aroma that lingers about this minor epic is not due alone to its set pattern and formula but to the fact it was done several years ago by Paul Muni in a piece called "Hi, Nellie." Remember?

Anyway, George Brent is the newspaper managing editor who uncovers a gang of racketeers and murderers who are operating behind the usual swanky night-club front and a Lonely Hearts club on the side. Brenda Marshall, badly photographed, is the girl reporter and sweetie-pie of Mr. Brent. Roscoe Karns is the photographer, Gene Lockhart and Edward Ciannelli the villains.

Your Reviewer Says: A repeat.

## Careful, Soft Shoulders (20th Century-Fox)

*It's About: A dizzy blonde and a dizzy spy mix-up.*

THIS reminds us of a poor man's Alfred Hitchcock mystery-melodrama. Everything happens to everybody and little of it makes sense. Only this one lacks the Hitchcock charm and sophistication. It lacks pretty nearly everything else too, except the lovely Virginia Bruce, a Washington socialite scatterbrain who gets involved with Nazi agents under the impression they are our own Secret Service operatives.

She learns this fact almost too late.

And in an old mill, of all hammy, melodramatic places. Jimmy Ellison is the strong-armed boy friend. Sheila Ryan and Aubrey Mather stand out clearly. Ralph Byrd is a comely lad to have around.

Your Reviewer Says: We are now giving War Stamps to all pictures without spies.

## Highways By Night (RKO-Radio)

*It's About: A millionaire playboy who ends up a truck driver.*

WE had fun casting this Clarence Buddington Kelland story when it ran as a magazine serial; we were that sure it would make a picture. Our choice of characters was ignored, however, by Hollywood; but the chosen performers that do people the cast are a great deal better than the picture which somehow got off to a bad start and worked up to a weak finish.

Richard Carlson as the "What's work, Daddy?" hero, who gets taken by gangsters and ends up in the trucking business, does very well with the loosely knit material. Jane Randolph is fair as the girl, but Jane Darwell as Grandma, Barton MacLane as the gangster boss and Ray Collins as Uncle Ben are excellent choices.

There are a lot of punches tossed around to pep up the action but not enough to lift it out of the average routine fare.

Your Reviewer Says: It's all been said before.

## ✓ Springtime In The Rockies (20th Century-Fox)

*It's About: Baffled love set to music.*

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX has found a set musical formula that must be sure-fire; simply by giving the old tale a geographical twirl, from Argentina to Miami to New York to Lake Louise, they are able to use it over and over.

The beauty of the Canadian resort in this latest travelogue is enhanced by Technicolor and the charms of Betty Grable, who is enamored of bad boy John Payne, a Broadway actor. When John misbehaves Betty pretends to be in love with her new dancing partner Cesar Romero. From a New York stage play the group carry on their misunderstandings at Lake Louise. Charlotte Greenwood (old limber legs) and Edward Everett Horton aid in the mix-up. Carmen Miranda, got up like a Christmas tree, has never been cuter. The dancing of Betty and Cesar and the playing of Harry James and his orchestra add up to a pretty good musical show.

Your Reviewer Says: Pretty as a picture should be.

## Atlantic Convoy (Columbia)

*It's About: A Nazi agent at work near Iceland.*

IT was bound to happen—this story of a Marine base off the Iceland coast and the telling isn't half bad. A mysterious weather man, John Beal, is suspected of being the tip-off agent to Nazi submarines interfering with our convoys. His surprising rescue of passengers from



a bombed ship more than proves his innocence. You'd never guess, in fact, the identity of the informer.

Virginia Field plays a rescued nurse. Bruce Bennett is the Marine commanding officer.

Your Reviewer Says: Timely little number

## ✓ Give Out, Sisters (Universal)

It's About: *An heiress who goes jitterbug*

IT'S corny, it's funny, it's lively and abloom with music and good singing. It has the Andrews Sisters, who introduce four new songs, the Jivin' Jacks 'n' Jills who dance new steps, Grace McDonald who plays a young heiress gone jitterbug mad, Dan Dailey Jr. as her bandleader beau, and three funny old maids, Edith Barrett, Marie Blake and Fay Helm.

Charles Butterworth, proprietor of a dance school, and his only cohort Walter Catlett add to the fracas that deserves one check for the youthful hullabaloo it stirs up.

Your Reviewer Says: Get in the groove, people.

## Foreign Agent (Monogram)

It's About: *Spy rings on the Pacific Coast.*

THIS is another of those spy-ring stories that are growing thicker than elderberries on a bush. This time the baddies wend their naughty way (after the usual secret invention, of course) in and out of studios and Los Angeles environs, which gives the old tale a bit of a lift.

John Shelton and Gale Storm wear the romantic leads most becomingly. Ivan Lebedeff, Hans Shumm and George Travell stir things up a bit. Director William Beaudine makes a pretty good little action piece out of the material given him.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, it has pace, anyway.

## Eyes In The Night (M-G-M)

It's About: *A romance that reveals a spy ring.*

A COMPETENTLY acted and conceived little story brings Ann Harding back to the screen as a stepmother who must break up her daughter's romance. The daughter, Donna Reed, has fallen in love with a summer theater player, John Emery, who gets himself erased by plotters who plan to steal millionaire Reginald Denny's undisclosed invention. It's Edward Arnold, playing a blind man, with the aid of his wonderful "Friday," who discovers the plot and brings our enemies to justice. The two plots run parallel, one to the other, and as can be expected get in each other's way every so often.

We regret Miss Harding was not given a more auspicious home-coming.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much story spoils the broth.

## ✓ Secrets Of A Co-ed (P.R.C.)

It's About: *The sins of a father catch up with him*

FOR one of the best solo speeches delivered on the screen by actor Otto Kruger, for the outstanding performances of Tina Thayer and Rich Vallin, a newcomer, we give this modest picture our one-check approval.

It tells the story of the secret racketeering operations of a respected attorney, Otto Kruger, that he must himself reveal to a jury when his daughter, Miss Thayer, is on trial for killing her sweetheart, a gunman hired by Kruger. And plenty of wallop goes into that little mix-up. Russell Hoyt, the campus beau of co-ed Tina, is very good. But villain Vallin is more than good. He's a find. Kruger is even better than usual, which is plenty fine.

Your Reviewer Says: It held our interest and won our respect.

## Halfway To Shanghai (Universal)

It's About: *Murder, intrigue and romance aboard an Oriental express.*

PASSENGERS aboard a train bound for Rangoon become involved in a murder mystery when a man, escaping with plans of defenses in China, is murdered. American engineer Kent Taylor and American girl Irene Hervey, engaged to an Eastern mogul, become involved. Others aboard the train are Charlotte Wynters, a Nazi sympathizer, George Zucco, J. Edward Bromberg, the Burma inspector of police, and several others.

None of it adds up to much, we promise you.

Your Reviewer Says: We had more fun on the 5:15.

## City Of Silent Men (P.R.C.)

It's About: *The rehabilitation of ex-convicts.*

THE idea is that ex-convicts given a chance could find a useful place in society. When a small-town mayor turns over a local cannery to the convicts as an experiment, the townsfolk grumble and eventually flare into rebellion when a murder is committed. However, all turns out well and the mayor, who turns out to be an ex-convict himself, is forgiven.

Outstanding in the cast are Frank Albertson, June Lang, Jan Wiley, Emmett Lynn and William Gould.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly small-time.

## ✓ The Forest Rangers (Paramount)

It's About: *A city girl, a ranger and a backwoods girl.*

MORE important than the story is the cast, consisting of Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray and Susan Hayward. And more important even than these three is the succession of fires that all but burn up the screen. How people, trucks and planes so nonchalantly plow through blazing forests without so much as a singe is beyond us.

MacMurray is the handsome ranger who meets and marries Paulette Goddard to the jealous chagrin of Susan Hayward, who tries to get him away.

Eugene Pallette, Lynn Overman (what an actor), Albert Dekker and Regis Toomey build up the minor roles.



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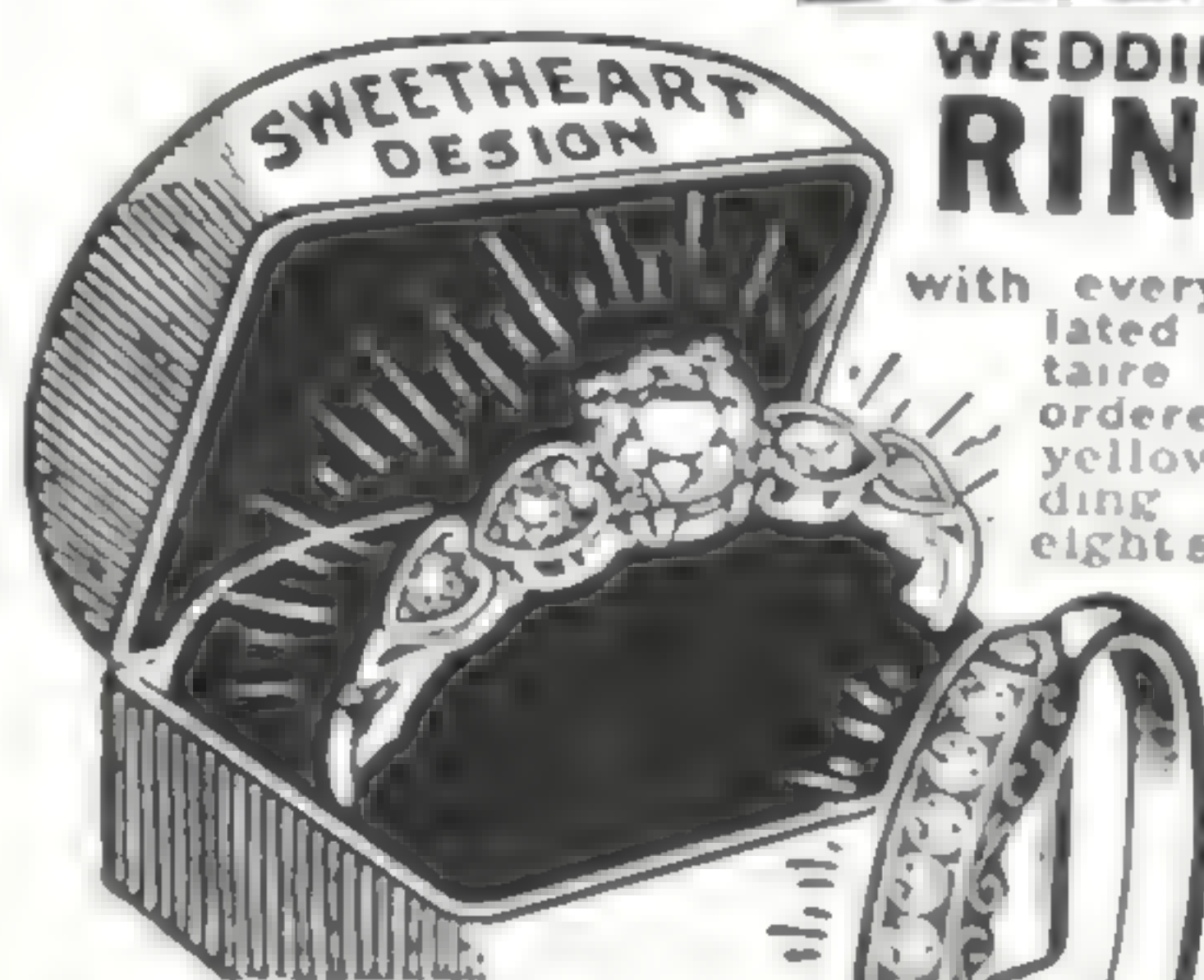
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DECEMBER



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For the gorgeous Technicolor and the tremendous fire scenes and moments of comedy we toss in our one-check approval.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much blaze about so little.

## Sherlock Holmes And The Voice Of Terror (Universal)

It's About: *The famous detective mixes it up with Nazi spies.*

IT was our idea the famous Conan Doyle character lived somewhere back in the nineties, gay or otherwise. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, we find the old boy, who must be getting along in years, with his inseparable pal Doctor Watson (Nigel Bruce) uncovering a Nazi radio nest and preventing all sorts of German invasions. My word, what an active old bird, to be sure.

Basil Rathbone, of course, is the indestructible Holmes and Evelyn Ankers the pretty Limehouse girl who aids him.

Your Reviewer Says: Pretty average fare.

## Just Off Broadway (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A juror who locates the real criminal.*

WHERE do you think detective Michael Shayne finds himself now? On the jury, no less. And when Shayne, played as usual by Lloyd Nolan, sees the evidence piling up against the innocent defendant, he escapes the jury guard and sets out on his own to uncover the guilty party.

And as Red Skelton says, "He dood it." Marjorie Weaver as a girl reporter and Phil Silvers, a press cameraman, Richard Derr as an attorney, and Joan Valerie as a singer, are all in on the excitement.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a B, but a busy one.

## Wildcat (Paramount)

It's About: *A partnership in speculative oil drilling.*

THE pep boys of the movies, producers Bill Pine and Bill Thomas, have turned out another johnny-jump-up of a story that moves and wiggles and kicks and screams, and occasionally hobbles along to its exciting finish.

Richard Arlen is the wildcat oil man who forms a partnership with young Elisha Cook Jr., gets buffaloeed by Arline Judge, who plays Elisha's fake sister, and fights it out with his enemy oil driller Buster Crabbe. Never a dull moment, we'd say.

Your Reviewer Says: Not a gusher, but not a dud, either.

## Flying Fortress (Warners)

It's About: *Two American flyers who join the R.A.F.*

FANS eager for a glimpse of Richard Greene, now in England's armed forces, will have that opportunity in this English-made film. The English actor is as handsome and personable as ever, but just what will be the reaction to his interpretation of an American playboy

who joins the Ferry Command, falls in love with an American newspaperwoman in London and finally joins the R.A.F. to be near her and do his bit is problematical.

The air-raid scenes in the American-made bomber are most thrilling. Englishman Donald Steward's interpretations of an American harem scarem who pals along with Greene is really laughable, especially his attempts at American slang. Carla Lehmann plays the American girl most unconvincingly. Betty Stockfield is pretty as the English girl. It's nice seeing Richard again, but let's hope his next film is a bit stronger.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's blame this on the exigencies of war.

## ✓✓ George Washington Slept Here (Warners)

It's About: *A young couple who buys a historical country home.*

THOSE war-nerve jitters give way to first-class titters when Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan find themselves in a dilapidated country house long on tradition and short on bathrooms. In fact, there isn't any water, or a roadway, or much of anything else about the place and what there is Jack manages to fall through or trip over or dive under.

The trials and tribulations of the pair are more complicated than ever when Jack becomes violently jealous of their neighbor, Harvey Stephens, and when their rascally young nephew, Douglas Croft, comes to haunt their peace and quiet. Percy Kilbride, handyman, all but steals the show with his eternal digging for water. There is a card if ever we saw one! Charles Coburn, the

## Best Pictures of the Month

For Me and My Gal

My Sister Eileen

Now, Voyager

Flying Tigers

George Washington Slept Here

The Hard Way

## Best Performances

Judy Garland in "For Me And My Gal"

Gene Kelly in "For Me And My Gal"

Rosalind Russell in "My Sister Eileen"

Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager"

Paul Henreid in "Now, Voyager"

The Flying Tigers in "Flying Tigers"

Alan Ladd in "The Glass Key"

Ida Lupino in "The Hard Way"

Jack Carson in "The Hard Way"



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WBAX—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.  
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KOCY—Oklahoma City, Okla.  
KHJ—Los Angeles, Calif.  
KFRC—San Francisco, Calif.  
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phony rich uncle, Hattie McDaniel, the cook, Darles Dingle, the villain, and Joyce Reynolds and William Tracy, the romantic twosome, grace the fun that brings cheer to the heart.

Your Reviewer Says: Even George would have laughed.

### Youth On Parade (Republic)

It's About: College kids who fool a professor.

THAT college show is here again, with Tom Brown and Martha O'Driscoll leading the talent parade. The boys and girls play a trick on Professor John Hubbard that leads to Ruth Terry, a Broadway actress, joining the campus scampers. When the hoax is discovered the Professor lectures the students on American ideals. The show goes on to a riotous finish and Martha gets the Prof, who incidentally is played to perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: It's young and snappy.

### Sin Town (Universal)

It's About: Racketeers and villains out west.

WHEN bunco artists Constance Bennett and Brod Crawford find themselves on the little end of a deal they arrive in a Western oil town looking for easy money. Crawford finds it when he saves Ward Bond from a lynching and declares himself partner in Bond's saloon. When townsfolk finally rebel at the unlawful antics of both Bond and Crawford there is a fracas that ends the existence of Mr. Ward Bond and sends Mr. Crawford to greener pastures. Anne Gwynne and Patric Knowles provide the love interest; Andy Devine and Leo Carrillo romp around having gusty fun. The brawl between the two villains is really a lulu.

Your Reviewer Says: A commotion in a B picture.

### Casts of Current Pictures

ATLANTIC CONVOY—Columbia: Capt. Morgan, Bruce Bennett; Lida Adams, Virginia Field; Carl Hansen, John Beal; Sandy Brown, Clifford Severn; Gregory, Larry Parks; Eddie, Stanley Brown; Bert, Lloyd Bridges; Otto, Victor Kilian; Commander Von Smith, Hans Schumm; Gunther, Erik Rolf; Radio Operator, Eddie Laughton.

CAREFUL, SOFT SHOULDERS—20th Century Fox: Connie Mather, Virginia Bruce; Thomas Aldrich, James Ellison; Mr. Fortune, Aubrey Mather; Agatha Mather, Sheila Ryan; Elliott Salmon, Ralph Byrd; Milo, Sigurd Tor; Joe, Charles Tannen; Mr. Aldrich, William B. Davidson; Mrs. Ipswich, Dale Winter.

CITY OF SILENT MEN—P.R.C.: Gil Davis, Frank Allerton; Helen Hendricks, June Lang; Jan Miller, Jan Wiley; Jerry Hendricks, Richard Clarke; Mayor Hendricks, William Gould; Jeb Parker, Emmett Lynn; Frank Muller, Dick Curtis; Frank, Barton Hepburn; Judge, Frank Jacquet; Fred Bernard, Frank Ferguson; Liptine, Richard Bailey; Police Chief, Jack Baxley; Captain, William Kellogg; Gordon, Charles Jordan; Manners, Pat Gleason.

DRUMS OF THE CONGO—Universal: Dr. Ann Montgomery, Ona Munson; Congo Jack, Stuart Erwin; Enid, Peggy Moran; Kirk, Don Terry; Coutalls, Richard Lane; Kalu, Jules Bledsoe; Juma, Furhan Bey; Malimi, Dorothy Dandridge.

EYES IN THE NIGHT M-G-M: Duncan MacLain, Edward Arnold; Norma Lawry, Ann Harding; Barbara Lawry, Donna Reed; Gabriel Hoffman, Horace McNally; Cheli Scott, Katherine Emer; Marty Allen Jenkins; Hansen, Stanley C. Ridges; Stephen Lawry, Reginald Denny; Paul Gerente, John Emery; Vera Hoffman, Rosemary de Camp; Boyd, Erik Rolf; Busch, Barry Nelson; Victor, Reginald Sheffield; Anderson, Steve Geray; Alistair, Mantan Moreland; "Friday," Himself.

FLYING FORTRESS Warners: Jim Spence, Richard Greene; Sidney Kelly, Carla Lehmann.

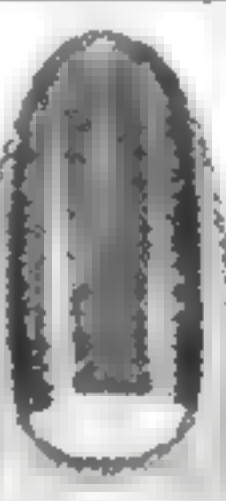
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Lady Deborah, Betty Stockfield; *Sky Kelly*, Donald Steward; *Harrington*, Charles Heslop; *Lord Ottershaw*, Sidney King; *Wilkinson*, Basil Radford; *Captain Harvey*, John Stuart; *The Coroner*, Percy Parsons; *Control tower operator*, J. Wilmot; *Sheephead*, Joss Ambler; *Dan Billings*, Edward Rigby; *S.N.O.*, Ian Fleming.

**FLYING TIGERS**—Republic: *Jim Gordon*, John Wayne; *Woody Jason*, John Carroll; *Brooke Elliott*, Anna Lee; *Hap*, Paul Kelly; *Alabama*, Gordon Jones; *Verna Bales*, Mae Clarke; *Col. Lindsay*, Addison Richards; *Blackie Bales*, Edmund MacDonald; *Dale*, Bill Shirley; *Reardon*, Tom Neal; *McCurdy*, Malcolm "Bud" McTaggart; *Barton*, David Bruce; *Mike*, Chester Gan; *McIntosh*, James Dodd; *Tex*, Gregg Barton; *Selby*, John James.

**FOR ME AND MY GAL**—M-G-M: *Jo Hayden*, Judy Garland; *Jimmy K. Metcalfe*, George Murphy; *Harry Palmer*, Gene Kelly; *Eve Minard*, Marta Eggerth; *Sid Simms*, Ben Blue; *Danny Hayden*, Richard Quine; *Bert Waring*, Horace McNally; *Lily*, Lucille Norman; *Eddie Melton*, Keenan Wynn.

**FOREIGN AGENT**—Monogram: *Jimmy*, John Shelton; *Mitzi*, Gale Storm; *Okura*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Nick*, George Travell; *Joan*, Patsy Moran; *Eddie*, Lyle Latell; *Werner*, Hans Schumm; *Davis*, William Halligan; *Stevens*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Jennings*, Boyd Irwin; *George McCall*, Kenneth Harlan; *Beck*, David Clarke; *Anna*, Fay Wall; *Nelson*, Edward Peil; *Bartender*, Paul Bryer; *Editor*, Jack Mulhall; *Flo*, Anna Hope; *Reporter*, Jimmy Starr; *Little Fellow*, Jack Raymond; *Drunk*, Vince Barnett; *Girl At Bar*, Rita Douglas; *Maid*, Jean King.

**FOREST RANGERS, THE**—Paramount: *Don Stuart*, Fred MacMurray; *Celia Huston*, Paulette Goddard; *Tana Mason*, Susan Hayward; *Jammer Jones*, Lynne Overman; *Twig Dawson*, Albert Dekker; *Mr. Huston*, Eugene Pallette; *Frank Hatfield*, Regis Toomey; *Jim Lawrence*, Rod Cameron; *Terry McCabe*, Clem Bevans; *George Tracy*, James Brown; *Rangers*, Kenneth Griffith, Keith Richards, William Cabanne; *Mr. Hansen*, Jimmy Conlin.

**GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE**—Warners: *Bill Fuller*, Jack Benny; *Connie Fuller*, Ann Sheridan; *Uncle Stanley*, Charles Coburn; *Mr. Kimber*, Percy Kilbride; *Hester*, Hattie McDaniel; *Steve Eldridge*, William Tracy; *Madge*, Joyce Reynolds; *Rena Leslie*, Lee Patrick; *Mr. Prescott*, Charles Dingle; *Clayton Evans*, John Emery; *Raymond*, Douglas Croft; *Jeff Douglas*, Harvey Stephens; *Mr. Gibney*, Franklin Pangborn.

**GIVE OUT, SISTERS**—Universal: *Andrews Sisters*, Themselves; *Gracie*, Grace McDonald; *Bob Edwards*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Harrison*, William Frawley; *Kendall*, Richard Davies; *Professor*, Chas. Butterworth; *Gribble*, Walter Catlett; *Don*, Donald O'Connor; *Peggy*, Peggy Ryan; *Agatha*, Marie Blake; *Balinda*, Edith Barrett; *Susan*, Fay Helm; *Batterman*, Emmett Vogan; *Jamison*, Leonard Kerry; *Five Jacks*, Bobby Scheerer, Tommy Hall.

Joe Geil, Roland Dupree. *Five Jills*, Jane McNabb, Jean McNabb, Dolores Mitchell, Dorothy Babb.

**GLASS KEY, THE**—Paramount: *Paul Madvig*, Brian Donlevy; *Janet Henry*, Veronica Lake; *Ed Beaumont*, Alan Ladd; *Opal Madvig*, Bonita Granville; *Shadow O'Rory*, Joseph Calleia; *Taylor Henry*, Richard Denning; *Mr. Henry*, Moroni Olson; *Jeff*, William Bendix; *Eloise Matthews*, Margaret Hayes; *Clyde Matthews*, Arthur Loft; *Tuttle*, George Meader; *Rusty*, Eddie Marr; *Nurse*, Francis Gifford; *Lynch*, Joe McGuinn; *Groggins*, Frank Hagney; *Fisher*, Joseph King; *Politicians*, Pat O'Malley, John W. DeNoria, Ed Peil, Sr., James Millican; *Reporters*, Edmund Cobb, Jack Mulhall.

**HALFWAY TO SHANGHAI**—Universal: *Dagmar*, Irene Hervey; *Alexander Barton*, Kent Taylor; *Col. Blimpton*, Henry Stephenson; *Vincent*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Zerta*, George Zucco; *Wrallins*, Charlotte Wynters; *Mills*, Fay Helm; *Peale*, Charles Wagenheim.

**HARD WAY, THE**—Warners: *Helen Chernen*, Ida Lupino; *Paul Collins*, Dennis Morgan; *Katherine Chernen*, Joan Leslie; *Albert Runkel*, Jack Carson; *Lily Emery*, Gladys George; *Waitress*, Faye Emerson; *John Sahgrue*, Paul Cavanagh; *Laura Bithorn*, Leona Maricle; *Sam Chernen*, Roman Bohnen; *Johnny Gilpin*, Ray Montgomery; *Chorine*, Julie Bishop; *Max Wade*, Nostor Paiva; *Maria*, Joan Woodbury; *Dorshka*, Ann Doran; *Motion-picture Executive*, Thurston Hall; *Flores*, Charles Judels; *Frenchy*, Lou Lubin; *Anderson*, Jody Gilbert.

**HELLO ANNAPOLIS**—Columbia: *Bill Arden*, Tom Brown; *Doris Henley*, June Parker; *Paul Herbert*, Larry Parks; *"Kansas City"*, Phil Brown; *Evans Arden*, Joseph Crehan; *Captain Wendell*, Thurston Hall; *Captain Forbes*, Ferris Taylor; *Captain Dugan*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Miss Jenkins*, Mae Busch; *George Crandall*, Robert Stevens; *Norman Brennan*, Stanley Brown; *Hazlett Houston*, William Blees; *Aunt Arabella*, Georgia Caine.

**HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT**—RKO-Radio: *Tommy Van Steel*, Richard Carlson; *Peggy Fogarty*, Jane Randolph; *Grandma Fogarty*, Jane Darwell; *Leo Bronson*, Barton MacLane; *Uncle Ben*, Ray Collins; *Ellen Cromwell*, Renee Haal; *"Footsie"*, Fogarty, Gordon Jones; *Duke Wellington*, John Maguire; *Johnny Lieber*, Jack La Rue; *Linda*, Sally Wadsworth; *Reggie*, Marten Lamont; *Chorus Girl*, Iris Adrian.

**JUST OFF BROADWAY**—20th Century-Fox: *Michael Shayne*, Lloyd Nolan; *Judy Taylor*, Marjorie Weaver; *Roy Higgins*, Phil Silvers; *Lillian Hubbard*, Janis Carter; *John Logan*, Richard Derr; *Rita Darling*, Joan Valerie; *George Dolphin*, Don Costello; *Sperry*, Chester Clute; *Arno*, Francis Pierlot; *District Attorney*, Grant Richards; *Judge*, George Carleton; *Count Telmachio*, Alexander Lockwood; *Watchman*, William Haade; *Butler*, Leyland Hodgson; *Stage Doorman*, Oscar O'Shea.

**LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: *Virginia Clemm*, Linda Darnell; *Edgar Allan Poe*, John Shepperd; *Elmira Royster*, Virginia Gilmore; *Mrs. Clemm*, Jane Darwell; *Frances Allan*, Mary Howard; *John Allan*, Frank Conroy; *Ebenezer Burling*, Henry Morgan; *T. W. White*, Walter Kingsford; *Mr. Graham*, Morris Ankrum; *Poe*, Age 3, Skippy Wanders; *Poe*, Age 12, Freddie Mercer; *Schoolmaster*, Erville Alderson; *Elmira*, Age 10, Peggy McIntyre; *Hugh Pleasants*, William Bakewell, Jr.; *Turner Dixon*, Frank Melton; *Charles Dickens*, Morton Lowry; *Thomas Jefferson*, Gilbert Emery; *Doctor Moran*, Ed Stanley; *Tavern Keeper*, Francis Ford; *Kennedy*, Harry Denny; *Shelton*, Hardie Albright.

**MY SISTER EILEEN**—Columbia: *Ruth Sherwood*, Rosalind Russell; *Robert Baker*, Brian Aherne; *Eileen Sherwood*, Janet Blair; *Appopolous*, George Tobias; *Chic Clark*, Allyn Joslyn; *Grandma Sherwood*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Walter Sherwood*, Grant Mitchell; *Frank Lippincott*, Richard Quine; *Effie Shelton*, June Havoc; *Officer Lonigan*, Donald MacBride; *"The Wreck"*, Gordon Jones; *Helen Loomis*, Jeff Donnell; *Ralph Craven*, Clyde Fillmore; *Mrs. Wade*, Minna Phillips; *Jensen*, Frank Sully; *Captain Amadato*, Charles La Torre.

**NOW, VOYAGER**—Warners: *Charlotte Vale*, Bette Davis; *Jerry Durrance*, Paul Henreid; *Dr. Jaquith*, Claude Rains; *Mrs. Henry Windle Vale*, Gladys Cooper; *June Vale*, Bonita Granville; *Lisa Vale*, Ilka Chase; *Elliot Livingston*, John Loder; *Deb McIntyre*, Lee Patrick; *Mr. Thomas*, Franklin Pangborn; *Miss Trask*, Katherine Alexander; *Frank McIntyre*, James Rennie; *Dora Palford*, Mary Wickes; *Tina Durrance*, Janis Wilson; *Manoel*, Frank Puglia; *Dr. Dan Regan*, Miles Ames; *Leslie Trotter*, Charles Drake; *William*, David Clyde.

**SECRETS OF A CO-ED**—P.R.C.: *Reynolds*, Otto Kruger; *Brenda*, Tina Thayer; *Nick*, Rick Vallin; *Bill*, Russell Hoyt; *Laura*, Marcia Mae Jones; *Tessie*, Geraldine Spreckles; *Maria*, Diana Del Rio; *Soapy*, Herbert Vigran; *Flo*, Patricia Knox; *Miss Wilson*, Claire Rochelle; *District Attorney*, Addison Richards; *Dean Sophie*, Isabelle La Mal.

**SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR**—Universal: *Sherlock Holmes*, Basil Rathbone; *Dr. John H. Watson*, Nigel Bruce; *Kitty*, Evelyn Ankers; *Sir Evan Barham*, Reginald Denny; *Meade*, Thomas Gomez; *Mrs. Hudson*, Mary Gordon.

**SIN TOWN**—Universal: *Kye Allen*, Constance Bennett; *The Dude McNair*, Brod Crawford; *Tom Kirby*, Anne Gwynne; *Wade Crowell*, Paul Douglas; *Judge Eustace Vale*, Andy Devine; *Angelo Colina*, Leo Carrillo; *Rock Delaney*, Ward Bond; *Sheriff Bagby*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Kentucky Jones*, Rolf Harold; *Dry Hole*, Charles Wagenheim; *Hollister*, Billy Wayne; *Humiston*, Hobart Bosworth; *Anderson*, Bryant Washburn; *Hanson*, Jack Mulhall.

**SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES**—20th Century-Fox: *Vicky*, Betty Grable; *Dan*, John Payne; *Rosita*, Carmen Miranda; *Harry James and his Music Makers*, Themselves; *Victor*, Cesar Romero; *Phoebe Gray*, Charlotte Greenwood; *McTavish*, Edward Everett Horton; *One of Bickel Brothers*, Frank Orth; *Commissioner*, Jackie Gleason; *Bickel*, Harry Hayden.

**WHITE CARGO**—M-G-M: *Tondelayo*, Hedy Lamarr; *Harry Witzel*, Walter Pidgeon; *The Doctor*, Frank Morgan; *Langford*, Richard Carlson; *Skipper*, Reginald Owen; *Reverend Ransom*, Henry O'Neill; *Wilbur Ashley*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Ted*, Clyde Cook; *Jim Fish*, Leigh Whipper; *Umeela*, Oscar Polk; *Doctor's Houseboy*, Dan Jones; *Worthing*, Richard Ainley.

**WILDCAT**—Paramount: *Johnny McTavish*, Richard Arlen; *Nan Dearing*, Arline Judge; *Westbrook*, William Frawley; *Mike Rawlins*, Bruce Cabanne; *Watchdog Jones*, Arthur Hunnicutt; *Chicopee Nevins*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Grits*, Roy Sanford; *Campbell*, Alec Craig; *Gus Sloane*, Paul Dizon; *Pete Imhoff*, Ed Keane; *Paul Smith*, Will Wright; *Ma Smithers*, Jessica Newland; *Bud Smithers*, Billy Benedict; *Peters*, Billy Nash; *Bartender*, Tom Kennedy; *Cully*, Fred Sherman; *Ed*, William Hall; *Fink*, John Fisher; *Abdullah Abbas*, Drunk, Don Barclay; *Hank*, Dick Elliott.

**YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER**—Warners: *Steve "Mitch" Mitchell*, George Brent; *Abbott*, Brenda Marshall; *Carl Robel*, George Lockhart; *"Mac" McTurk*, Roscoe Karns; *Ed Greer*, Edward Ciannelli; *Major Turner*, Paul Harvey; *Lucille*, Edith Barrett; *Judge Hardaker*, Harry Hayden; *Charley Gates*, Charles Hallahan; *Reporter Davis*, Don DeFore; *Parney*, Paul Downing; *Cummings*, George Meeker; *Mr. Crandall*, Erville Alderson; *Kirsty Lundstrom*, Mary Ford; *Radcliffe*, Bill Edwards; *Meeker*, Dick Elliott; *Jimmy*, Edward McWade; *Warden*, Joseph C. Morie; *Dick Wessel*, Louie, Paul Newlan.

**YOUTH ON PARADE**—Republic: *Walter*, Gerald Payne; *John Hubbard*, Patty Flynn; *Reilly*, Ruth Terry; *Sally Carlyle*, Martha O'Driscoll; *Bingo Brown*, Tom Brown; *The Dean*, Ivan Simpson; *Willie Webster*, Charles Smith; *Low Pifer*, Lynn Merrick; *Frosty*, Nana Bryant; *Bruce*, Bruce Langley; *Eddie Reilly*, Chick Chandler; *Marlyn*, Marlyn Schild.

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## STAR-SMART FASHIONS

shown on pages 62-63

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# YOU'LL MARRY THE ONE YOU LOVE!

*"Certainly I still  
love Cynthia,"  
Jerry mur-  
mured, "but it's  
you I need!"*



It was an unspoken dream this man and woman shared—a wish more silent than a wintry calm, a hope more pounding than the walled-in sea. For as tempestuously as Jerry adored Frances, they both loved his wife Cynthia still more.

Thus one helpless woman taught two lovers the rich meaning of depth and constancy and patience . . . and she gallantly laid the foundation for her husband's second climb to the stars . . .

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He barred her from his glistening white office, and even the grim instruments seemed to shout defiance at her love. Was this a prelude to banishment from his heart as well? Or could she find the *man* in the doctor she married? Learn the gripping answer in *"If You Are a Doctor's Wife"*.

## THERE'S MAGIC IN MY HEART!!

Be sure to meet this average American girl who searched desperately for romance, often made mistakes, but somehow came out victorious. Please try to understand her failings—and remember the crazy channels that true love follows. *"There's Magic in My Heart"* is this month's must!

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# True Story

DECEMBER ISSUE

ON SALE NOW





# The Truth about Hollywood Deferments

(Continued from page 34)

NAME OF STAR	DEPENDENTS	STATUS, WAR ACTIVITIES
Lloyd Nolan	Wife, one child	Personal appearance for Treasury Department.
John Payne	Wife (divorced), one child	Has just enlisted in Air Corps as a private. Reports for duty on completion of "Hello, Frisco. Hello."
Walter Pidgeon	Wife, one child	Bond-selling tours.
Robert Preston	Wife	Radio, war program shows.
George Raft	Wife	Has a group of young boxers that he takes from camp to camp—at his own expense—to entertain service men.
Roy Rogers	Wife, one child	Personal appearances selling Bonds, camp tours.
Cesar Romero	Single, family dependents	Personal appearances. Government radio programs. Air-raid warden. Lieutenant in the State Guard. Member of the Evacuation Corps.
Mickey Rooney	Wife (divorce pending)	Radio programs, camp tours, personal appearances.
Red Skelton	Wife	More than two hundred personal appearances. Toured small camps and barracks not big enough to draw regular shows.
Robert Stack	Single	Just received commission as ensign in Navy. Now training in aerial gunnery.
Robert Sterling	Single, family dependents	Going into Air Corps training school for pilots as soon as called. Radio war program show. Active in civilian defense services.
Robert Taylor	Wife (not dependent)	Does considerable privately for men in uniform.
Franchot Tone	Wife	Victory Committee and San Diego Navy show.
Spencer Tracy	Wife, two children	Radio shows for Government.
John Wayne	Wife, four children	Air-raid warden.
Johnny Weissmuller	Wife, two children	Radio "Command Performance" and has made Red Cross golf appearances, filling in for Bing Crosby or Bob Hope.
Orson Welles	Wife (divorced), one child	Rejected because of physical disability. Good-will Ambassador to South America. Government radio programs. "Stars Over America" Bond-selling tour.
Robert Young	Wife, two children	Bond-selling tours, radio programs for Government, active in civilian defense organizations.

NOTE: You will not find listed the names of those stars who are over active military age. Be it said once more, up to the moment of our going to press, this is the most complete information obtainable.

## Speak for Yourself

### \$1.00 PRIZE Modern Marvel

(Continued from page 24) so very real they might have been my next-door neighbors.

So, I say "hats off" to all of those who made this picture something to be remembered; but most of all I say thanks to Mrs. Lou Gehrig for this story she has given to the world.

Mrs. George S. Bond,  
Baltimore, Md.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### It Ain't Fair!

WHAT ain't fair? Why, going to the movies to see Bob Stack and then sitting halfway through the film before being able to recognize him. Why dye those golden locks? Bobby isn't Bobby without them.

It's all right to give Charles Boyer a toupee and Groucho Marx a false mustache, but, for gosh sakes, please leave Bob Stack alone. Ex-blondie Joan Bennett makes a stunning brunette, but not Bob.

Here are two lassies whose hearts usually succumb to dark-haired charm—but we emphatically prefer a blonde and sun-kissed Bob.

Rose Mary Thomas,  
Betty Mann,  
Muncie, Ind.

WE can't go to Hollywood, but, marvel of marvels, Hollywood came to us.

For some weeks this past summer all the glamour and enchantment of that fabulous place hung like a rosy mist over part of Vancouver Island where Director John Farrow was making "The Commandos Come At Dawn," with Paul Muni, Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Ann Carter and a host of extras. These players seemed to enjoy being up here too. More than once as the Commandos and Nazis charged each other the director had to yell to them to "Stop grinning, will you?"

Maureen O'Sullivan was present too, but only as an interested spectator, being the director's wife. Oh yes, and their little son Michael made a big hit with everybody, remaining a pet even when he sneezed one day and spoiled one of dad's finest takes.

Jean M. Cameron,  
Vancouver, Canada

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### Give Her A Chance

THAT goes for me and I guarantee many others. Virginia Gilmore really does deserve bigger and better roles and more publicity than she's not getting. Sure, I've compared her with Turner,

Grable and even Lamarr and speaking from my heart she has just as much glamour but no chance to show it. Put her in a sizzling love scene once in a while instead of those side-busting comedies and I'll bet my bottom dollar she'll pull through a hundred percent. If you big directors and producers are rippling through this, give it a thought, but also please give her a chance.

Vivian Martin,  
Chicago, Ill.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### Wishing

I HAVE followed John Payne's career ever since he married Anne Shirley. I have a book containing all the pictures he starred in from his first real important picture, "Garden Of The Moon," to his most recent picture, "Iceland." My book seems rather empty now that I have pictures of John Payne alone and not with Anne Shirley. I am at a loss what to do. I can't put anybody else next to him because, well, they just don't seem to fit.

I just hope that my wish will soon come true and that once more I will be able to look at my scrapbook and see Anne Shirley and John Payne together and feel contented.

Alberta Rogers,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.



# Share Your Festive Board

## WITH A SERVICE MAN



*T*HIS year thousands of our boys will be away from their homes during Thanksgiving and the Yuletide. May we suggest that you invite one or more of them to spend the holidays with you and your family... The boys will deeply appreciate the chance to "be home again"—if only for a day. So let us gladden the hearts of these men in service by sharing the warmth and the friendliness of our homes.

**Signet**  
U. S. GRADE A FANCY  
FRUITS IN GLASS





ROSALIND RUSSELL now starring in the new Columbia picture "MY SISTER EILEEN"



With Air Warden  
ROSALIND RUSSELL on  
duty it's no fooling . . .  
lights out until you hear

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you want to relax, and with a far *Better Taste* to complete your  
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